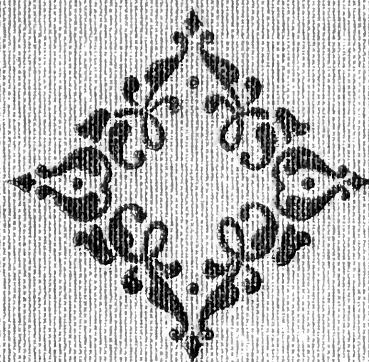


THE GREAT GALVESTON
DISASTER



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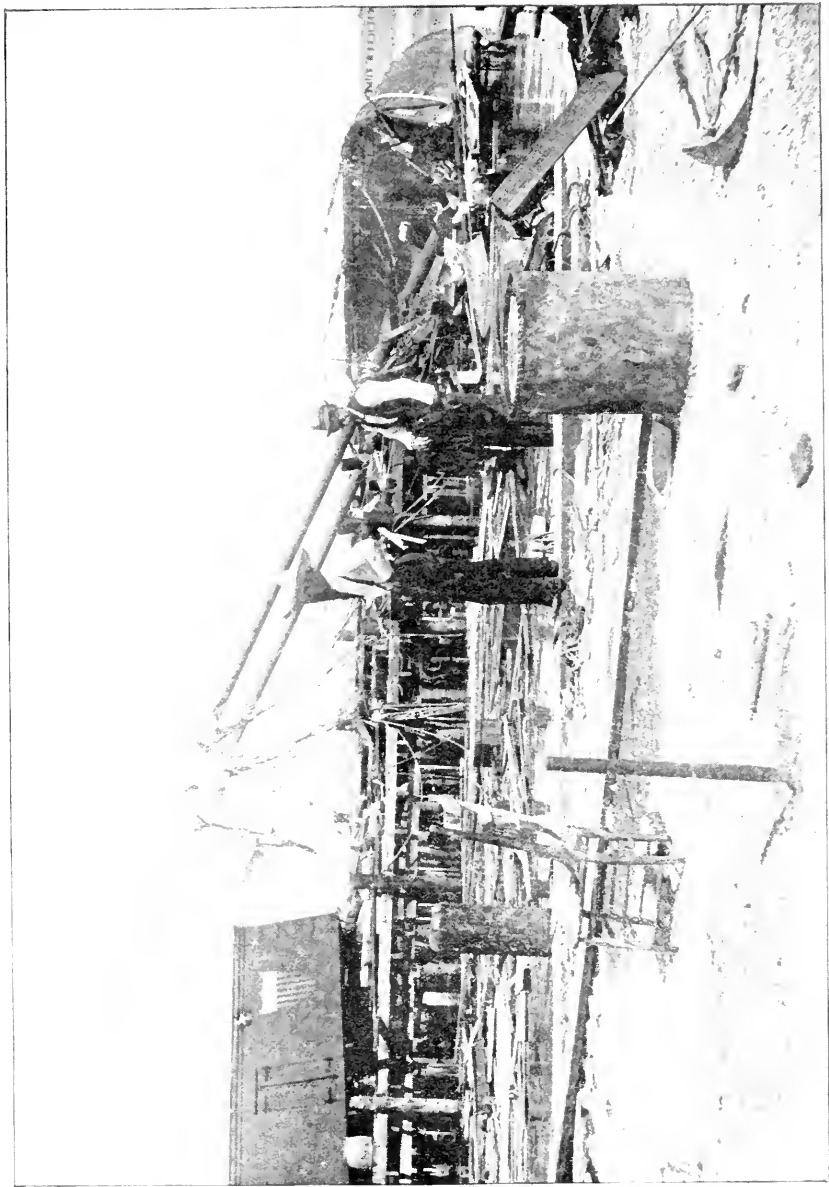
OF
CALVESTON'S
DEAD

— — —
SEPTEMBER 8TH
1900

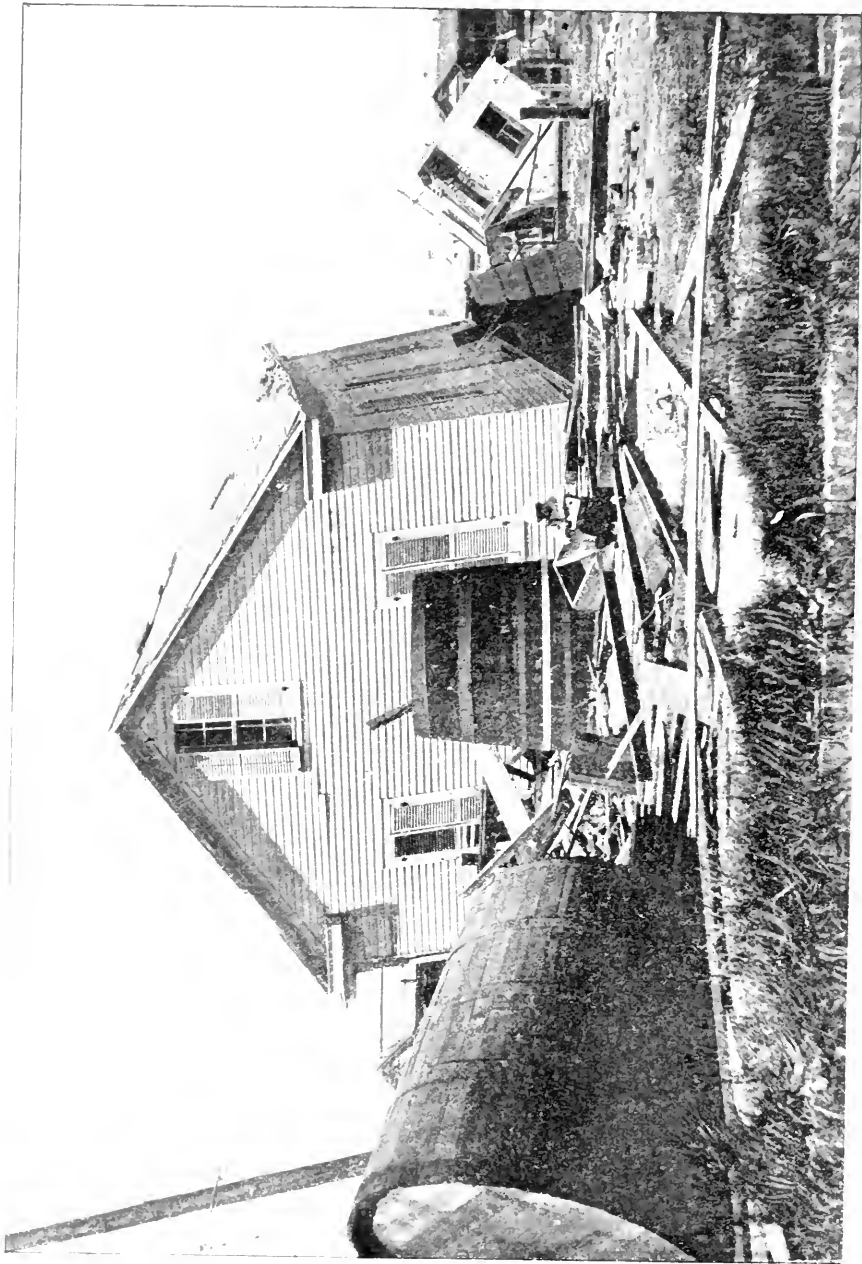


RICHARD SPILLANE

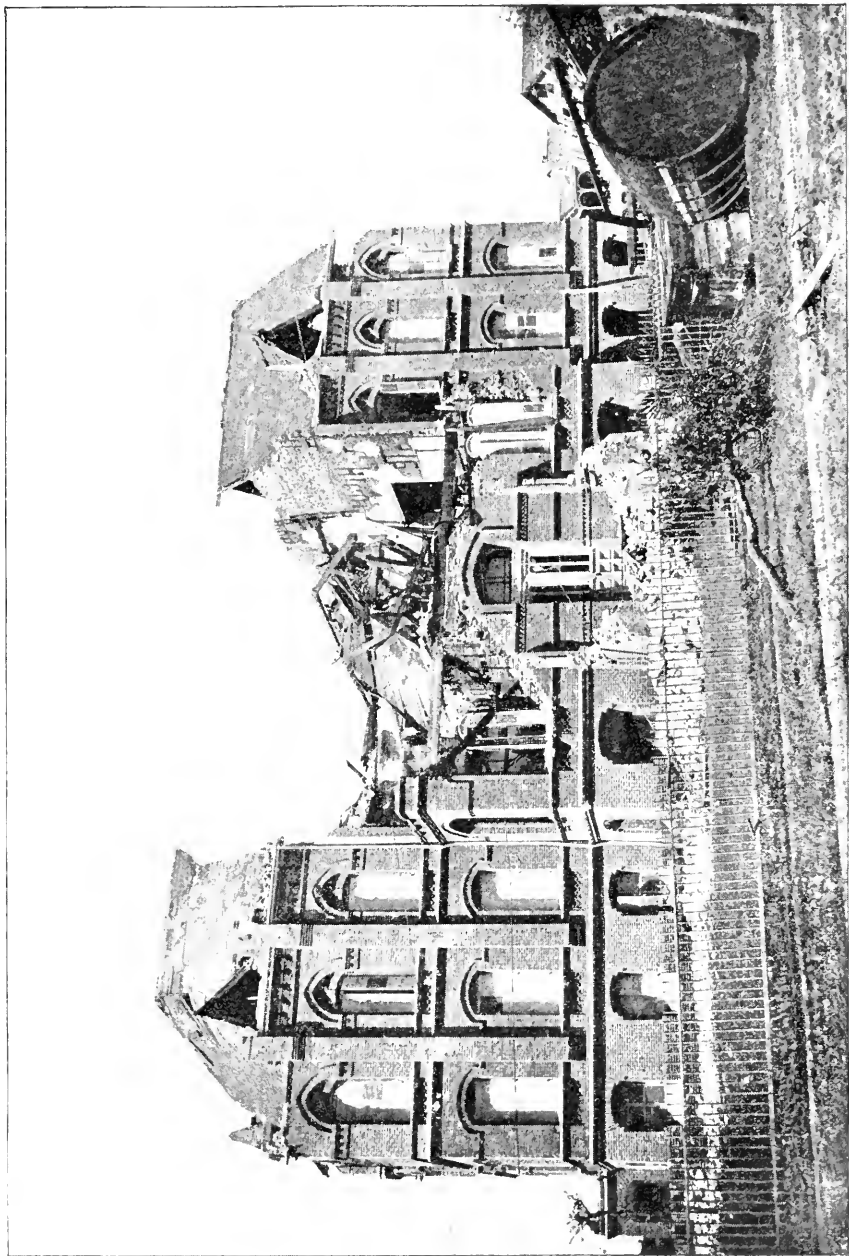
EDITOR OF THE "GALVESTON TRIBUNE" AND ASSOCIATED PRESS COR-
RESPONDENT, WHO WAS CHOSEN BY THE MAYOR AND CITIZENS'
COMMITTEE TO SIEZE ANY VESSEL IN THE HARBOR AND CONVEY
TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD THE NEWS OF THE GREAT DISASTER



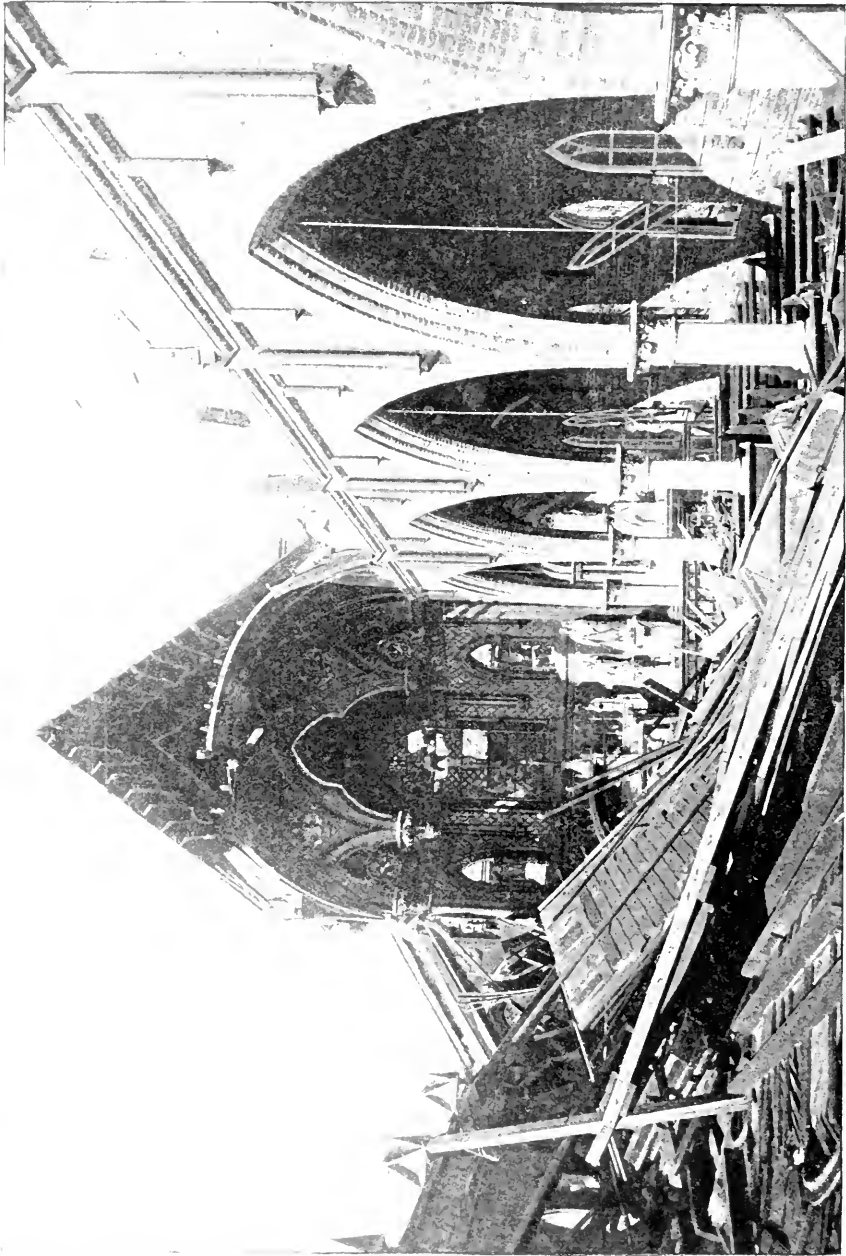
VIEW OF PIER 23, SHOWING VESSEL OVERTURNED BY THE GALE



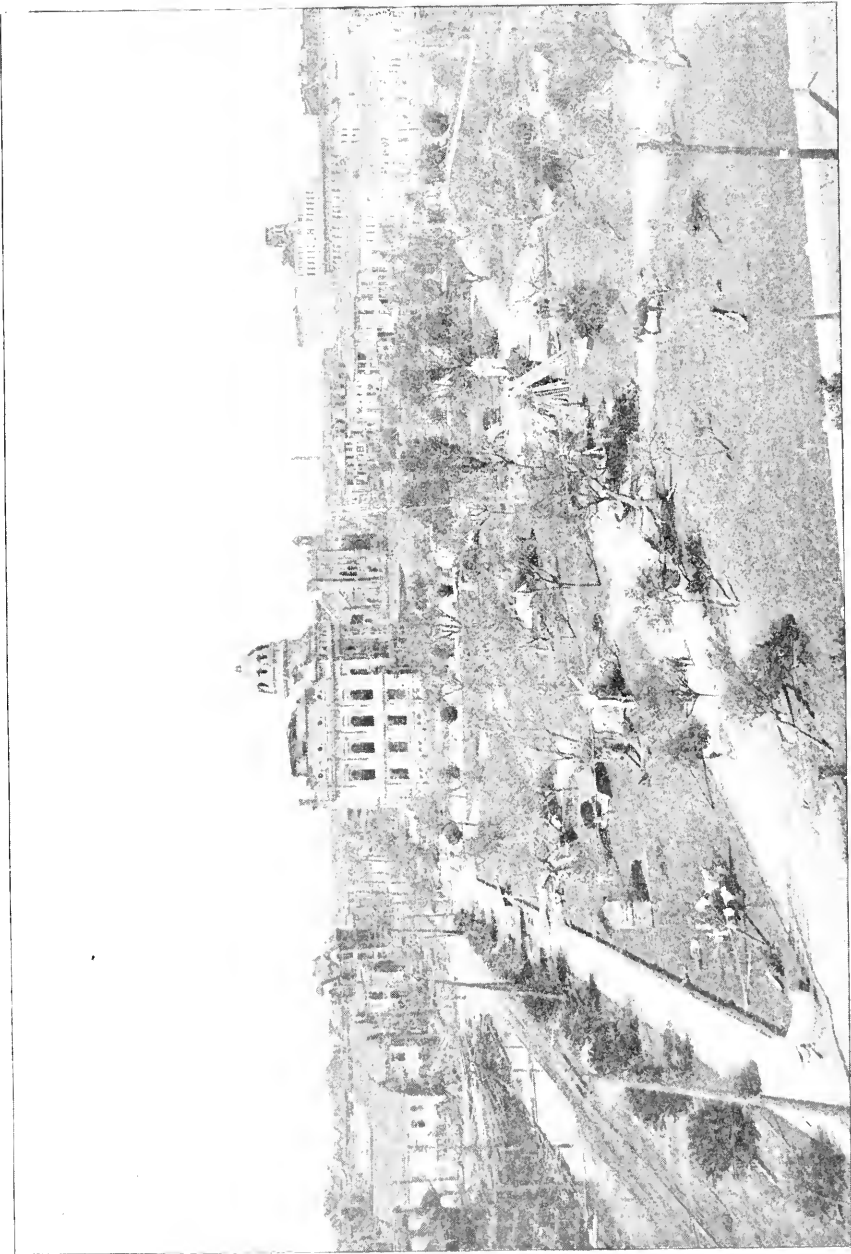
HOUSE ON CENTRE STREET BETWEEN N AND N'. AVENUES BRACED UP BY
A FLOATING CISTERN



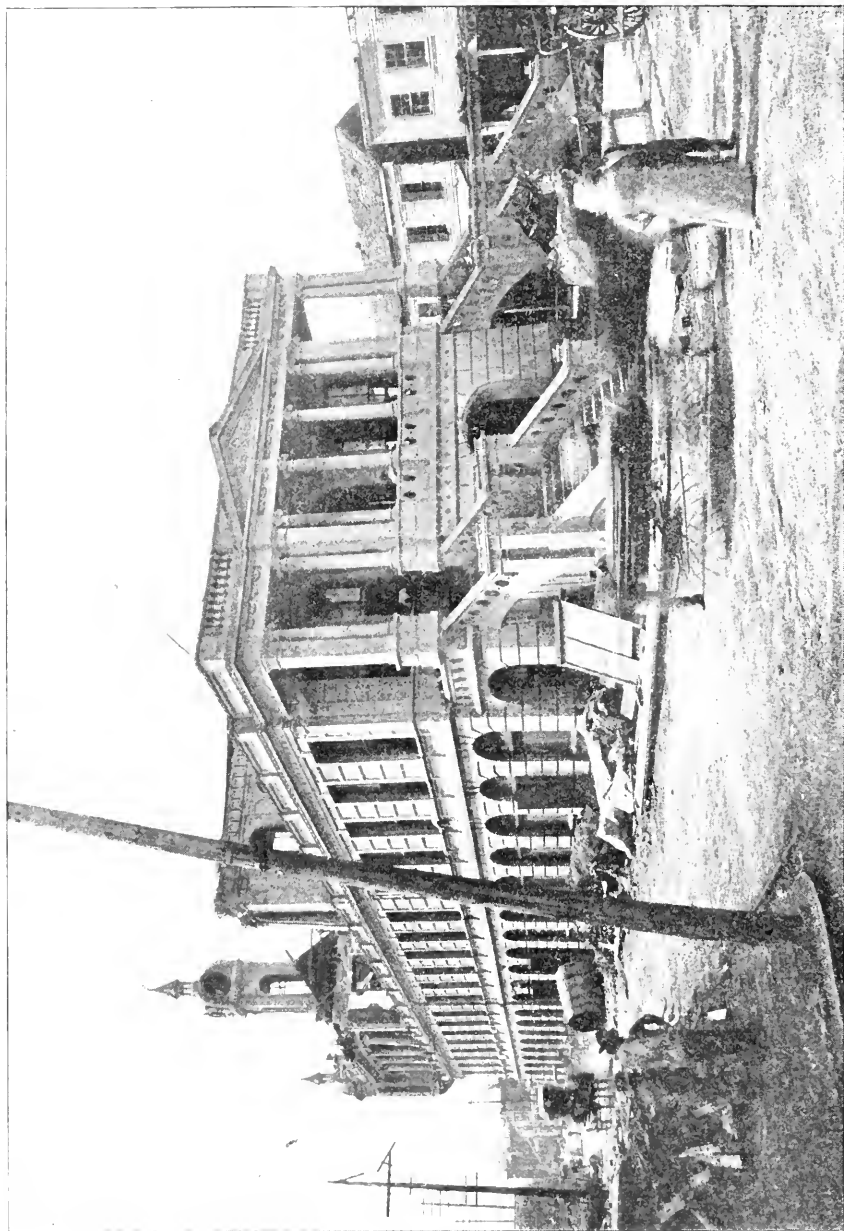
DESTRUCTION OF GALVESTON ORPHANS' HOME.



INTERIOR OF ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH WHICH WAS DEMOLISHED BY THE HURRICANE



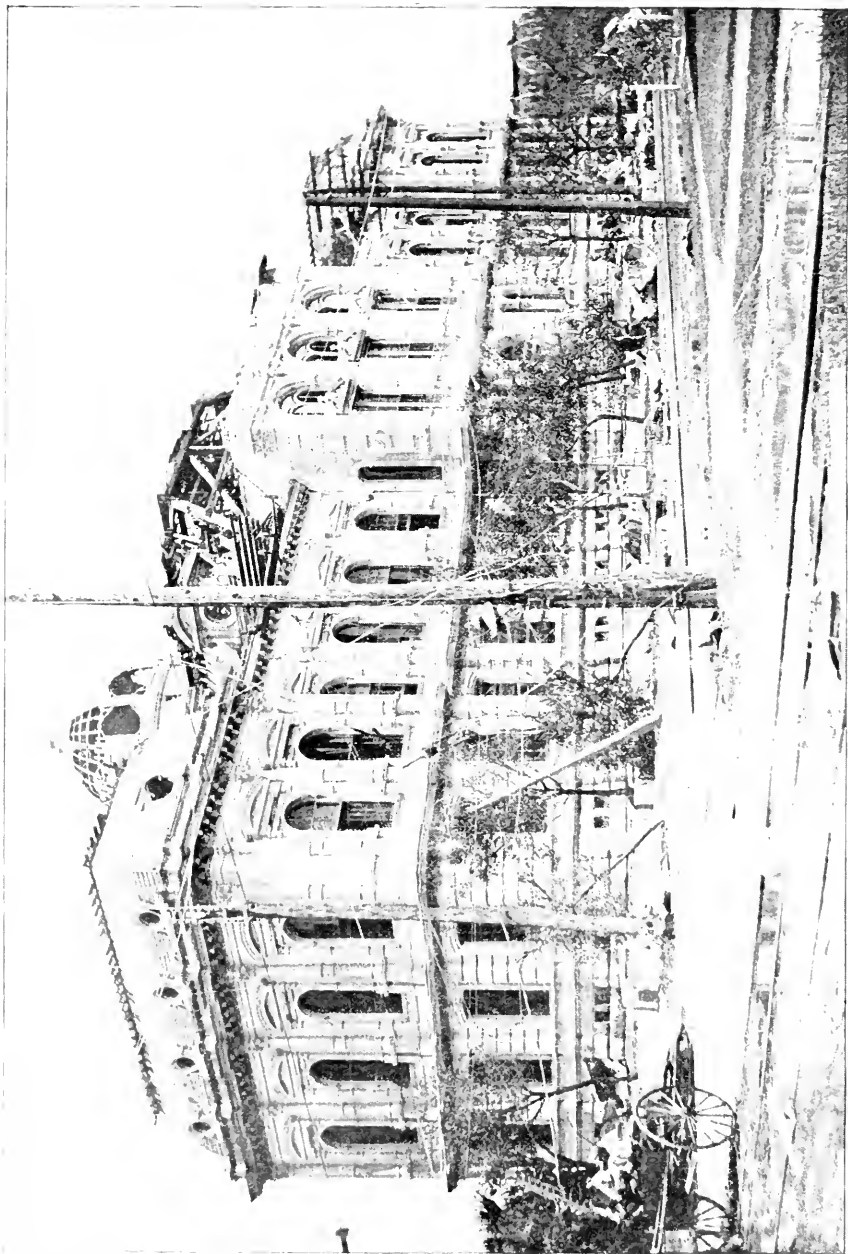
VIEW OF CENTRAL PARK, SHOWING DAMAGED HIGH SCHOOL IN THE CENTER, TRINITY CHURCH IN THE REAR AND TREMONT HOTEL AT THE RIGHT



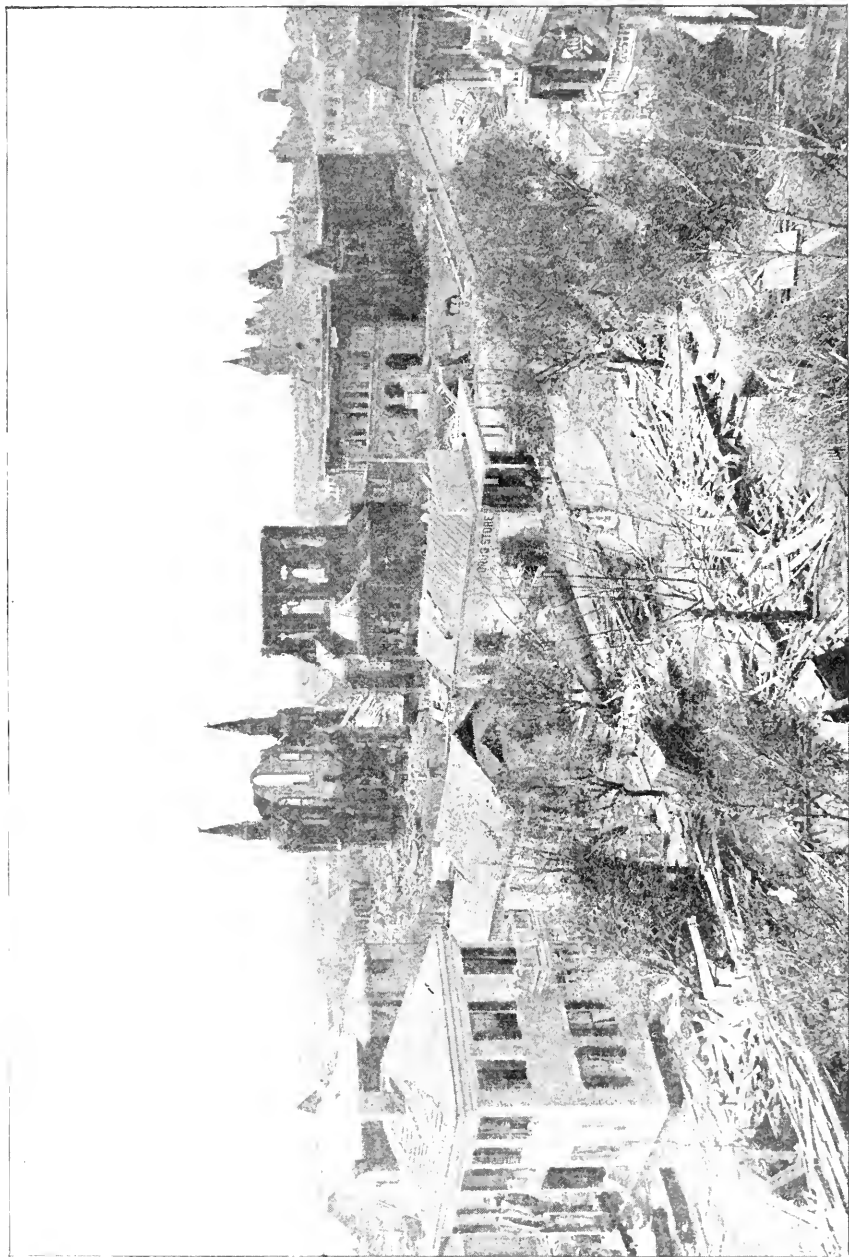
THE CITY HALL, GALVESTON—SHOWING DAMAGE DONE BY THE STORM



GREAT MASS OF DEBRIS ON THE WEST END GALVESTON



THE BALL HIGH SCHOOL, GALVESTON—AFTER THE FLOOD

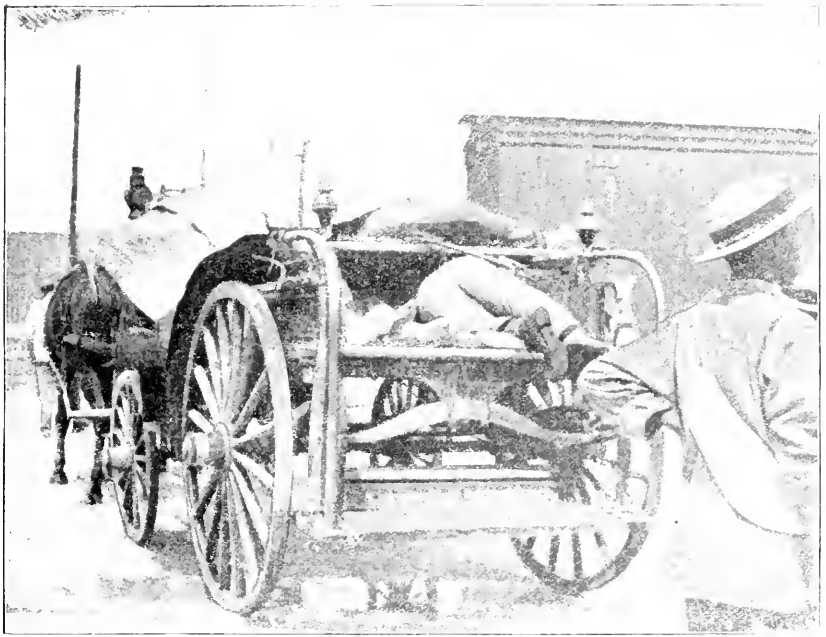


LOOKING SOUTH ON AVENUE I, SHOWING CHURCH OF SACRED HEART,
COMPLETELY DESTROYED



M. P. MORRISSEY

TRAFFIC MANAGER OF THE WILLIAM PARR & CO., GENERAL STEAMSHIP AGENTS, WHO FIRST SUGGESTED AND CARRIED INTO EFFECT THE BURIAL OF BODIES AT SEA AND THE BURNING OF OTHER BODIES ON SHORE TO SAVE THE SURVIVORS FROM PESTILENCE



FIRE DEPARTMENT TAKING BODIES TO A MORGUE



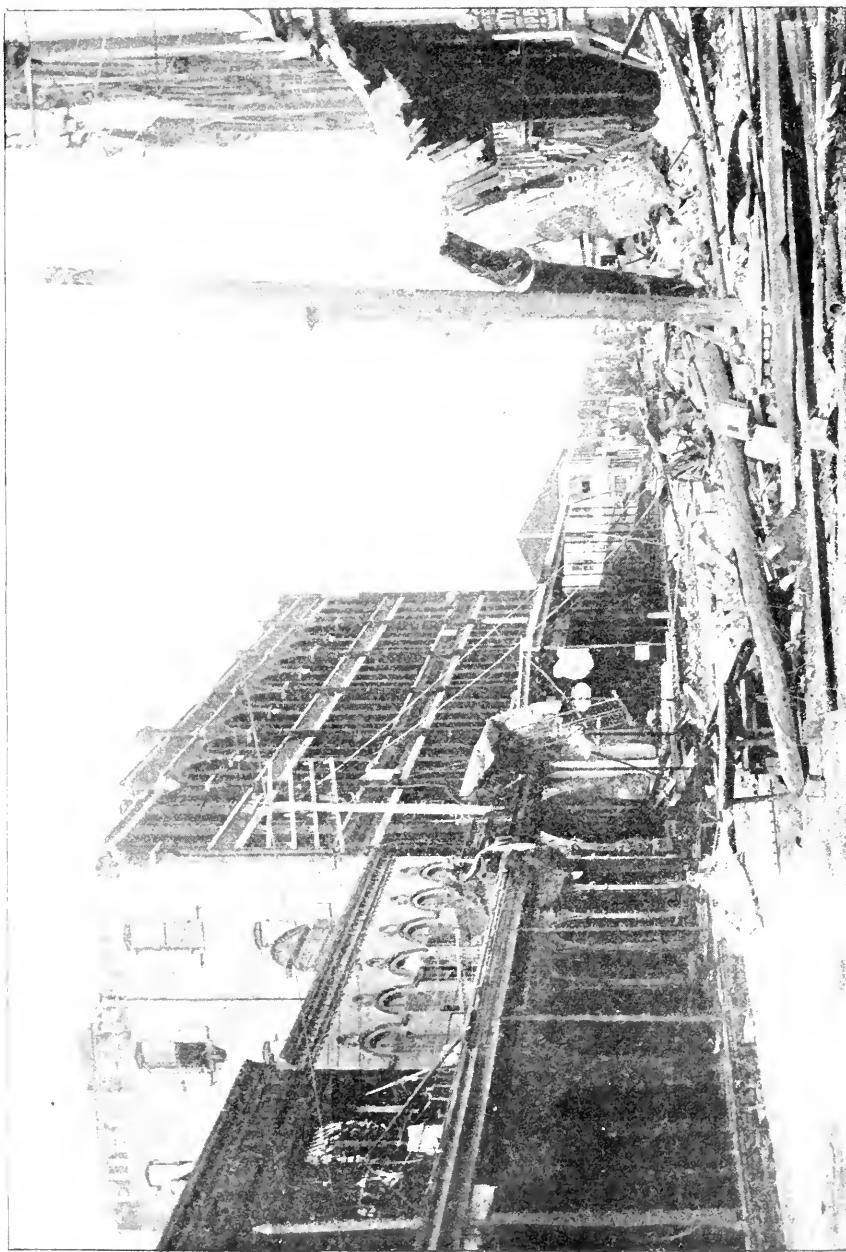
BODIES AMONG RUINS—CHARACTERISTIC SCENE IN GALVESTON



WRECKED RESIDENCES CORNER TWENTY-SEVENTH
STREET AND AVENUE M



REMOVING WRECKAGE IN SEARCH OF DEAD BODIES



HOTEL GRAND AND ITS ENVIRONS--GALVESTON



BRINGING THE INJURED TO THE HOSPITAL FOR TREATMENT

THE GREAT GALVESTON DISASTER

CONTAINING A

**Full and Thrilling Account of the Most Appalling
Calamity of Modern Times**

INCLUDING

VIVID DESCRIPTIONS OF THE HURRICANE AND TERRIBLE
RUSH OF WATERS; IMMENSE DESTRUCTION OF DWELL-
INGS, BUSINESS HOUSES, CHURCHES, AND LOSS
OF THOUSANDS OF HUMAN LIVES;

THRILLING TALES OF HEROIC DEEDS; PANIC-STRICKEN MUL-
TITUDES AND HEART-RENDING SCENES OF AGONY;
FRANTIC EFFORTS TO ESCAPE A HORRIBLE
FATE; SEPARATION OF LOVED ONES, ETC.

Narrow Escapes from the Jaws of Death

TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS OF THE SURVIVORS; VANDALS
PLUNDERING BODIES OF THE DEAD; WONDERFUL EX-
HIBITIONS OF POPULAR SYMPATHY; MILLIONS
OF DOLLARS SENT FOR THE RELIEF OF
THE STRICKEN SUFFERERS

BY PAUL LESTER

Author of "Life in the South-West, Etc., Etc.

With an Introduction by

RICHARD SPILLANE

Editor "Galveston Tribune" and Associated Press Correspondent

**PROFUSELY EMBELLISHED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS
TAKEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE DISASTER**

PROVIDENCE PUBLISHING CO.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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PREFACE.

THOUSANDS of men, women and children swept to sudden death. Millions of dollars worth of property destroyed.

Scenes of suffering and desolation that beggar description. Heroic efforts to save human life. The world shocked by the appalling news. Such is the thrilling story of the Galveston flood, and in this volume it is told with wonderful power and effect.

There have been many disasters by storm and flood in modern times, but none to equal this. In the brief space of twelve hours more persons lost their lives than were killed during a year of the war between the British and the Boers or during a year and a half of our war in the Philippines.

The calamity came suddenly. Galveston was not aware of its impending fate. News of an approaching cyclone produced no alarm. Suddenly word was sent that the hurricane was bending from its usual course and might strike the city. Even then there was no sudden fear, no hurrying to escape, no thought of swift destruction. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the city waked up to the awful fact that it was to be engulfed by a tidal wave, and buried in the flood of waters.

The news of the overwhelming disaster came as a shock to people everywhere. Bulletin boards in all our cities were surrounded by eager crowds to obtain the latest reports. Many who had friends in the stricken city were kept in suspense respecting their fate. With bated breath was the terrible calamity talked about, and in every part of our country committees of relief were immediately formed. The magnitude of the disaster grew from day to day. Every fresh report added to the intelligence already received, and it was made clear that a large part of the city of Galveston, with its inhabitants, had been swept out of existence.

This work furnishes a striking description of a great city of the dead. It depicts the terrible scenes that followed the calamity,

the fate that overtook the victims, and the agony of the living. It tells of the heroic efforts of the survivors to save their homes and families, and recover from the terrible blow.

It tells of a thousand of the dead towed out and buried at sea and of many hundreds cremated on shore; of the vandals who rushed in to strip lifeless bodies, unterrified by the scenes of horror on every hand; of United States soldiers shooting the robbers on sight and putting an end to their horrible sacrilege.

The story of the appalling horror, the oncoming of the cyclone, the rising waters threatening the city, the inhabitants overtaken by the flood and cut off from escape, thousands hurried to death, chaos everywhere, recovery of bodies ravaged by thieves, all this is vividly told in this volume.

The work contains thrilling stories by eye-witnesses. In this volume the survivors speak for themselves. They tell of the sudden danger that paralyzed thousands and made them helpless against the onslaught of the tempest.

They tell of separation from those who were attempting to afford relief and how futile all efforts were against the fury of the waves. They tell how their homes and places of business, their hospitals, school-houses and churches were swept away as in a moment.

There were splendid examples of courage and heroism. The graphic description of the great disaster contained in this book thrills the reader. Amidst the alarm, the threatening death, the overwhelming flood, he sees how nobly men struggled to save their families and their fortunes. He seems to ride on the crest of the waves and witness with his own eyes the terrible tragedy.

Our Government at Washington was quick to come to the rescue. It ordered tents to be provided and issued rations by the tens of thousands for the survivors. The chords of sympathy which make all men akin vibrated through every part of the civilized world.

Thousands of helping hands were stretched out toward Galveston. Millions of dollars were given for the relief of the sufferers. This volume is a complete and authentic account of the great calamity told by the survivors.



Introduction

BY RICHARD SPILLANE.

[RICHARD SPILLANE, editor of the "Galveston Tribune," was chosen by the Mayor and Citizens' Committee to seize any vessel in the harbor and make his way as best he could to such point as he could reach, so as to get in touch with the outside world, tell the story of the tragedy and appeal to mankind for help. He crossed the bay during a squall, the little boat in which he sailed being in imminent danger of swamping, having been stove in during the hurricane. He reached Texas City after a perilous trip, then made his way over the flooded prairie to Lamarque, where he found a railroad hand car. With this hand-car he managed to reach League City, where he met a train coming from Houston to learn what fate had befallen Galveston. On this train he reached Houston, where after sending messages to President McKinley and Governor Sayers, he gave the news in detail to the newspapers of the nation.]

IN THE world's great tragedies, that of Galveston stands remarkable. In no other case in history was a disaster met with such courage and fortitude; in no other case in history were the people of the whole world so responsive to the call for help for the helpless.

There prevails a belief that Galveston is subject to severe storms. That is a mistake. There have been heavy blows, and there have been times when the waters of the bay and the Gulf met in the city's streets, but the storm of September 8, 1900, is without parallel. The best proof of this statement is furnished by the old Spanish charts of three hundred years ago. They contain as landmarks of Galveston Island the sign of three great trees—oaks—that stood three hundred years ago in what is known as Lafitte's grove, twelve miles down Galveston Island from the city. These oaks withstood the storms of three centuries. They were felled by the fury of the storm of September 8.

The storm of September 8th did not, as has been supposed, come upon the city without warning. The same storm, less ferocious perhaps, had swept along the South Atlantic coast several days before. It had its origin in that breeding place of hurricanes, the West Indies, and, after swirling along the Florida and Carolina shores, doubled on its tracks, entered the Gulf, came racing westward and developing greater strength with each hour, and centered all its energies upon the Texas coast near Galveston.

On September 7th there was official warning of the approach of a severe storm, but no one expected such a tempest as was destined to devastate the city. Such warning as was given was rather addressed to mariners about to go to sea than to those living on shore.

Simultaneously with the approach of the hurricane was a great wind from the north, known locally as a "Norther." This developed at Galveston about 2 A. M., on September 8th. The approaching hurricane from the east and southeast had been driving a great wall of water toward the shore at Galveston. The tremendous wind storm from the north acted as a counter force or check to the hurricane element.

The north wind blew the water from Galveston Bay on the one side of the city and the storm in the Gulf hurled its battalions of waves upon the beach side of the city.

Early in the day the battle between these two contending forces offered a magnificent spectacle to a student of scenery of nature. As long as the north wind held strong the city was safe. While the winds dashed great volumes of water over the wharves and flooded some streets in the business portion of the city and the waters of the Gulf on the other side of the city encroached upon the streets near the beach there was no particular fear of serious consequences, but about noon the barometer, which had been very low, suddenly began to drop at a rate that presaged a storm of tremendous violence.

Following this came the warning that the wind would, before many hours, change from the north to the southeast and to the

fury of the wall of water being driven upon Galveston by the approaching hurricane would be added all the tremendous force of the wind that had previously acted as a partial check to the Gulf storm.

To those who previously had no fear, the certainty that the wind would change came as the first real note of warning. With the first shifting of the wind the waters of the Gulf swept over the city. Houses near the beach began to crumble and collapse, their timbers being picked up by the wind and waves and thrown in a long line of battering rams against the structures. Men, women and children fled from their homes and sought safety in higher portions of the city, or in buildings more strongly built. Some were taken out in boats, some in wagons, some waded through the waters, but the flood rose so rapidly that the approach of night found many hundreds battling in the waters, unable to reach places of safety. The air was full of missiles.

The wind tore slates from roofs and carried them along like wafers. A person struck by one of these, driven with the fearful violence of the storm, was certain to be maimed, if not killed outright. The waves, with each succeeding sweep of the in-rushing tide, brought a greater volume of wreckage as house after house toppled and fell into the waters. So tremendous was the roar of the storm that all other sounds were dwarfed and drowned. During the eight hours from 4 P. M. until midnight, the hurricane raged with a fury greater than words can describe. What height the winds reached will never be known. The wind gauge at the weather bureau recorded an average of 84 miles an hour for five consecutive minutes, and then the instruments were carried away. That was before the storm had become really serious. The belief, as expressed by the observer, that the wind averaged between 110 and 120 miles an hour, is as good information as is obtainable.

Nothing so exemplified the impotency of man as the storm. Massive buildings were crushed like egg shells, great timbers were carried through the air as though they were of no weight, and the winds and the waves swept everything before them until their appetite for destruction was satiated and their force spent.

A remarkable feature about the storm is the disparity in the depth of water in different portions of the city, and the undoubted fact that the waters subsided on the north side of the city hours before they did on the south side.

These peculiarities are explained by the topography of the island. Broadway, which marks the center, or middle of the city proper, is on the ridge, from which the land slopes on one side toward the bay and on the other, toward the Gulf. The waters from the Gulf passed over this ridge and swept on toward the bay during the most furious stages of the storm, but the full energetic of wind and water were directed upon that portion of the city between the Gulf and the Broadway Ridge. Of the lives lost in the city, 90 per cent. were in the district named.

How many lives were sacrificed to the Storm King will never be known. The census taken in June showed that Galveston had a population of 38,000. Outside the city limits on Galveston Island there were 1,600 persons living. The dead in the city exceeded 5000. Of the 1600 living outside the city limits, 1200 were lost. This frightful mortality—75 per cent.—outside the city is explained by the fact that most of the people there lived in frail structures and had no places of comparative safety to take refuge in. In the mainland district swept by the storm, at least 100 persons perished. It is safe, therefore, to state that at least 7000 lives were lost.

Of the property damage no estimate can be considered accurate. The estimates range from \$25,000,000 to \$50,000,000.

Of marvelous escapes from death, of acts of supreme heroism, of devotion and courage beyond parallel, the storm developed many instances. In some cases whole families were blotted out, in others the strong perished and the weak survived. Of the various branches of one family, 42 were killed, while in one household 13 out of a total of 15 were lost.

Such a scene of desolation as met the eyes of the people of Galveston when day dawned Sunday, September 9, has rarely been witnessed on earth. Fifteen hundred acres of the city had been swept clear of every habitation. Every street was choked

with ruins, while the sea, not content with tearing away a great strip along the beach front, had piled the wreckage in one great long mass from city end to city end. Beneath these masses of broken buildings, in the streets, in the yards, in fence corners, in cisterns, in the bay, far out across the waters on the mainland shores, everywhere, in fact, were corpses. Galveston was a veritable charnel-house. To bury the dead was a physical impossibility. Added to the horror of so many corpses was the presence of carcasses of thousands of horses, cattle, dogs and other domestic animals.

To a people upon whom such a terrible calamity had been visited, now devolved a duty the like of which a civilized people had never been called to perform. To protect the living the dead had to be gotten rid of with all speed, for with corpses on every side, with carcasses by the thousands, and with a severe tropic sun to hasten decomposition, pestilence in its most terrible form threatened the living if the dead were not removed.

The tumbrels that rumbled over Paris streets with the gruesome burdens that came from Robespierre's abattoir had little work compared with the carts and wagons of Galveston in the days that followed the awful storm. It was at first determined to bury the dead at sea, but the procession of the dead seemed never-ending, and the cargoes that were taken to the deep and cast upon the waters came back with the tides and littered the shores. Then it was decided to burn the dead.

Ye who know not the horror of those days, who took no part in the saddest spectacle that man ever witnessed, may well shed tears of sympathy for those whose human tenement blazed on the funeral pyre in street or avenue, or whose requiem was sung by the waves that had brought death—but shed tears, too, for the brave men who faced this most gruesome duty with a Spartan courage the world has never known before.

The dead past has buried its dead.

For a week Galveston was under martial law. There was no disorder. There was some robbing of the dead by ghouls. This was checked by a punishment swift and sure.

The city rose from its ruins as if by magic. Street after street was cleared of debris. A small army of men worked from early morn until the shadows of night descended, to lift the city from its burden of wreckage. Then, when danger of epidemic seemed passed, attention was turned to commerce. The bay was strewn with stranded vessels. Monster ocean steamers weighing thousands of tons had been picked up like toys, driven across the lowlands, and thrown far from their moorings. One big steamship was hurled through three bridges, another, weighing 4,000 tons, was carried twenty-two miles from deep water, and dashed against a bayou bluff in another county.

The great wharves and warehouses along the bay front were a mass of splintered, broken timbers.

But the mighty energy of man worked wonders. Marvelous to say, under such conditions, a bridge $2\frac{1}{8}$ miles long was built across the bay within seven days and Galveston, which had been cut off from the world, was once more in active touch with all the marts of trade and commerce. An undaunted people strove as only an indomitable people can strive, to rehabilitate the city.

The signs of the cripple are still upon the city, but every hour brings nearer the day when the crutches will be thrown away and Galveston, which by nature and by man was chosen as the entreport for the great West, will rise to a loftier destiny and a more enduring commercial prosperity than seemed possible before she was tried in the crucible of disaster. Longfellow says:

Our lot is the common lot of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

The dark and dreary days were crowded into Galveston's life with horror unspeakable. It is an inexorable law of nature that after the storm comes the radiance of a glorious sunshine.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
First News of the Great Calamity—Galveston Almost Totally Destroyed by Wind and Waves—Thousands Swept to Instant Death	17
CHAPTER II.	
The Tale of Destruction Grows—A Night of Horrors— Sufferings of the Survivors.—Relief Measures by the National Government.	29
CHAPTER III.	
Incidents of the Awful Hurricane—Unparalleled Atrocities by Lawless Hordes—Earnest Appeals for Help. . . .	42
CHAPTER IV.	
The Cry of Distress in the Wrecked City—Negro Vandals Shot Down—Progress of the Relief Work—Strict Milit- ary Rules.	61
CHAPTER V.	
Vivid Pictures of Suffering in Every Street and House—The Gulf City a Ghastly Mass of Ruins—The Sea Giving Up its Dead—Supplies Pouring in from Every Quarter.	86
CHAPTER VI.	
Two Survivors Give Harrowing Details of the Awful Disas- ter—Hundreds Eager to Get out of Galveston—Clean- ing up the Wreckage.	107

	PAGE
CHAPTER VII.	
Not a House in Galveston Escaped Damage—Young and Old, Rich and Poor, Hurried to a Watery Grave—Citizens With Guns Guarding the Living and the Dead.	129
CHAPTER VIII.	
Fears of Pestilence—Searching Parties Clearing away the Ruins and Cremating the Dead—Distracted Crowds Waiting to Leave the City—Wonderful Escapes	146
CHAPTER IX.	
Story of a Brave Hero—A Vast Army of Helpless Victims —Scenes that Shock the Beholders—Our Nation Rises to the Occasion.	167
CHAPTER X.	
Details of the Overwhelming Tragedy—The Whole City Caught in the Death Trap—Personal Experiences of Those Who Escaped—First Reports More than Con- firmed.	191
CHAPTER XI.	
Galveston Calamity—One of the Greatest Known to His- tory—Many Thousands Maimed and Wounded—Few Heeded the Threatening Hurricane—The Doomed City Turned to Chaos	212
CHAPTER XII.	
Thrilling Narratives by Eye-witnesses—Path of the Storms Fury Through Galveston—Massive Heaps of Rubbish— Huge Buildings Swept into the Gulf	234
CHAPTER XIII.	
Refugees Continue the Terrible Story—Rigid Military Patrol—The City in Darkness at Night—Hungry and Ragged Throgs	257

	PAGE
CHAPTER XIV.	
Dead Babes Floating in the Water—Sharp Crack of Soldiers' Rifles—Tears Mingle With the Flood—Doctors and Nurses for the Sick and Dying	273
CHAPTER XV.	
Family in a Tree-top All Night—Rescue of the Perishing—Railroad Trains Hurrying Forward With Relief—Pathetic Scenes in the Desolate City	293
CHAPTER XVI.	
Startling Havoc Made by the Angry Storm—Vessels Far Out on the Prairie—Urgent Call for Millions of Dollars—Tangled Wires and Mountains of Wreckage	318
CHAPTER XVII.	
Governor Sayres Revises His Estimate of Those Lost and Makes it 12,000—A Multitude of the Destitute—Abundant Supplies and Vast Work of Distribution	346
CHAPTER XVIII.	
An Island of Desolation—Crumbling Walls—Faces White With Agony—Tales of Dismay and Death—Curious Sights	360
CHAPTER XIX.	
Thousands Died in Their Efforts to Save Others—Houses and Human Beings Floating on the Tide—An Army of Orphans—Greatest Catastrophe in Our History	371
CHAPTER XX.	
The Storm's Murderous Fury—People Stunned by the Staggering Blow—Heroic Measures to Avert Pestilence—Thrilling Story of the Ursuline Convent	391

CHAPTER XXI.

Unparalleled Bombardment of Waves—Wonderful Courage
Shown by the Survivors—Letter from Clara Barton . . . 416

CHAPTER XXII.

Galveston Storm Stories—Fierce Battles with Surging
Waves—Vivid Accounts from Fortunate Survivors—A
City of Sorrow 440

CHAPTER XXIII.

Heroic Incidents—Arrival of Relief Trains—Hospitals for the
Injured—Loud Call for Skilled Labor 461

CHAPTER XXIV.

One Hero Rescues Over Two Hundred—Traveler Caught in
the Rush of Water—Report of a Government Official—
How the Great Storm Started 477

CHAPTER XXV.

Storms of Great Violence Around Galveston—Wrecked Cities
and Vast Destruction of Property—Appalling Sacrifice
of Life 497

CHAPTER I.

First News of the Great Calamity — Galveston Almost Totally Destroyed by Winds and Waves. Thousands Swept to Instant Death.

THE first news of the appalling calamity that fell like a thunderbolt on Galveston came in the following despatch from the Governor of Texas :

“ Information has just reached me that about 3000 lives have been lost in Galveston, with enormous destruction of property. No information from other points.

“JOSEPH D. SAYRES, Governor.”

This despatch was dated at Austin, Texas, September 9th. Further intelligence was awaited with great anxiety in all parts of the country. The worst was feared, and all the fears were more than realized. Later intelligence showed that the West Indian storm which reached the Gulf coast on the morning of September 8th, wrought awful havoc in Texas. Reports were conflicting, but it was known that an appalling disaster had befallen the city of Galveston, where, it was reported, a thousand or more lives had been blotted out and a tremendous property damage incurred. Meagre reports from Sabine Pass and Port Arthur also indicated a heavy loss of life.

The first news to reach Houston from the stricken city of Galveston came from James C. Timmins, who resides in Houston, and who is the General Superintendent of the National Compress Company. He was one of the first to reach Houston with tidings of the great disaster which had befallen that city, and the magnitude of that disaster remained to be told because of his endeavors to reach home.

After remaining through the hurricane on Saturday, the 8th, he departed from Galveston on a schooner and came across the bay to Morgan's Point, where he caught a train for Houston. The hurricane, Mr. Timmins said, was the worst ever known.

The estimate made by citizens of Galveston was that four thousand houses, most of them residences, were destroyed, and that at least one thousand people had been drowned, killed or were missing. Business houses were also destroyed. These estimates, it was learned afterward, were far below the actual facts.

The city, Mr. Timmins averred, was a complete wreck, so far as he could see from the water front and from the Tremont Hotel. Water was blown over the island by the hurricane, the wind blowing at the rate of eighty miles an hour straight from the Gulf and forcing the sea water before it in big waves. The gale was a steady one, the heart of it striking the city about 5 o'clock in the evening and continuing without intermission until midnight, when it abated somewhat, although it continued to blow all night.

WORST HURRICANE EVER KNOWN.

The water extended across the island. Mr. Timmins said it was three feet deep in the rotunda of the Tremont Hotel, and was six feet deep in Market street. Along the water front the damage was very great. The roofs had been blown from all the elevators, and the sheds along the wharves were either wrecked or had lost their sides and were of no protection to the contents.

Most of the small sailing craft were wrecked, and were either piled up on the wharves or floating bottom side up in the bay. There was a small steamship ashore three miles north of Pelican Island, but Mr. Timmins could not distinguish her name. She was flying a British flag. Another big vessel had been driven ashore at Virginia Point, and still another was aground at Texas City. At the south point of Houston Island an unknown ship lay in a helpless condition.

The lightship that marks Galveston bar was hard and fast aground at Bolivar Point. Mr. Timmins and the men with him on the schooner rescued two sailors from the Middle Bay who had been many hours in the water. These men were foreigners, and he could gain no information from them.

A wreck of a vessel which looked like a large steam tug was

crew had reported that many bodies were floating, and that they were using every endeavor to get them all out of the water. The water swept across the island, and it is presumed that most of these were Galveston people, though none of them had been identified.

LOST WIFE AND SIX CHILDREN.

One of the refugees who came in on the relief train and who had a sad experience was S. W. Clinton, an engineer at the fertilizing plant at the Galveston stock yards. Mr. Clinton's family consisted of his wife and six children. When his house was washed away he managed to get two of his little boys safely to a raft, and with them he drifted helplessly about. His raft collided with wreckage of every description and was split in two, and he was forced to witness the drowning of his sons, being unable to help them in any way. Mr. Clinton says parts of the city were seething masses of water.

From an eye-witness of the vast devastation we are able to give the following graphic account :

"The storm that raged along the coast of Texas was the most disastrous that has ever visited this section. The wires are down, and there is no way of finding out just what has happened, but enough is known to make it certain that there has been great loss of life and destruction of property all along the coast and for a hundred miles inland. Every town that is reached reports one or more dead, and the property damage is so great that there is no way of computing it accurately.

"Galveston remains isolated. The Houston Post and the Associated Press made efforts to get special trains and tugs today with which to reach the island city. The railroad companies declined to risk their locomotives.

"It is known that the railroad bridges across the bay at Galveston are either wrecked or are likely to be destroyed with the weight of a train on them; the approaches to the wagon bridge are gone and it is rendered useless. The bridge of the Galveston, Houston and Northern Railroad is standing, but the drawbridges over Clear creek and at Edgewater are gone, and the

ful nature come from that part of Texas, some of them even intimating that Galveston had been entirely wrecked and that the bay was covered with the dead bodies of its residents. Nothing definite, however, could be learned, as the Gulf city was entirely isolated, not even railroad trains being able to reach it. All the telegraph wires to Galveston were gone south of Houston, and to accentuate the serious condition of affairs the cable lines between Galveston and Tampico and Coatzacoalcos, Mexico, were severed; at least no communication over them was possible.

The Western Union had a large number of telegraph operators and linemen waiting at Houston to go to Galveston, but it was impossible to get them there. San Antonio was being reached by El Paso, in the extreme southwestern portion of the State, a procedure made necessary by the prevailing storm.

WATER BLOWN COMPLETELY OVER THE CITY.

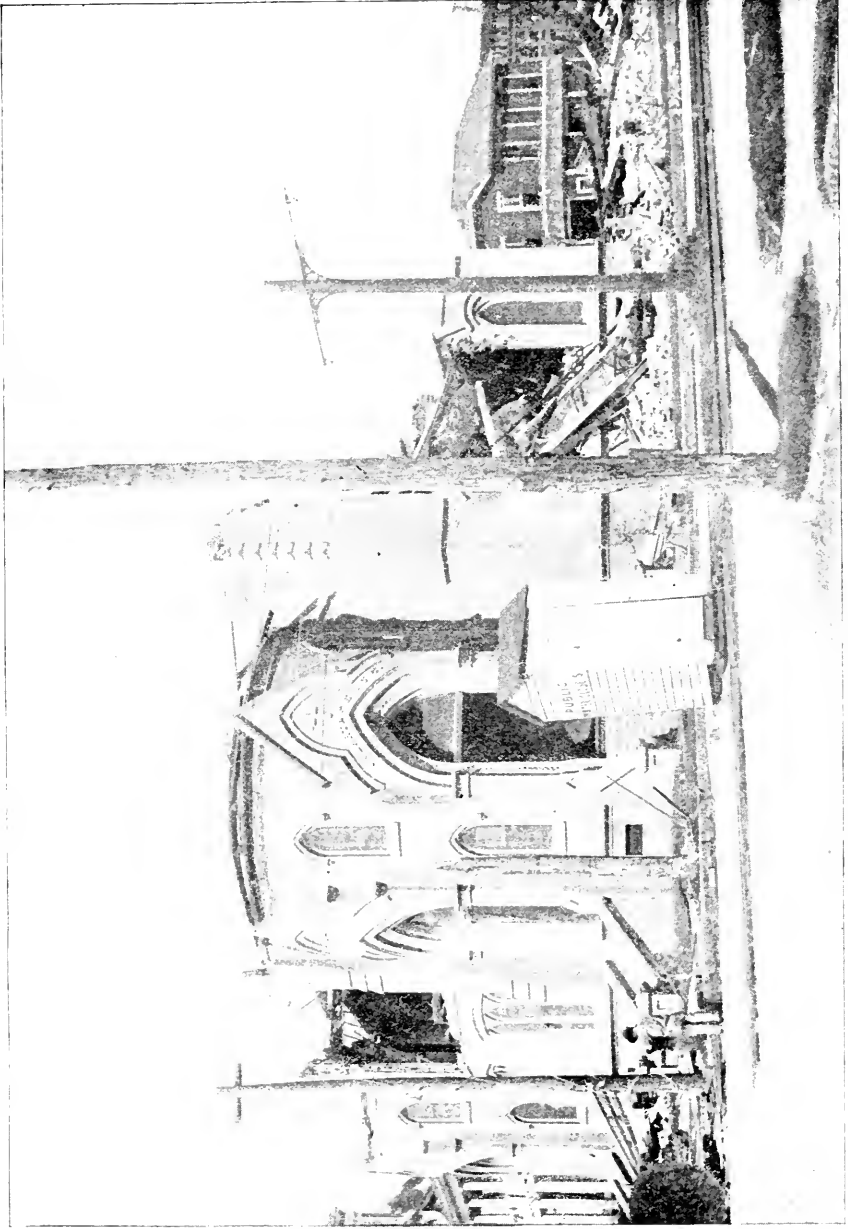
Mr. Joyce, another refugee from Galveston, made the following statement:

“The wind was blowing Saturday afternoon and night at about seventy-five miles an hour, blowing the water in the Gulf and completely covering the city. The people of Galveston did not think it was much at first and kept within their homes, consequently when the wind began blowing as it did and the water dashed against the houses, completely demolishing them, many lives were lost. I have no idea how many were killed, but think there will be several thousand deaths reported, besides many people whom we will know nothing about.

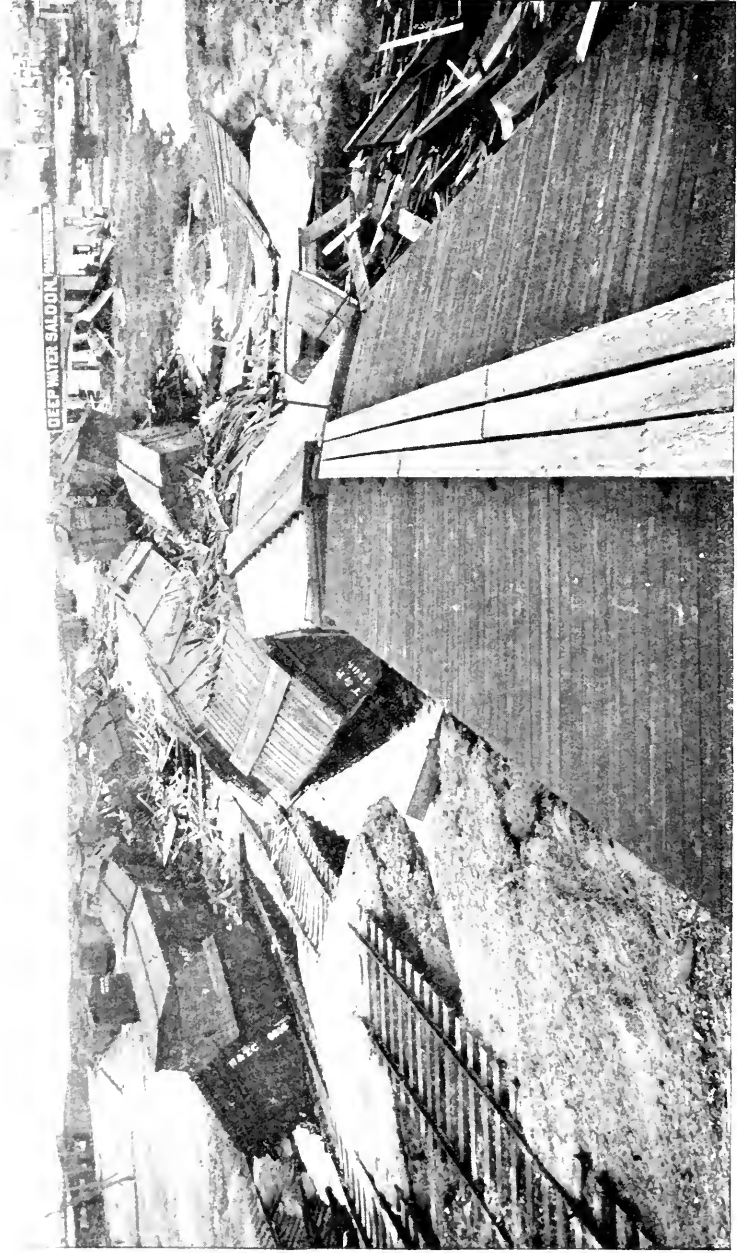
“I was in the storm which struck Galveston in 1875, but that one, bad as it was, was nothing in comparison with Saturday’s.”

The following account of Galveston will be of interest to readers in connection with the great disaster that has ruined that once prosperous and thriving city.

Galveston is situated on an island extending east and west for twenty-seven miles, and is seven miles in its greatest width north and south. No city could be in greater danger from such a horrible visitation as has now come to Galveston. In no part



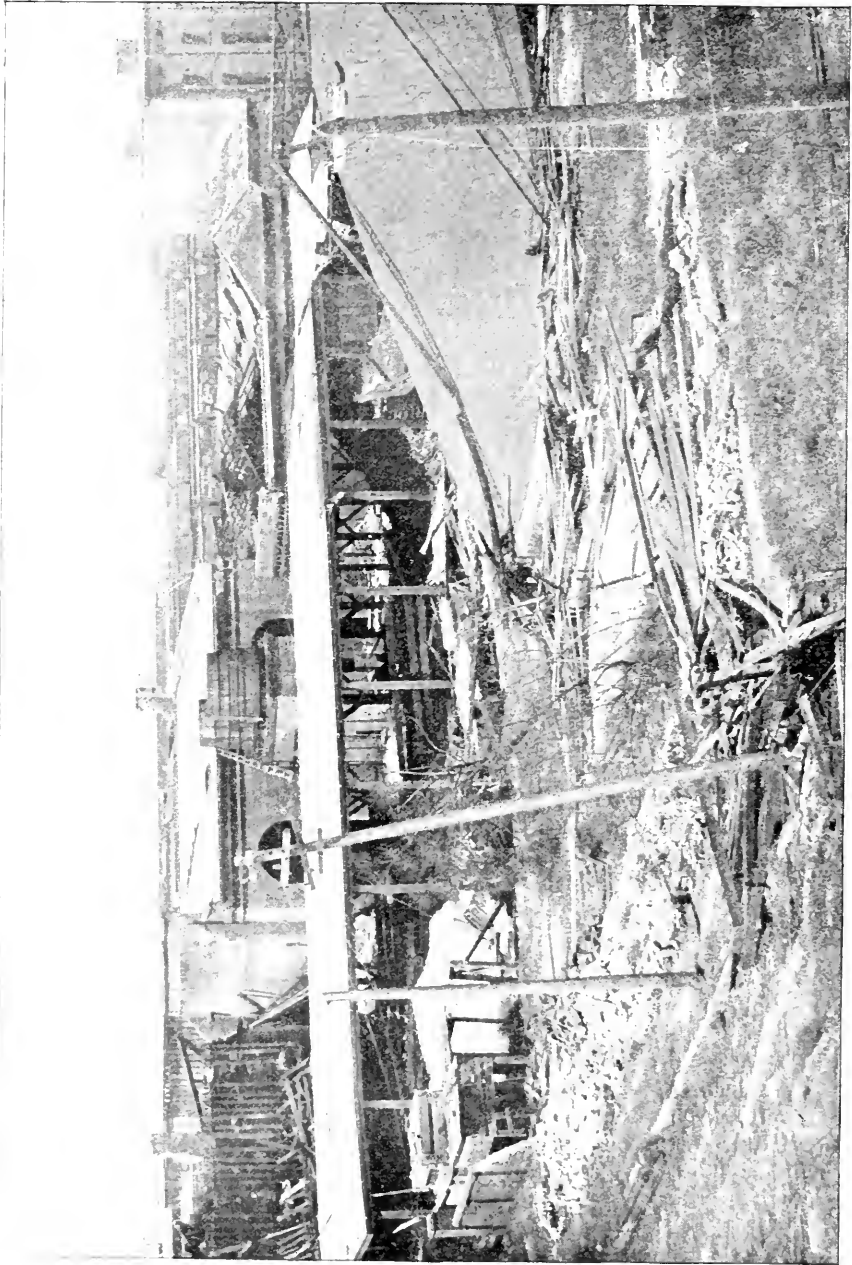
FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, GALVESTON, AFTER THE STORM



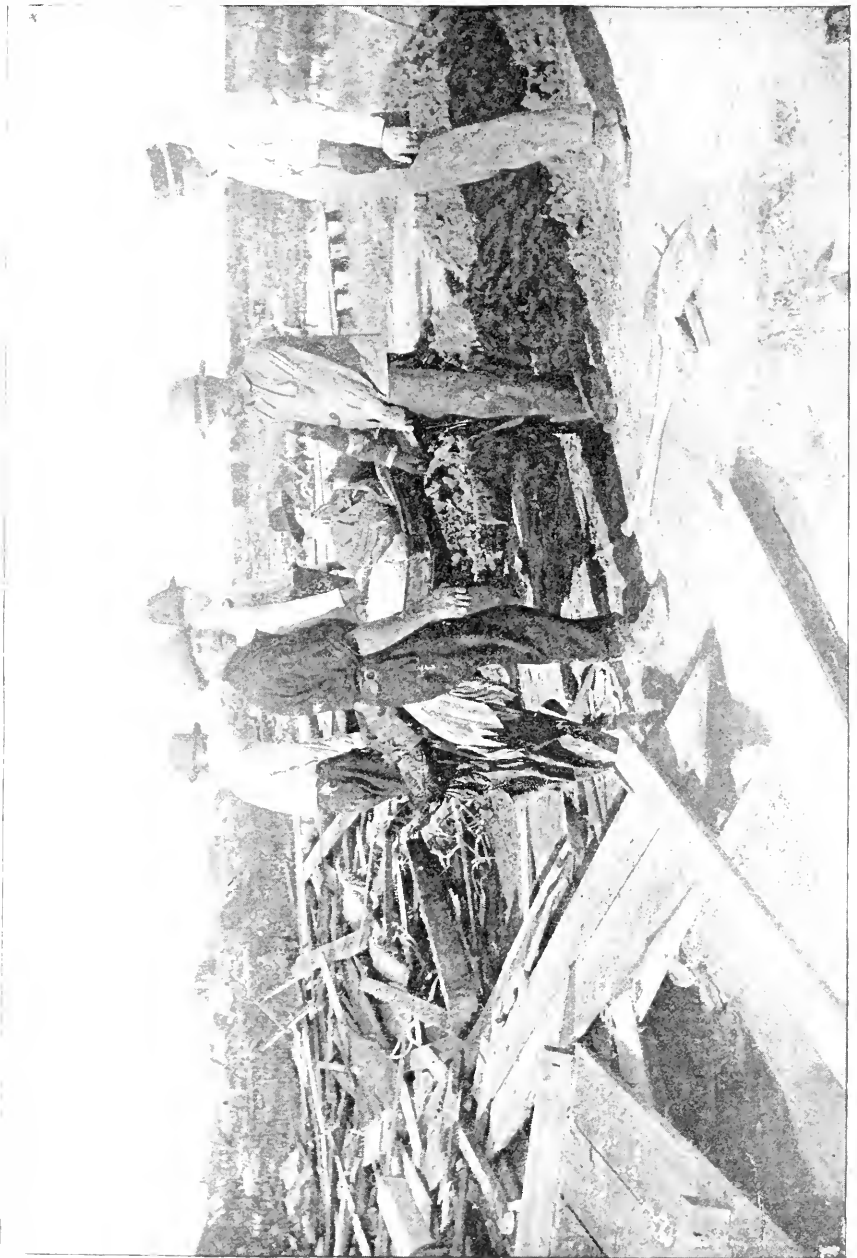
WRECKAGE OF CARS OF GRAIN GALVESTON



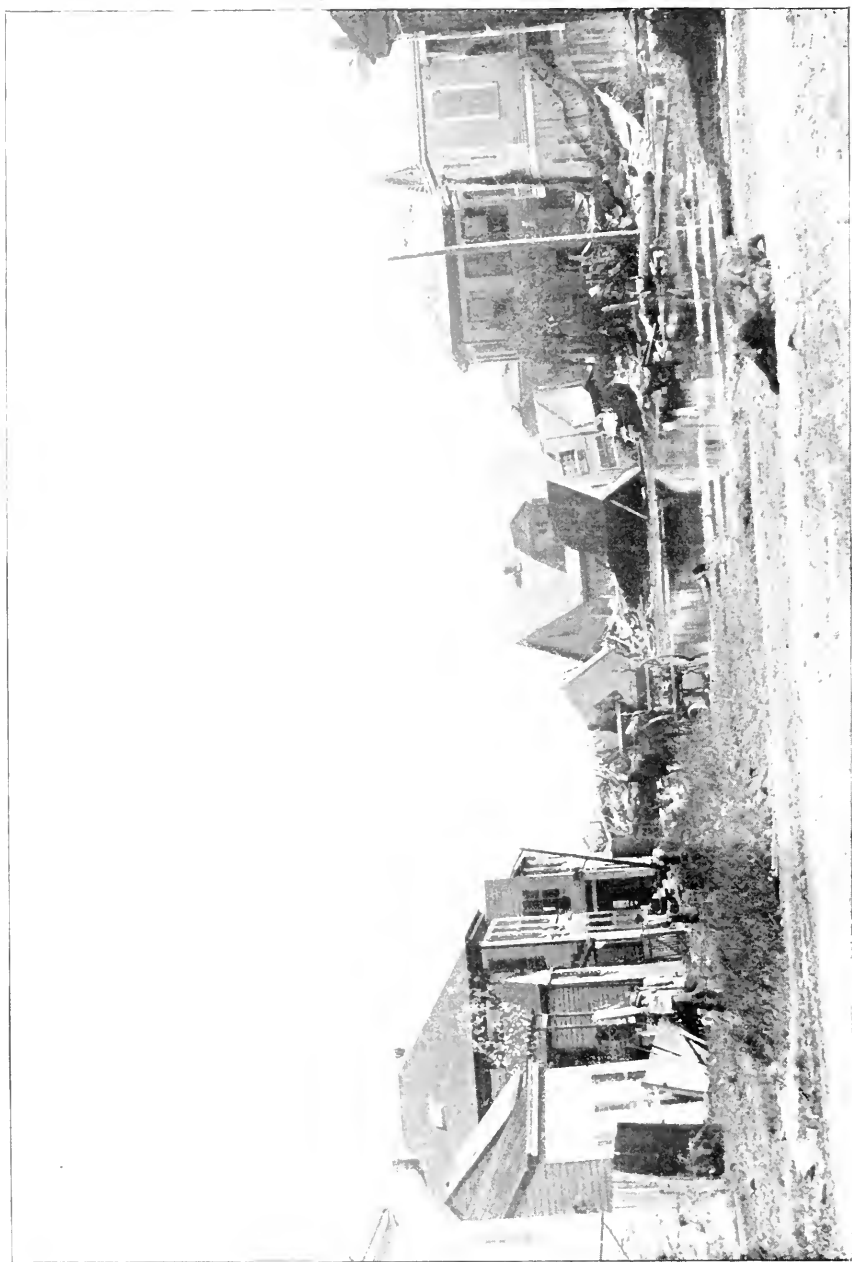
AVENUE L AND TWENTY-FIRST STREET, SHOWING THE URSULINE CONVENT THE REFUGE
OF HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE



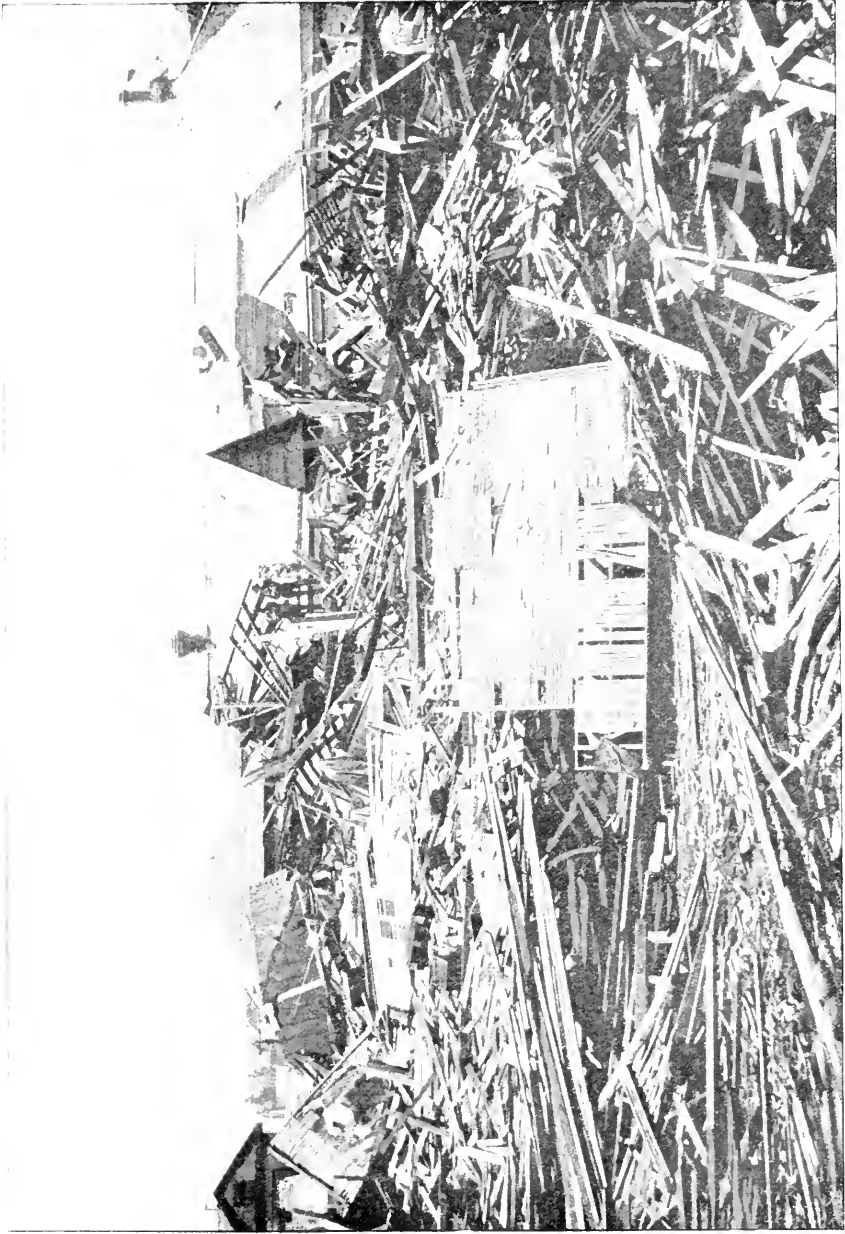
RUINS OF THE GAS WORKS AT THIRTY-THIRD AND MARKET STREETS



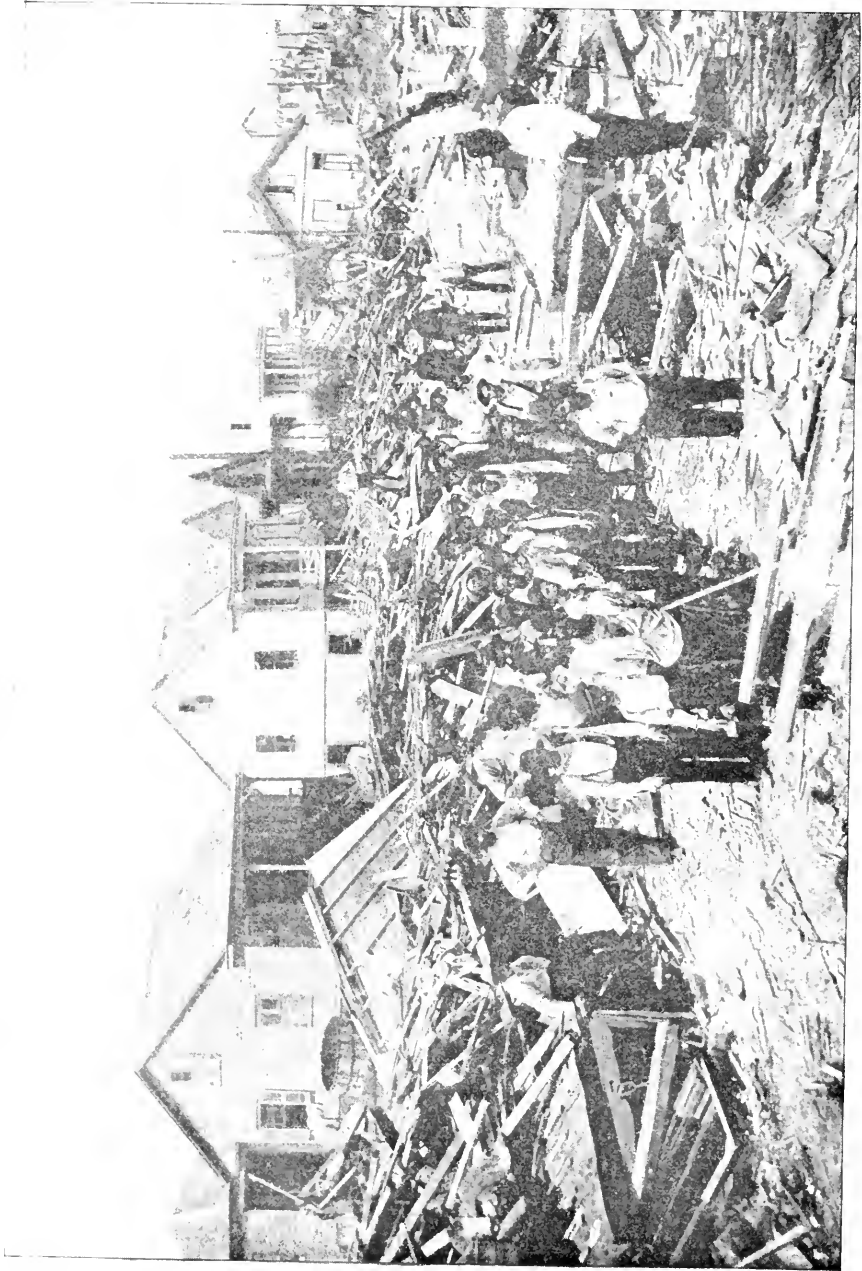
BURYING BODIES WHERE THEY WERE FOUND



AVENUE L AND FIFTEENTH STREET SHOWING DESTRUCTION DONE BY THE HURRICANE



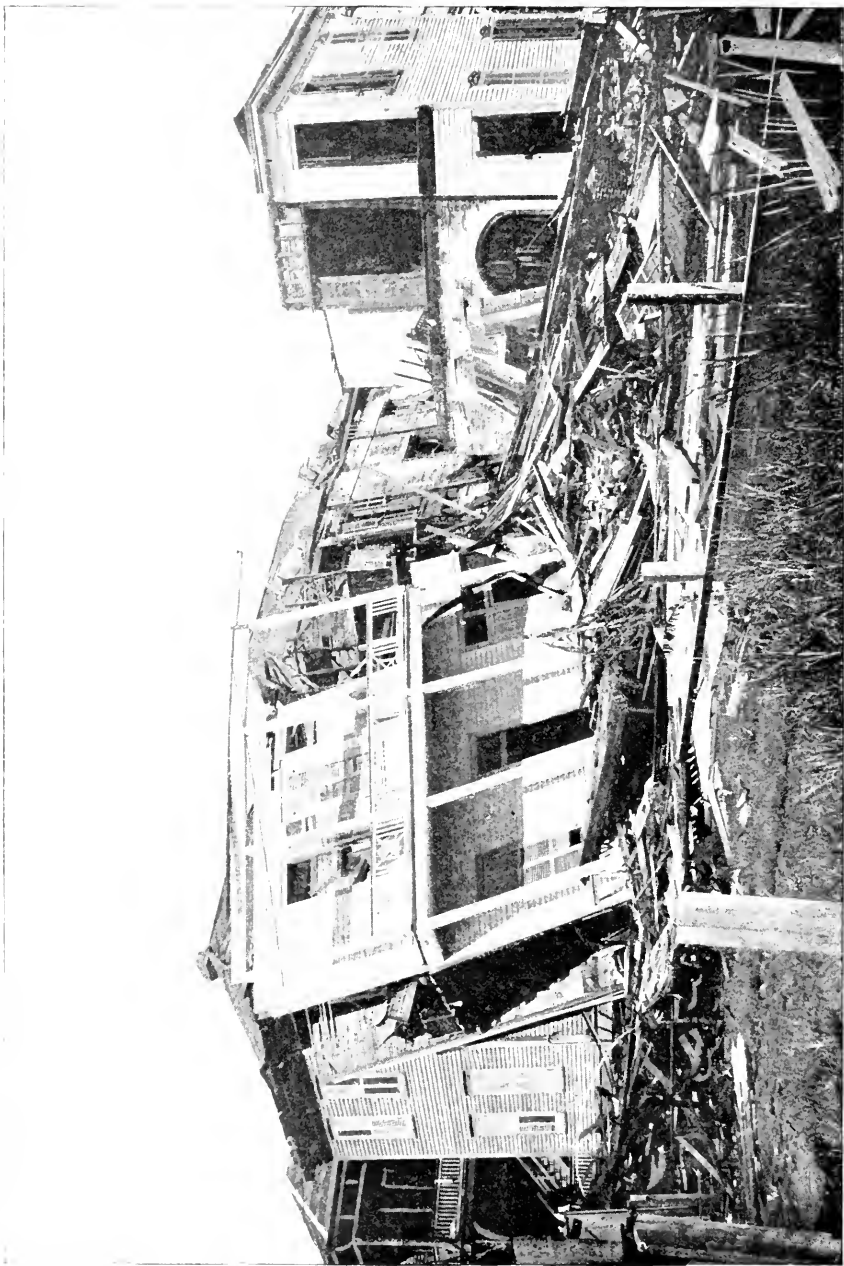
TANGLED MASS OF RUINS ON NINETEENTH STREET



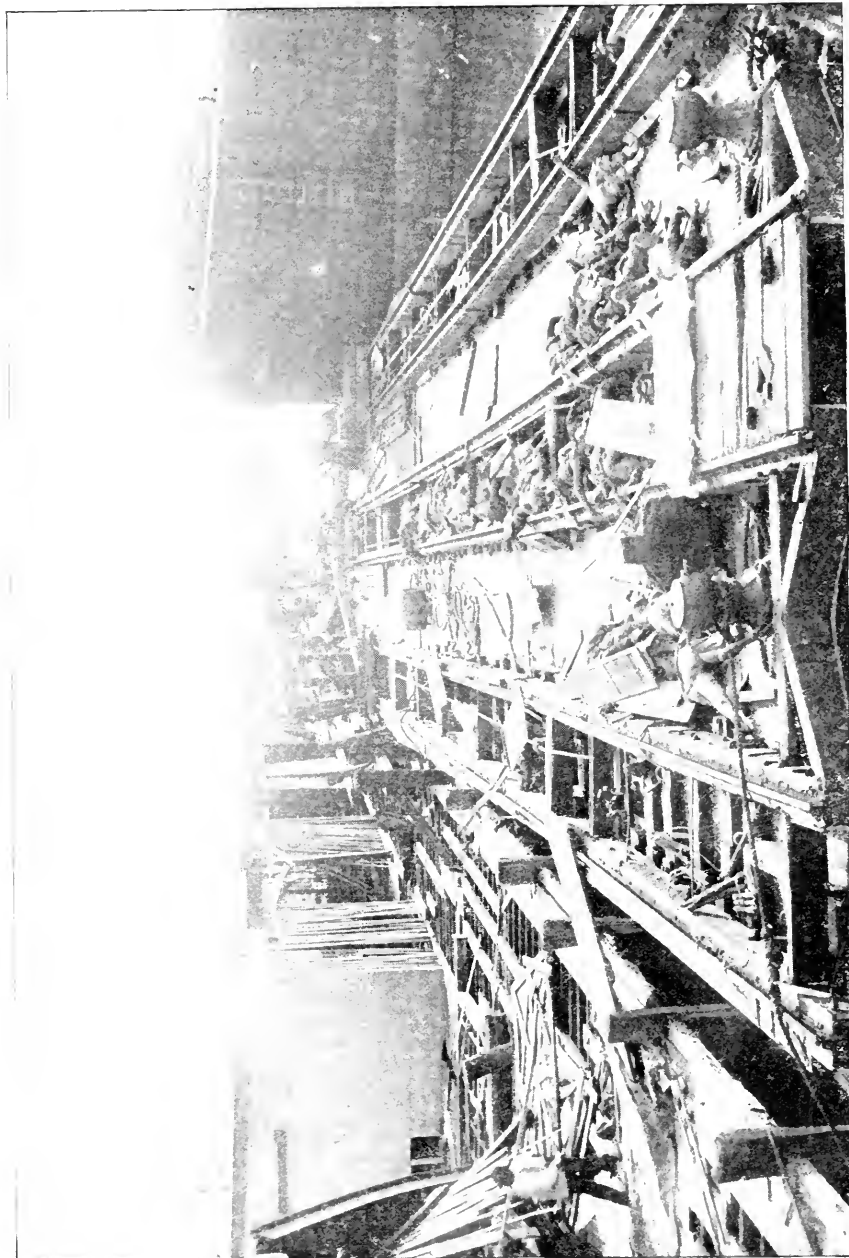
VOLUNTEERS REMOVING DEBRIS ON TWENTY-FIRST STREET, LOOKING SOUTH



POST OFFICE STREET, SHOWING HARMONY CLUB BUILDING AND MASONIC TEMPLE



DESTRUCTION AT AVENUE I BETWEEN EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH STREETS



TAKING BODIES ON THE RAILROAD BARGE FOR BURIAL AT SEA



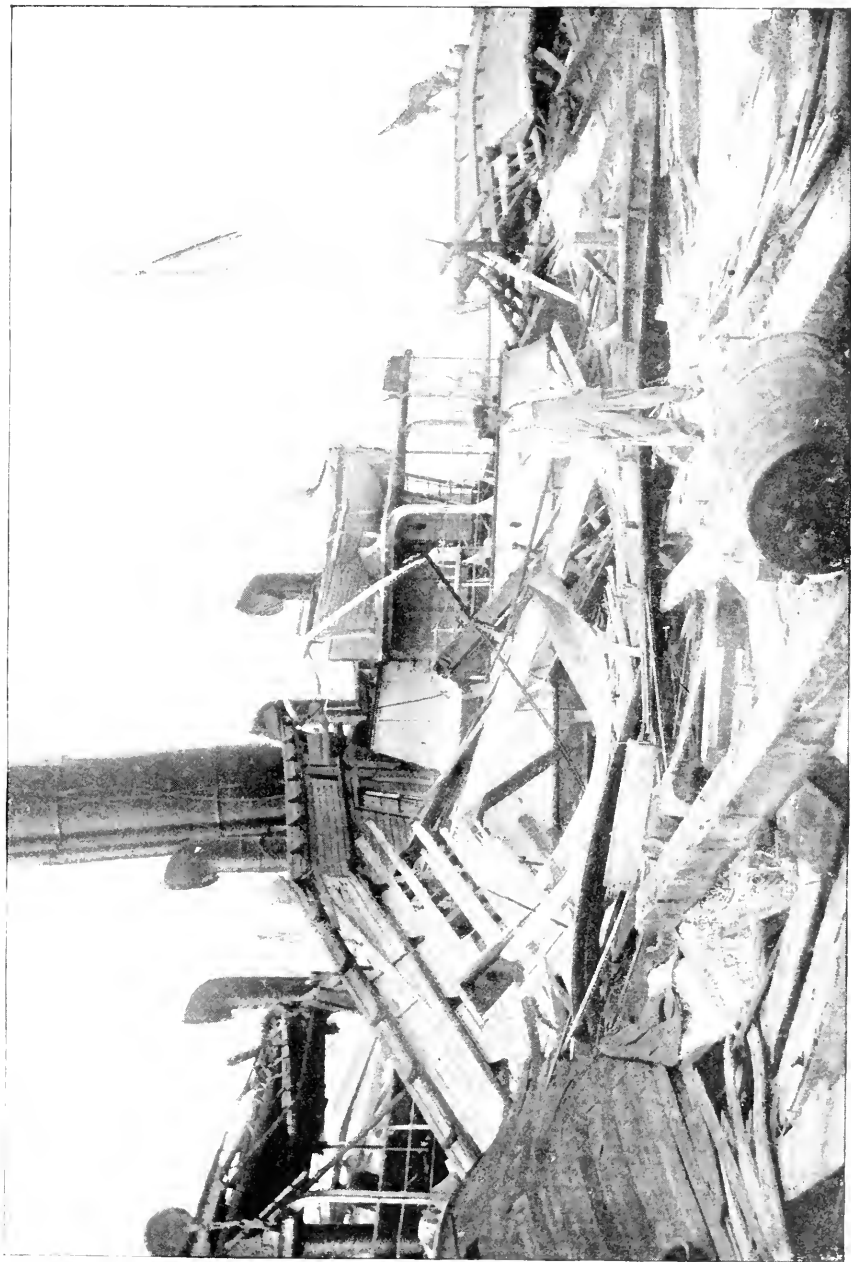
BURNING WRECKAGE TO CREMATE DEAD BODIES



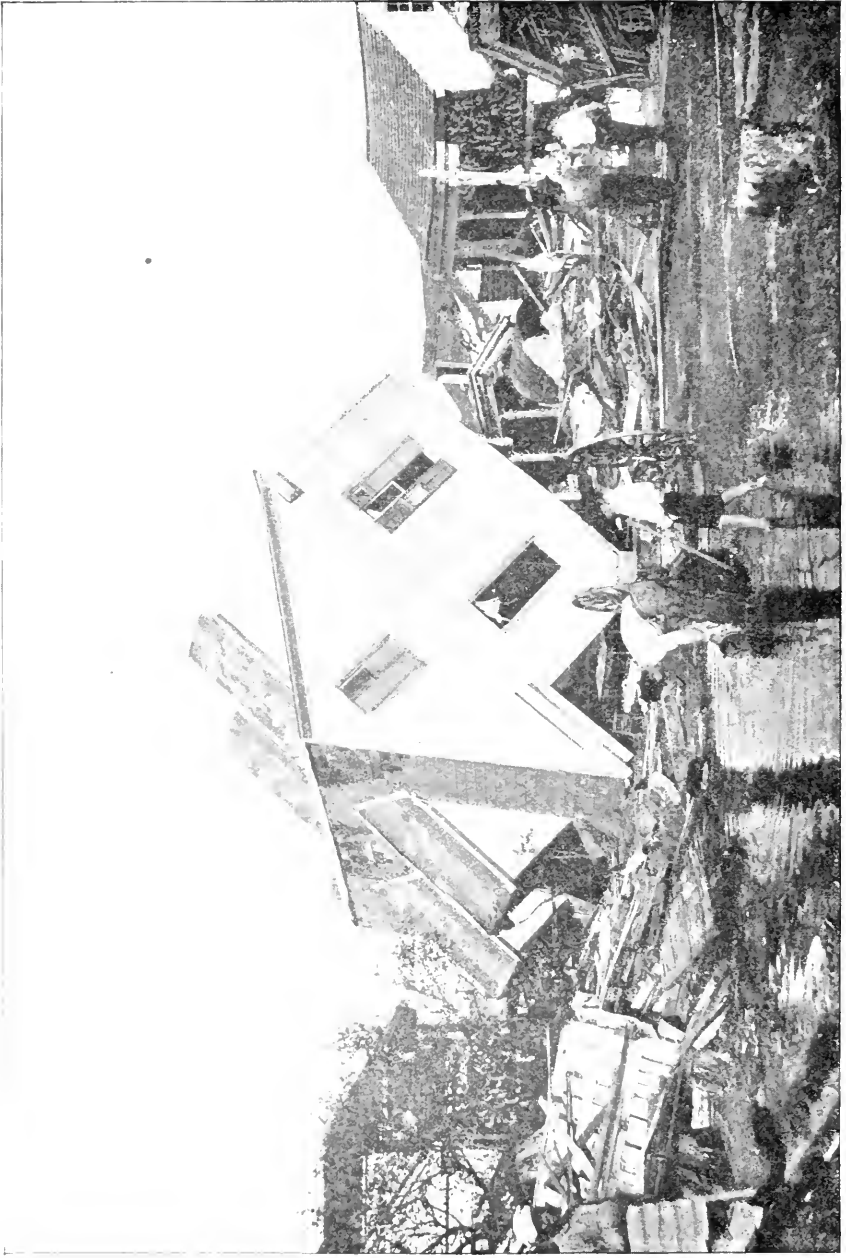
SEARCHING FOR THE DEAD ON SOUTH TREMONT STREET



WRECK OF THE CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART, THE LARGEST IN GALVESTON



WRECKAGE ON THE WHARF, PIER 20 SPANISH STEAMER IN THE B'CKGROUND



SCENE AT AVENUE K AND SIXTEENTH STREET - HOUSE OVERTURNED BY THE WIND

CHAPTER II.

The Tale of Destruction Grows—A Night of Horrors—Sufferings of the Survivors—Relief Measures by the National Government.

THE following graphic account of the terrible disaster is from the pen of an eye-witness, written within twenty-four hours after the city was struck by the hurricane: "No direct wire communication has been established between Dallas and Galveston, and such a connection is not likely to be established earlier than to-morrow. The gulf coast, back for a distance of approximately twenty miles, is one vast marsh, and in many places the water is from three to ten feet deep, making progress toward the stricken city slow and unremunerative in the matter of direct news.

"Although Dallas is 300 miles from Galveston, all efforts for direct communication centre here, as it is the headquarters of the telegraph and telephone systems of the State. Hundreds of linemen were hurried to the front on Saturday night and Sunday morning from this city to try to put wire affairs in workable order.

WIND STORM OF GIANT FORCE.

"Less than half a dozen out of approximately half a hundred wires between Dallas and Houston have thus far been gotten into operation. This is because the wind storm extended inland with terrific force for a distance of 100 miles, and destroyed telegraphic, telephonic and railroad connections to such an extent as nearly to paralyze these channels of communication. With the best of weather conditions, it will require several weeks to restore these systems to anything like their normal state.

"Nothing like definite and tangible information is likely to be received from Galveston earlier than Wednesday or Thursday. All reliable information that has been received up to this hour comes from the advance guard of the relief forces and the linemen sent out by the railroad, telegraph and telephone companies.

rose steadily from dark until 1.45 o'clock Sunday morning. During all this time the people of Galveston were like rats in a trap. The highest portion of the city was four to five feet under water, while in the great majority of cases the streets were submerged to a depth of ten feet. To leave a house was to drown. To remain was to court death in the wreckage.

“Such a night of agony has seldom been equaled. Without apparent reason the waters suddenly began to subside at 1.45 A. M. Within twenty minutes they had gone down two feet, and before daylight the streets were practically freed of the flood-waters. In the meantime the wind had veered to the southeast.

VERY FEW BUILDINGS ESCAPED.

Very few if any buildings escaped injury. There is hardly a habitable dry house in the city. When the people who had escaped death went out at daylight to view the work of the tempest and floods they saw the most horrible sights imaginable. In the three blocks from Avenue N to Avenue P, in Tremont street, I saw eight bodies. Four corpses were in one yard.

“The whole of the business front for three blocks in from the Gulf was stripped of every vestige of habitation, the dwellings, the great bathing establishments, the Olympia and every structure having been either carried out to sea or its ruins piled in a pyramid far into the town, according to the vagaries of the tempest. The first hurried glance over the city showed that the largest structures, supposed to be the most substantially built, suffered the greatest.

“The Orphans' Home, Twenty-first street and Avenue M, fell like a house of cards. How many dead children and refugees are in the ruins could not be ascertained. Of the sick in St. Mary's Infirmary, together with the attendants, only eight are understood to have been saved. The Old Woman's Home, on Roosenburg avenue, collapsed, and the Roosenburg School-house is a mass of wreckage. The Ball High School is but an empty shell, crushed and broken. Every church in the city, with possibly one or two exceptions, is in ruins.

“At the forts nearly all the soldiers are reported dead, they

having been in temporary quarters, which gave them no protection against the tempest or flood. No report has been received from the Catholic Orphan Asylum down the island, but it seems impossible that it could have withstood the hurricane. If it fell, all the inmates were, no doubt, lost, for there was no aid within a mile.

“The bay front from end to end is in ruins. Nothing but piling and the wreck of great warehouses remain. The elevators lost all their superworks, and their stocks are damaged by water. The life-saving station at Fort Point was carried away, the crew being swept across the bay fourteen miles to Texas City. I saw Captain Haynes, and he told me that his wife and one of his crew were drowned.

WRECKAGE SWEPT ACROSS THE BAY.

“The shore at Texas City contains enough wreckage to rebuild a city. Eight persons who were swept across the bay during the storm were picked up there alive. Five corpses were also picked up. There were three fatalities in Texas City. In addition to the living and the dead which the storm cast up at Texas City, caskets and coffins from one of the cemeteries at Galveston were being fished out of the water there yesterday. In the business portion of the city two large brick buildings, one occupied by Knapp Brothers and the other by the Cotton Exchange saloon, collapsed. In the Cotton Exchange saloon there were about fifteen persons. Most of them escaped.

“The cotton mills, the bagging factory, the gas works, the electric light works and nearly all the industrial establishments of the city are either wrecked or crippled. The flood left a slime about one inch deep over the whole city, and unless fast progress is made in burying corpses and carcasses of animals there is danger of pestilence. Some of the stories of the escapes are miraculous. William Nisbett, a cotton man, was buried in the ruins of the Cotton Exchange saloon, and when dug out in the morning had no further injury than a few bruised fingers.

“Dr. S. O. Young, Secretary of the Cotton Exchange, was knocked senseless when his house collapsed, but was revived by

“It will take a week to tabulate the dead and the missing and to get anything near an approximate idea of the monetary loss. It is safe to assume that one-half the property of the city is wiped out, and that one-half of the residents have to face absolute poverty.

“At Texas City three of the residents were drowned. One man stepped into a well by a mischance and his corpse was found there. Two other men ventured along the bay front during the height of the storm and were killed. There are but few buildings at Texas City that do not tell the story of the storm. The hotel is a complete ruin. The office of the Texas City Company was almost entirely destroyed. Nothing remains of the piers except the piling.

“The wreckage from Galveston litters the shore for miles and is a hundred yards wide. For ten miles inland from the shore it is a common sight to see small craft, such as steam launches, schooners and oyster sloops. The life boat of the life-saving station was carried half a mile inland, while a vessel that was anchored in Moses Bayou lies high and dry five miles up from La Marquet.

MULTITUDES SWEEPED OUT TO SEA.

“From Virginia Point north and south along the bay front, at such places as Texas City, Dickinson, Hitchcock, Seabrook, Alvin and a dozen small intermediate points, the number of dead bodies gathered up by rescue trains and sailing craft had reached at noon more than 700. This is only a small scope of the country devastated, and it is feared the death list from the storm will ultimately show not less than 5000 victims. Hundreds have been swept out to sea who will never be accounted for. Two mass meetings were held at Dallas, and many thousands of dollars were subscribed for the relief of the Texas Gulf coast storm sufferers.”

The towns of Sabine Pass and Port Arthur, news from which was anxiously awaited, passed through the terrific storm virtually unscathed. At Port Arthur the water spread over the town, but it did not reach a depth sufficient to destroy buildings. The town pleasure pier was washed away completely, as was also the pier in front of the Gales and Elwood Homes. The dredge Florida, prop-

CHAPTER III.

Incidents of the Awful Hurricane—Unparalleled Atrocities by Lawless Hordes—Earnest Appeals for Help.

ON September 11th, the Mayor of Galveston forwarded the following address to the people of the United States:

“It is my opinion, based on personal information, that 5000 people have lost their lives here. Approximately one-third of the residence portion of the city has been swept away.

“There are several thousand people who are homeless and destitute. How many, there is no way of finding out. Arrangements are now being made to have the women and children sent to Houston and other places, but the means of transportation are limited. Thousands are still to be cared for here. We appeal to you for immediate aid.

WALTER C. JONES.”

On the same date the following statement of conditions at Galveston and appeal for aid was issued by the local relief committee:

“A conservative estimate of the loss of life is that it will reach at least 5,000, and at least that number of families are shelterless and wholly destitute. The entire remainder of the population is suffering in a greater or less degree. Not a single church, school or charitable institution, of which Galveston had so many, is left intact. Not a building escaped damage, and half the whole number were entirely obliterated. There is immediate need for food, clothing and household goods of all kinds. If nearby cities will open asylums for women and children, the situation will be greatly relieved. Coast cities should send us water, as well as provisions, including kerosene, oil, gasoline and candles.

“W. C. Jones, mayor; M. Lasker, president Island City Saving Bank; J. D. Skinner, president Cotton Exchange; C. H. McMaster, for Chamber of Commerce; R. G. Lowe, manager

Galveston News: Clarence Owsley, manager Galveston Tribune."

The white cotton screw men's organization held a meeting and tendered their services, that of 500 able bodied men, to the public committee to clear the streets of debris. Big forces went to work, and the situation was much improved so far as the passage of vessels was concerned. The city was patrolled by regular soldiers and citizen soldiery. No one was allowed on the streets without a pass. Several negroes were shot for not halting when ordered.

The steamer Lawrence arrived here early on the morning of the 11th, from Houston, with water and provisions. A committee of one hundred citizens were aboard, among them being doctors and cooks. W. G. Van Vleck, General Manager of the Southern Pacific Railroad, arrived at the same time. He thought it would be possible to establish mail service from Houston to Texas City by night, with transfer boats to Galveston.

BODIES BEING BURIED IN TRENCHES.

It was found to be impossible to send bodies to sea for burial. The water receded so far, however, that it was possible to dig trenches, and bodies were being buried where found. Debris covering bodies was being burned where it could be done safely.

Work on the water works was rushed, and it was hoped to be able to turn a supply on in the afternoon.

Outside of Galveston smaller towns were beginning to send in reports as telegraphic communication improved, and many additions to the list of the dead and property losses were received. Richmond and Hitchcock each reported sixteen lives lost. Alto Loma, Arcadia, Velasco, Seabrooke, Belleville, Arcola and many other towns had from one to eight dead. In most of these places many houses were totally destroyed and thousands of head of live stock killed.

The railroads alone suffered millions of dollars in actual damage, to say nothing of the loss from stoppage of business. The International and Great Northern and Santa Fe had miles of

fast at the \$4 per day hotel Tremont was served to a fortunate few to-day, and consisted of a small piece of bacon and a single cup of coffee. The hotel was untenable yesterday, and guests were refused. It is jammed to-day with local citizens who have been made homeless."

G. W. Ware, teacher of penmanship in a Dallas educational institution, was in Galveston during the hurricane. He reached Dallas on Tuesday, the 11th, and made the following statement :

WORK OF HEARTLESS CRIMINALS.

"It was a godsend, the placing of the city under martial law. The criminal element began looting the dead, and the cold blooded commercial element began looting the living. The criminals were stealing anything they could with safety lay hands on, and the mercenary commercial pirates began a harvest of extortion. The price of bacon was pushed up to 50 cents a pound, bread 60 cents a loaf, and owners of small schooners and other sailing craft formed a trust, and charged \$8 a passenger for transportation across the bay from the island to the mainland.

"Mayor Jones and other men of conscience were shocked at these proceedings, and the Mayor decided that the only protection for the citizens would be to declare martial law, confiscate all food-stuffs and other necessities for the common good, and thus stop the lootings and holdups.

"The price of bread was reduced to 10 cents a loaf, bacon was placed at 15 cents a pound, and the price of a voyage across the bay was set at \$1.50 a passenger. A book account is being kept of all sales of foodstuffs, and other transactions and settlements will be made at the scheduled rates."

Mr. Quinlan, General Manager of the Houston and Texas Central Railroad, said :

"It is in such cases as this Galveston disaster that the barbarity in some men is seen. I have seen enough in the last two days to convince me that a large element of civilized mankind are veneered savages. My policy would be to take nobody into Galveston except such persons as are absolutely needed to administer

This was a graceful act of sympathy from the gallant yachtsman who made the spirited attempt to capture the cup from the New York Yacht Club, and although failing, became a universal favorite in this country.

Official reports from Galveston to Governor Sayres at Austin, on the 11th, were that 400 bodies had been identified, 200 more were in an improvised morgue awaiting identification, and many more were thought to have drifted out to sea, and their identity will never be known.

CONDITIONS THAT BEGGAR DESCRIPTION.

A telegram from Adjutant General Scurry, who was at Galveston, to the Governor, was as follows:

“Have just returned from Texas City with several Galveston parties, who assure me that conditions there beggar description. Accounts have not been exaggerated. While a portion of the provisions has been destroyed by water sufficient on hand to relieve immediate necessities. The citizens seem to have the situation well in hand. United States troops and Company C., volunteer guard, with citizens, patrol the streets to prevent looting.

“I requested W. B. Wortham to go to Galveston from Texas City for the purpose of advising me of the city's most urgent needs, and I returned here to report and ask for further instructions. I respectfully suggest that the distress is too great for the people of Galveston, even with the assistance of Houston, to stand, and that a general appeal for help would be welcomed. The estimate of 10,000 destitute does not seem to be excessive.

“From reports reaching the Governor this morning it will be necessary to co-operate with the Federal troops to place all the mainland opposite Galveston, as well as the island, under martial law.

“Thieves have begun to enter the city for the purpose of pilfering the bodies of the dead. The Governor has been informed that the commander of the Texas troops has been ordered to Galveston by the Federal authorities, and the Governor will lend him

CHAPTER IV.

The Cry of Distress in the Wrecked City—Negro Vandals Shot Down—Progress of the Relief Work —Strict Military Rule.

THE situation on the third day after the flood was vividly described by a visitor to the city as follows: It is plainly apparent that as a result of the Galveston disaster, a task confronts the public authorities such as neither Texas nor any other State has ever before had to grapple with.

Human nature at its worst has had opportunity for the display of its meanest passions, and relentless measures have been rendered necessary. Looters and vandals have ignored all moral restraints, and gunpowder has had to be used unsparingly to subdue the savagery being practiced. It is learned on unquestionable authority that the soldiers under Adjutant General Scurry have to-day (Wednesday the 12th) slain no less than seventy-five men, mostly negroes, guilty of robbing the dead.

POCKET FULL OF HUMAN FINGERS.

One of these had in his pocket twenty-three human fingers with costly rings on them. The fingers had been cut from the victims of the storm found on the beach or floating in the waters of Galveston Bay.

W. McGrath, Manager of the Dallas Electric Company, and representing large Boston interests in Texas, returned from Galveston direct. He says: "The only way to prevent an epidemic that will practically depopulate the island is to burn the bodies of the dead. The Governor of Texas should call an extra session of the Legislature and appropriate a million or half a million dollars, or whatever amount is needed. The situation must be taken intelligently in hand to save the State from a possible epidemic. Before I left Galveston about 4,000 bodies had been

commercial and naval necessities of the country." The Board consisted of Lieutenant Colonels H. V. Roberts, G. L. Gillespie and Jared A. Smith. The Board reported that Galveston was the most eligible point for a deep harbor, but also called attention to the harbors at Sabine and Aransas Passes as being worthy of consideration.

STORM TRAVELED OVER THREE THOUSAND MILES.

Under date of September 13th a prominent journal commented as follows on the great storm :

"Fast disappearing into the Atlantic by way of Cape Breton Island the great West Indian hurricane is passing into history so far as the United States is concerned.

"For twelve days this storm has been under the surveillance of the Weather Bureau. During this time it has traveled more than 3,000 miles, and has described in its course a perfect parabola. When the storm began its "swing around the circle" at Galveston its intensity was greater than it has been since, although as it goes to sea to-night it is reported to be again assuming terrific proportions.

"Its course now lies directly in the path of the North Atlantic Liners, and what future destruction it may wreak remains to be seen from reports of incoming vessels. Until the West Indian hurricane made its appearance the United States had been for exactly two months without a storm, which is the longest period on record since the establishment of the Government Weather Bureau. With the disappearance of this storm, another disturbance is reported near the west Gulf coast, with an arm of barometric depression extending northward into Western Tennessee."

NOT MEN ENOUGH TO HANDLE THE DEAD.

Further details of the great disaster were as follows: The citizens of Galveston are straining every nerve to clear the ground and secure from beneath the debris the bodies of human beings and animals and to get rid of them. It is a task of great magnitude and is attended with untold difficulties. There is a shortage

ROBBERY AND MUTILATION OF THE DEAD.

A reporter has telegraphed from La Porte the story of the robbery and mutilation of the dead in Galveston and death of the offenders.

Ghouls were holding an orgie over the dead. The majority of these men were negroes, but there were also whites who took part in the desecration. Some of them were natives and some had been allowed to go over from the mainland, under the guise of "relief" work. Not only did they rob the dead, but they mutilated bodies in order to secure their ghoulish booty. A party of ten negroes were returning from a looting expedition. They had stripped corpses of all valuables, and the pockets of some of the looters were fairly bulging out with fingers of the dead, which had been cut off because they were so swollen the rings could not be removed.

Incensed at this desecration and mutilation of the dead, the looters were shot down, and it has been determined that all found in the act of robbing dead shall be summarily shot.

During the robbing of the dead, not only were fingers cut off, but ears were stripped from the head in order to secure jewels of value. A few Government troops who survived have been assisting in patrolling the city. Private citizens have also endeavored to prevent the robbing of the dead, and on several occasions have killed the offenders. Singly and in twos and threes the offenders were thus shot down, until the total of those thus executed exceeds fully fifty.

A REFUGEE'S STATEMENT.

J. W. B. Smith, who went to Galveston from Denver, was in Saturday night's storm, and reached Houston, after having an experience which he will remember the remainder of his life.

He started from the city on Monday afternoon, and in walking from the foot of Broadway to the Santa Fe bridge, counted two hundred dead bodies hung up on wire fences, to say nothing of those floating in the water. He constructed a raft out of planks,

through a cablegram to give \$10,000 for the distressed. The announcement was greeted with applause.

GREAT TIDAL WAVES IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

The tidal wave along the Texan coast will rank among the most disastrous in history. History is deficient in the record of such tragedies in human life, but the records are written in physical geography, and are found in the conformation of shore lines, here and there, around all the continents. It is impossible to estimate the number of lives lost through inundations since mankind began, for purposes of commercial intercourse, the development of seaports. Doubtless the total would run into the hundreds of thousands, and might reach into millions.

Geology is quite sure that the rough Norwegian coast, pierced at intervals of every few miles with the fiords or estuaries which penetrate in many instances leagues into the land, tell the story of many cataclysms such as that which has just occurred along the northern coast of the Gulf of Mexico. Science, however, taking no note of the traditions or folklore of a people, antedates all human life on the Scandinavian peninsula in setting the time when this great rising of the sea against the land took place.

Scientists are agreed on putting the formation of the Norwegian shore lines as far back as the glacial period. But in the songs of the skalds, as late as the reign of Harold Hardrada, there are allusions to the valor of olden heroes over whom the seas had swept, but whose spirits rode upon the winds which blew the Norman galleys to other shores. In the Norway of the present day there are traditions, handed down through countless generations, from the remotest antiquity, telling how, but not when, the seas came in.

OLD AND CHARMING TRADITION.

One of the oldest and prettiest traditions in the world is that which tells of a submerged city somewhere on the Scandinavian coast, the minarets and towers of which poets can see reflected in the waters at sunset, and the bells of which musicians, with ears

CHAPTER V.

Vivid Pictures of Suffering in Every Street and House—The Gulf City a Ghastly Mass of Ruins—The Sea Giving Up Its Dead—Supplies Pouring in from Every Quarter.

AS more definite information came from Galveston and the other coast towns of Texas that were in the path of the storm, the horrors of the situation increased. Most people were inclined to look upon the first reports, made in a hurry and in intense excitement, as grossly exaggerated, but the first reports from Texas, far from being overdrawn, greatly understated the destructive effects of the storm.

Thousands of persons lost their lives, and many thousands more lost all their homes and all their possessions. A large population was without shelter, clothing, food and medicine, in the midst of scenes of wreck and ruin. The sanitary condition of Galveston was appalling and threatened a season of pestilence.

TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS OF THE SURVIVORS.

The people were undergoing a period of the sharpest deprivation, sickness prevailed, and intense suffering was in store for them. The plight of the city and its inhabitants was such that it would be impossible to exaggerate the picture, and demanded from the prosperous and humane everywhere the promptest and most abundant outpouring of gifts.

Food, clothing, household goods, provisions of every kind, household utensils, medicines and money were needed by the stricken city and its impoverished men, women and children. There has been no case in our history which appealed more strongly for sympathy and aid.

Former State Senator Wortham, who went to Galveston as the special aid to Adjutant-General Scurry to investigate the conditions there, returned to Austin and made his report. He said:

“I am convinced that the city is practically wrecked for all

time to come. Fully seventy-five per cent. of the business portion of the town is irreparably wrecked, and the same per cent. of damage is to be found in the residence district.

“Along the wharf front great ocean steamships have bodily bumped themselves on to the big piers and lie there, great masses of iron and wood that even fire cannot totally destroy.

“The great warehouses along the water front are smashed in on one side, unroofed and shattered throughout their length, the contents either piled in heaps on the wharves or on the streets. Small tugs and sailboats have jammed themselves half into buildings, where they were landed by the incoming waves and left by the receding waters. Houses are packed and jammed in great confusing masses in all of the streets.

BODIES PILED IN THE STREETS.

“Great piles of human bodies, dead animals, rotting vegetation, household furniture and fragments of the houses themselves are piled in confused heaps right in the main streets of the city. Along the Gulf front human bodies are floating around like cordwood. Intermingled with them are to be found the carcasses of horses, chickens, dogs and rotting vegetable matter.

“Along the Strand, adjacent to the Gulf front, where are located all the big wholesale warehouses and stores, the situation almost defies description. Great stores of fresh vegetation have been invaded by the incoming waters and are now turned into garbage piles of most defouling odors. The Gulf waters, while on the land, played at will with everything, smashing in doors of stores, depositing bodies of human beings and animals where they pleased and then receded, leaving the wreckage to tell its own tale of how the work had been done. As a result the great houses are tombs wherein are to be found the bodies of human beings and carcasses almost defying the efforts of relief parties.

“In the piles of débris along the street, in the water and scattered throughout the residence portion of the city, are masses of wreckage, and in these great piles are to be found more human bodies and household furniture of every description.

“Galveston is beginning slowly to recover from the stunning blow of last week, and though the city appears to-night to be pitilessly desolated, the authorities and the commercial and industrial interests are setting their forces to work, and a start has at least been made toward the resumption of business on a moderate scale.

“The presence of the troops has had a beneficial effect upon the criminal classes, and the apprehension of a brief but desperate reign of anarchy no longer exists. The liquor saloons have at least temporarily gone out of business, and every strong-limbed man who has not his own humble abode to look after is being pressed into service, so that, first of all, the water service may be resumed, the gutters flushed and the streets lighted.

BODIES CONSTANTLY COMING TO LIGHT.

“The further the ruins are dug into the greater becomes the increase in the list of those who perished as their houses tumbled about their heads. On the lower beach a searching party found a score of corpses within a small area, going to show that the bulwark of débris that lies straight across the island conceals more bodies than have been accounted for.

“Volunteer gangs continue their work of hurried burial of the corpses they find on the shores of Galveston Island, at the many neighboring points where fatalities attended the storm. It will probably be many days yet, however, before all the floating bodies have found nameless graves.

“Along the beach they are constantly being washed up. Whether these are those who were swept out into the Gulf and drowned or are simply the return ashore of some of those cast into the sea to guard against terrible pestilence, there is no means of knowing. In a trip across the bay yesterday I counted seven bodies tossing in the waves, with a score of horses and cattle, the stench from which was unbearable. In various parts of the city the smell of decomposed flesh is still apparent. Wherever such instances are found the authorities are freely disinfecting. Only to-day, a babe, lashed to a mattress, was picked up under a residence in the very heart of the city and was burned.

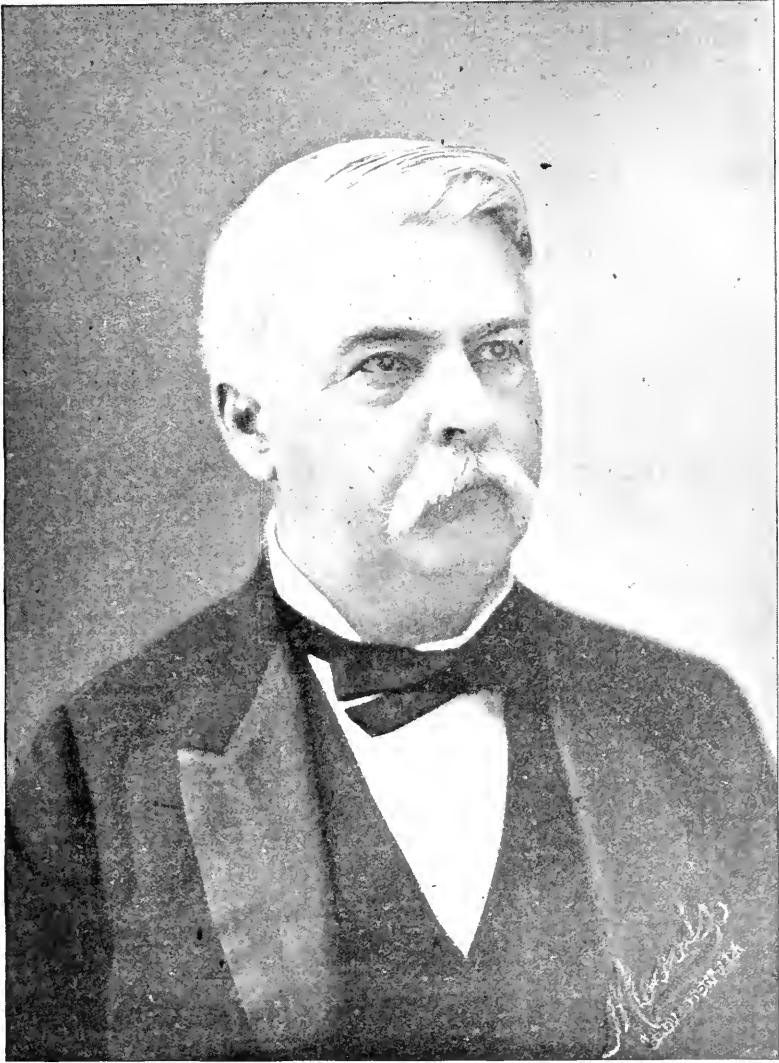
who are injured or destitute should come, but it included everybody. He wished it distinctly understood that Houston was prepared to care for all of those who left Galveston, whether they were sick or well, rich or poor. It was his belief and the belief of those associated with him on the General Relief Committee that Galveston must be depopulated until sanitation can be completed, and all people have been urged to come from that city to Houston.

THRILLING EXPERIENCE OF TWO HOUSTON WOMEN.

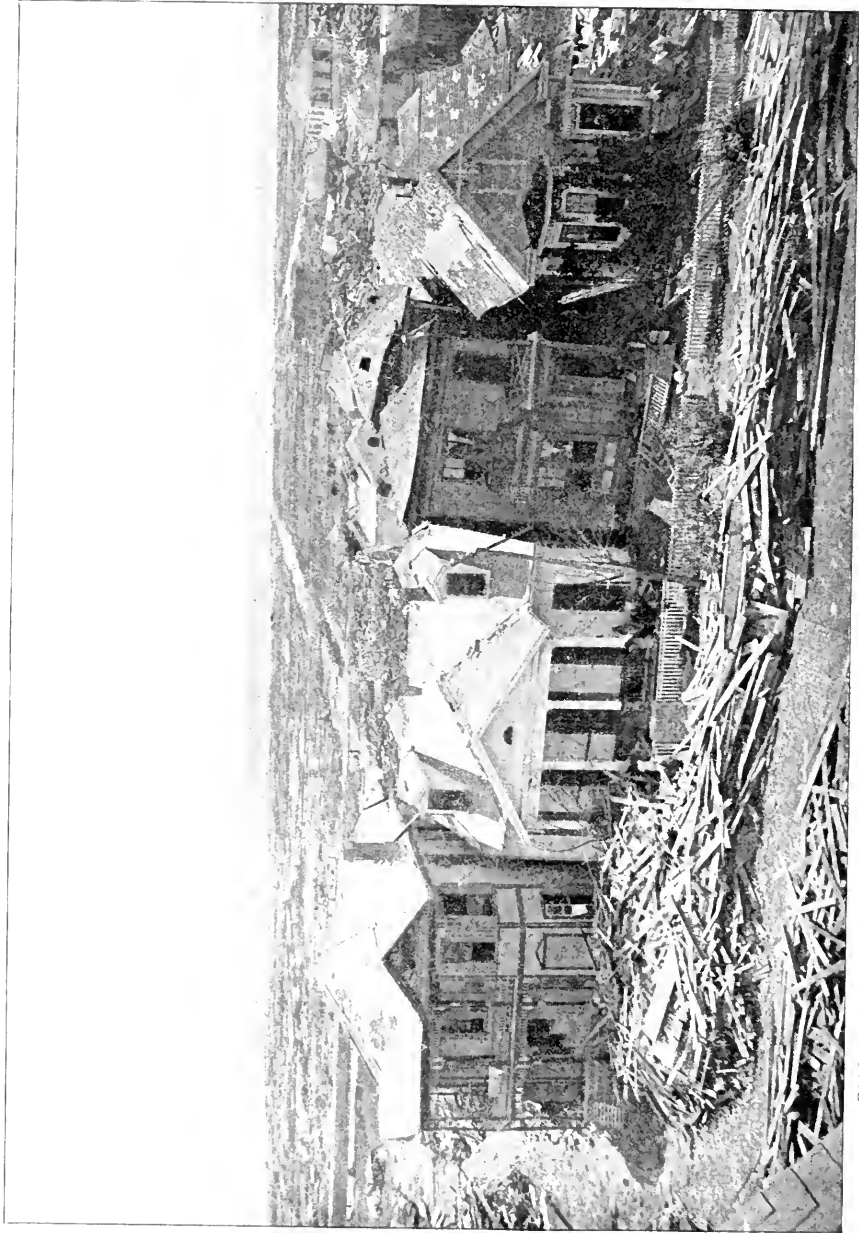
Mrs. Bergman, wife of Manager Bergman, of the Houston Opera House, gave a thrilling account of her escape during the Galveston storm. She was summering in a cottage on Rosenberg avenue, two blocks back from the beach, at 10 o'clock on Saturday. The water was up about three feet, and she donned a bathing suit and proceeded to the Olympia to talk over the long distance phone to her husband at Houston. At the Olympia she was waist deep in water. At 2 o'clock the water about her house was so deep she became alarmed, and in a bathing suit she and her sister evacuated the high cottage they occupied.

The neighbors living in the next house, being old Galvestonians, laughed at them. Out of that family of fifteen there were saved three, and they only because they were down town. Mrs. Bergman and her sister started for the Central Telephone office, the water being from waist to armpit deep. Both are expert swimmers, and they buffeted the winds and waves for several blocks. Finally they spied a negro with a dray. They chartered him for two dollars to take them to the Central Telephone Station. After proceeding two blocks the mule was drowned, and all were washed off the dray, the negro being lost.

Mrs. Bergman and her sister, by wading and swimming, reached the telephone station, and found refuge until the firemen commenced to bring dead bodies into the building. Then they concluded to go to Belton's livery stable, where Mr. Bergman kept his horse. This was the hardest part of the trip, although the distance was only 600 yards. It was in the heart of the city, and glass, bricks, slate and timbers flew in showers.



HON. JOSEPH D. SAYRES
GOVERNOR OF TEXAS



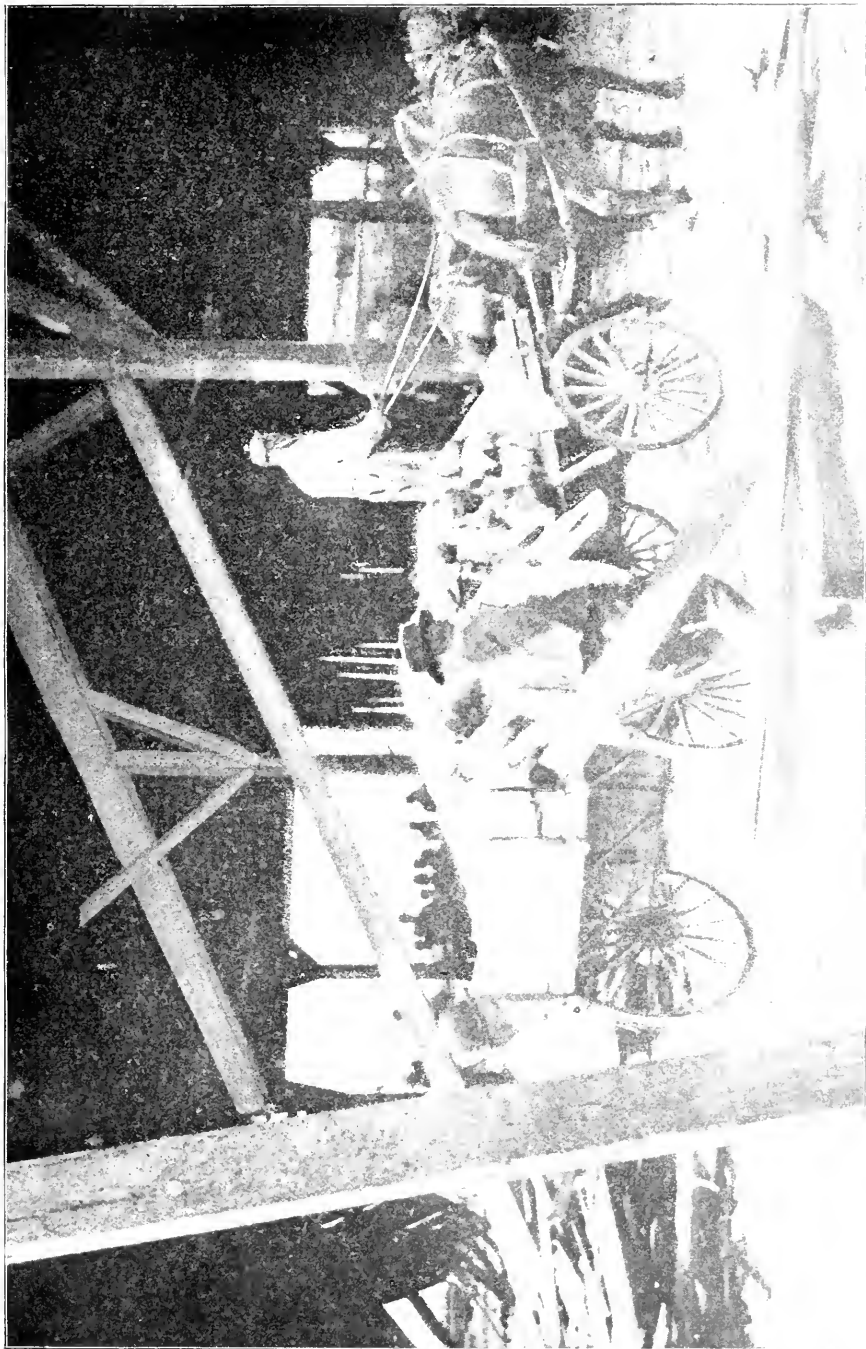
SHOWING TERRIBLE DEVASTATION ON AVENUE I, BETWEEN TWELFTH AND THIRTEENTH STREETS



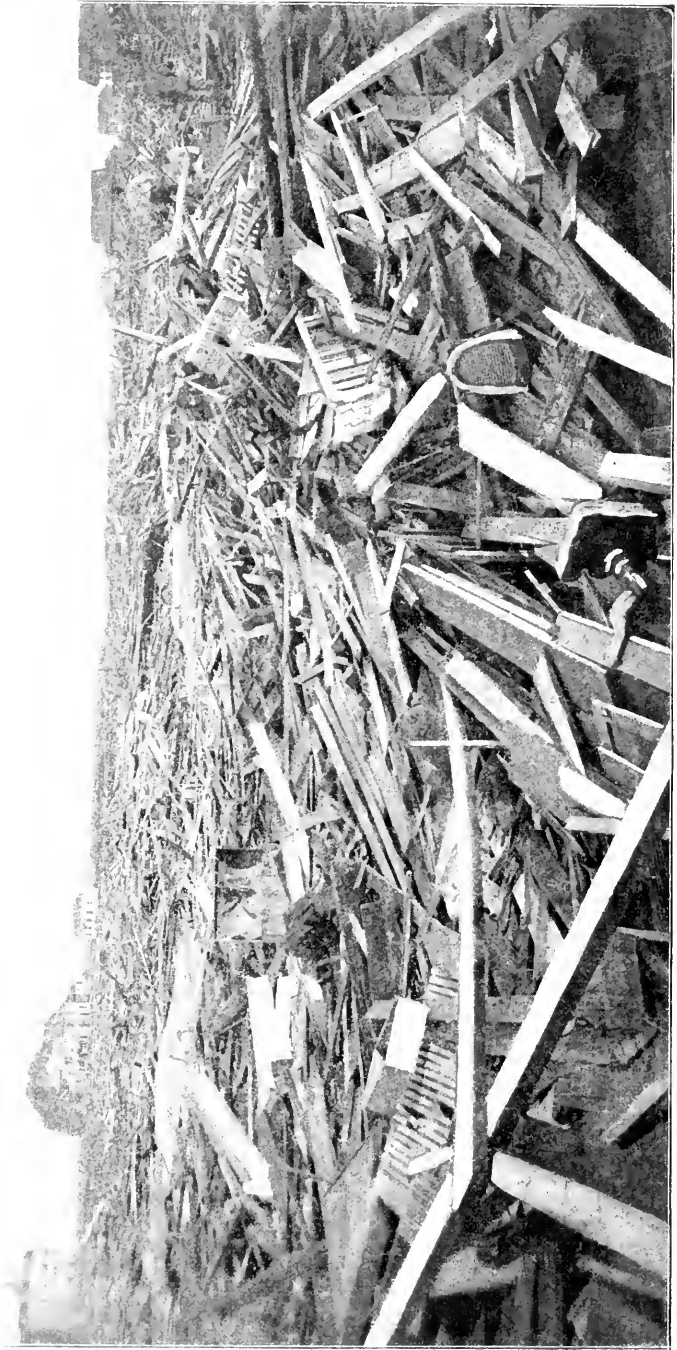
THE JOHN SEELY HOSPITAL, GALVESTON,



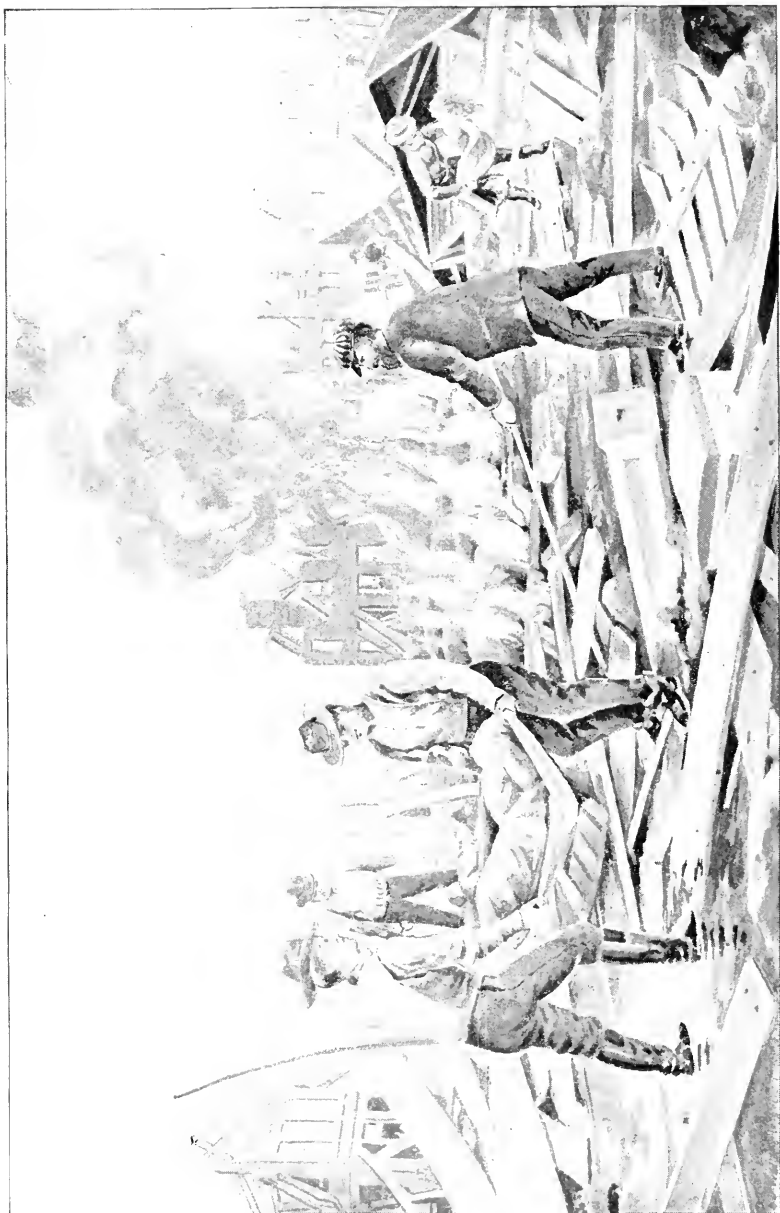
A RESIDENCE CARRIED FROM ITS FOUNDATION BY THE RUSH OF WATERS



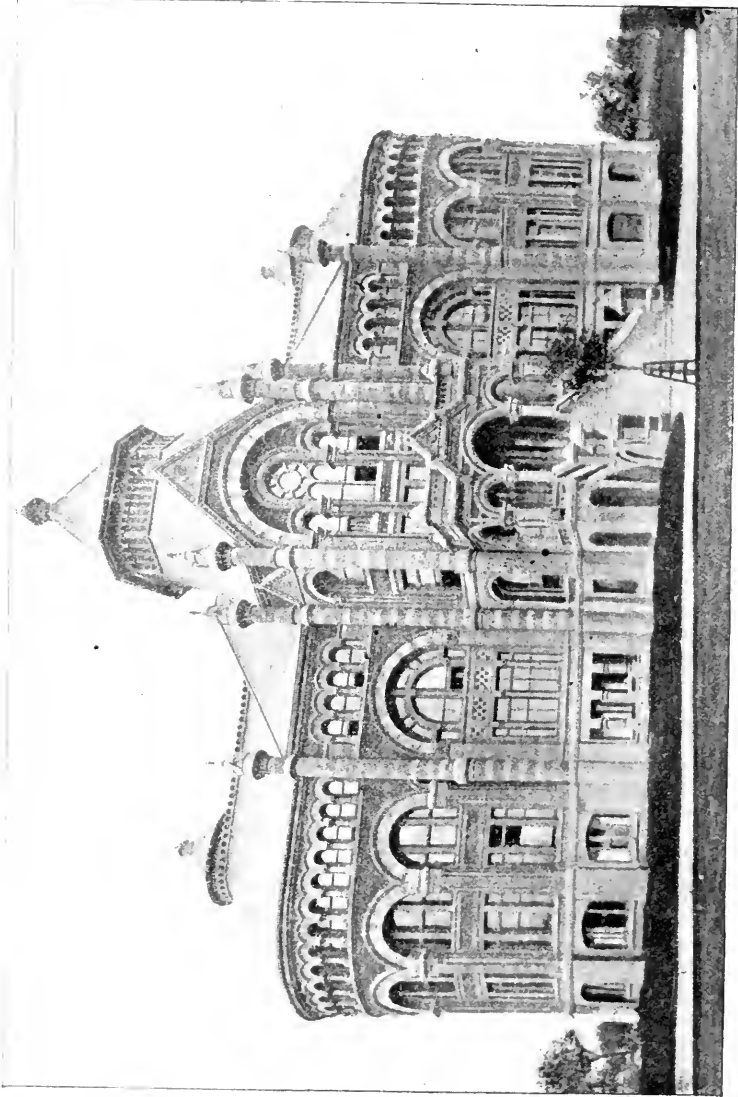
REMOVING DEAD BODIES TO THE BARGES FOR BURIAL AT SEA



GENERAL VIEW ALONG THE GALVESTON BEACH AFTER THE FLOOD



CREMATING BODIES EXCAVATED FROM THE RUINS



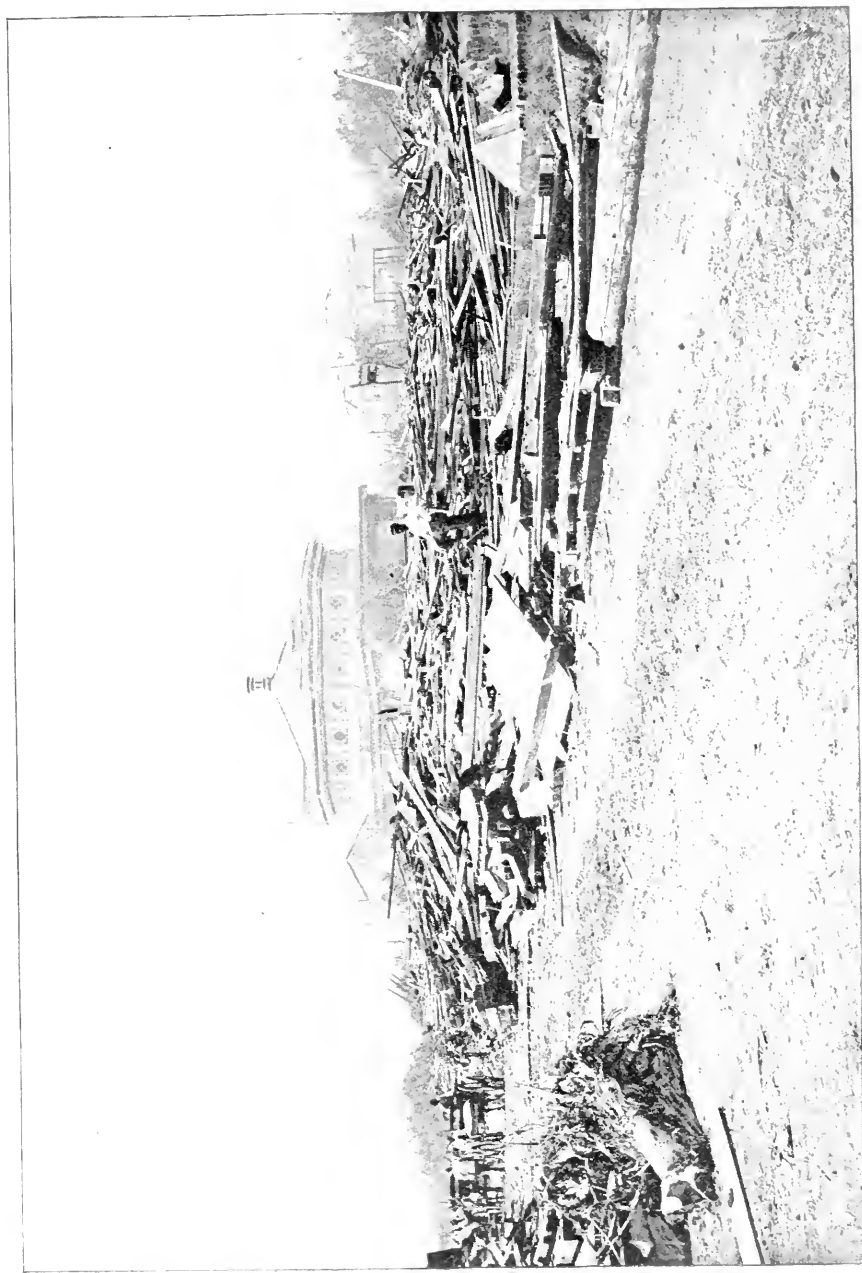
MEDICAL DEPARTMENT UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS, GALVESTON, DESTROYED
BY THE FLOOD



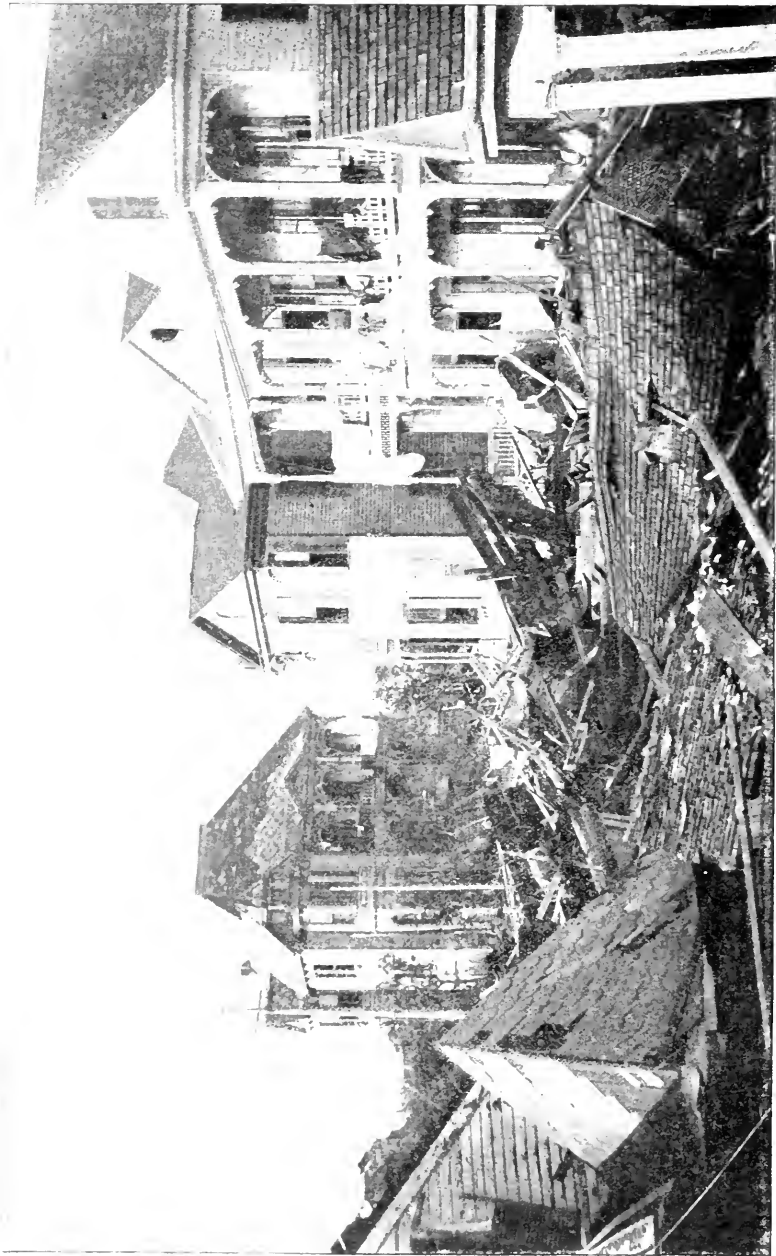
MOTHER AND CHILDREN IN PERIL FROM THE FLOOD



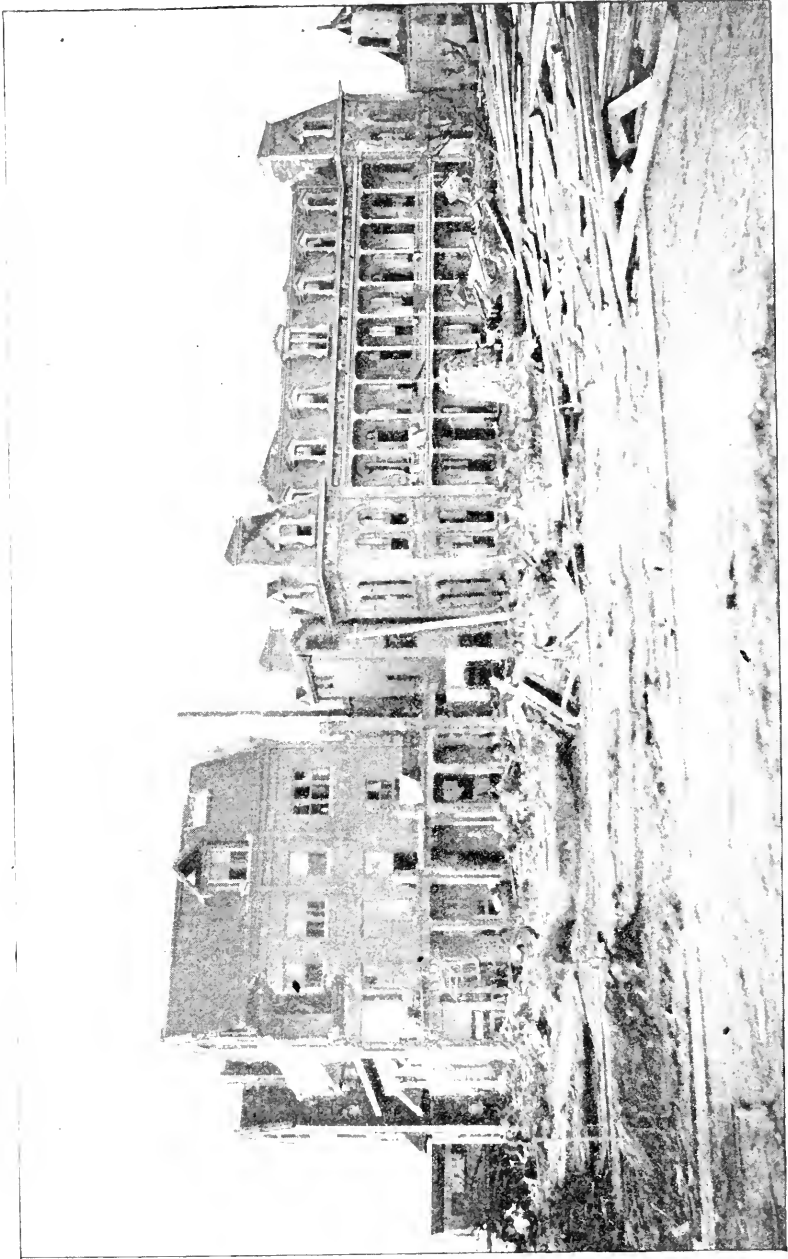
SHOOTING VANDALS ENGAGED IN ROBBING THE BODIES OF THE VICTIMS



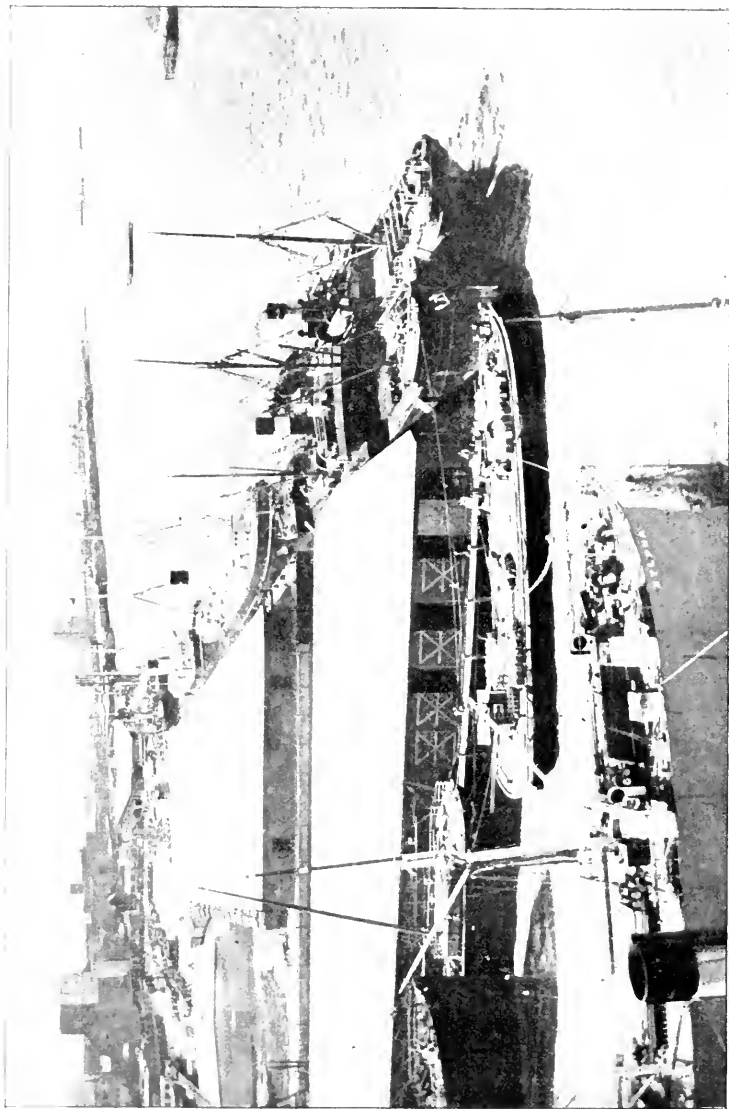
DESTRUCTION OF GALVESTON GARDEN VEREIN, TWENTY-SEVENTH STREET AND AVENUE O



CHINESE RESIDENCE SECTION - TENTH STREET - BETWEEN WINNIE AND AVENUE H, GALVESTON



ST. MARY'S INFIRMARY, GALVESTON, AFTER THE FLOOD



WHARVES OF GALVESTON BEFORE THE GREAT TIDAL WAVE. STEAMSHIPS WERE
DRIVEN ASHORE AND WRECKED

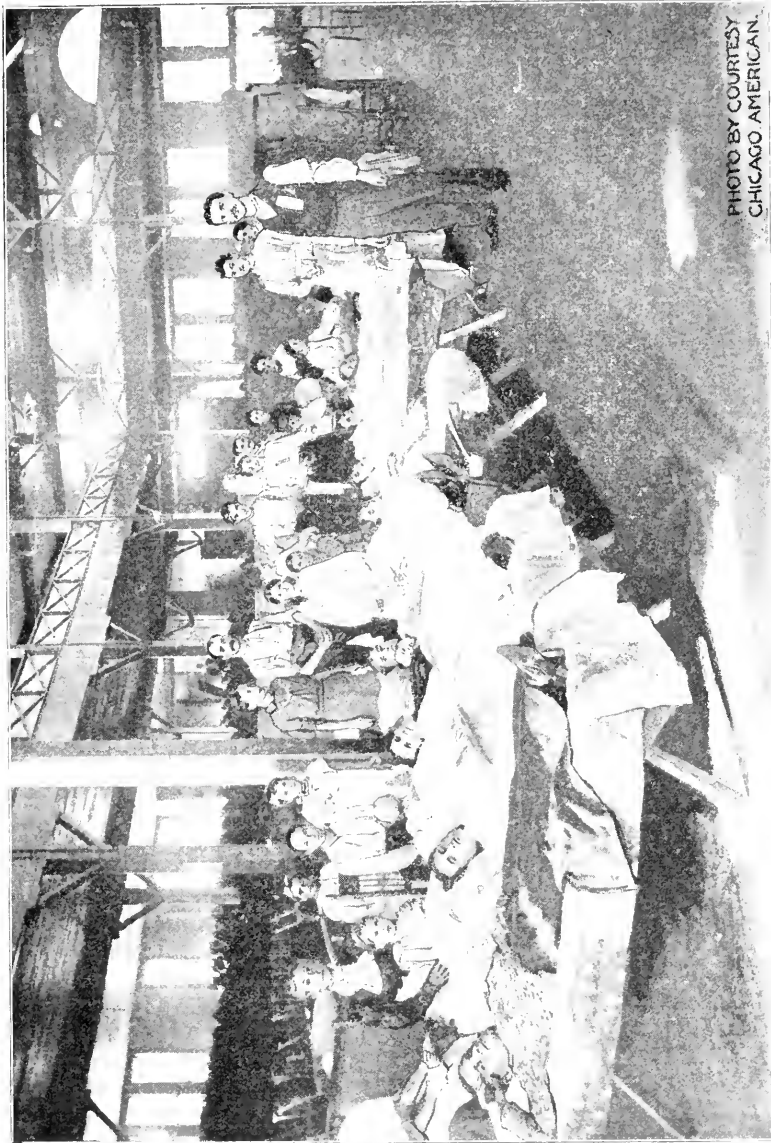


PHOTO BY COURTESY
CHICAGO AMERICAN.

CARING FOR THOSE INJURED BY THE STORM AT GALVESTON.



PHOTO BY COURTESY
CHICAGO AMERICAN.

TRAIN BLOWN FROM TRACK SHOWN BY DOTTED LINE.

lowing hopeful estimate of the business future and prospects of Galveston was received:

“Although in the middle of our overwhelming disaster, the full extent of which can only be approximately estimated, the citizens of Galveston held a meeting on Sunday afternoon, as soon as they possibly could after the great storm. At this meeting the sentiment expressed was a grim and undaunted resolution to rebuild the island city. They said:

“‘Galveston must rise again.’

“They fully realize the vastness of their misfortune and the magnitude of their task to repair it, yet, amid all the wreck and havoc that the elements have wrought they say, with determination, that as soon as they bury their dead and provide for the immediate necessities of their living and destitute ones, they will set about to clear away the débris, and begin anew their lives of toil and energy on their storm-stricken island.

“They are inspired with the sentiment that Galveston must rally, must survive and must fulfill a glorious destiny, as the great entry port of the Southwest. As in the case of the great Johnstown disaster, in 1889, the whole American people have responded with alacrity to their cries for help, and with such aid to assist and such sympathy to inspire them, they will surely meet the success that their patriotic efforts so richly merit. A. H. BELO.”

STORY OF DEATH AND RUIN.

Reviewing the situation it may be said that again were heard the cries of those in the wilderness of devastation asking for succor, for again, as a score of times before, Galveston and surrounding coast towns are the scenes of death and desolation. Homes razed and washed away by the waters that have claimed their occupants as victims of death and horror, has more than once been the story from the shores of the Gulf.

History is now repeating itself, and the repetition has become frequent since 1860. While severe storms sweep the Atlantic coast between the mouth of the Savannah River and the Chesapeake, still the resultant damage is far less north of Savannah and

in understanding the two-fold movement in cyclonic storms—the translation of the storm as a whole along its track and the circulation of the winds in the whirl itself—the idea that clear weather is part of a storm movement will seem strange, and yet such is the case.

“If you are in the right quadrant and far enough from the vortex, or storm center, though it will control the winds in your vicinity, cloudless and rainless weather may easily be your lot. And this was our experience, for the cyclone at 8 A. M. was central over Quebec, whither it had traversed from Des Moines, Iowa, over 1200 miles, in a direct line, northeast from where it was central on Tuesday morning the 11th, at 8 o'clock.

TERRIBLE VELOCITY OF WIND.

“The rate at which it made this jump, taking in the lakes in passing, was at the speed of fifty miles an hour, while the cyclonic winds kept blowing into the centre at a velocity of seventy miles an hour. That these two motions have nothing in common is shown by the fact that on Saturday, when the vertical velocities were at their height, ninety-six miles from the northeast and 100 from the southeast at Galveston, the cyclone was moving on its track from the Gulf to the interior of Texas at the sluggish pace of ten and one-half miles an hour. It was this slow rate which had prevailed ever since August 5 that accentuated all the evils of the rotary circulation, for as the centre passed slowly over Galveston it gave the cyclonic winds full opportunity to pile up the waters and buffet and wreck the buildings.

“Fortunately we were over 400 miles from the vortex, and, though we were within the sphere of its southern winds, they merely proved an annoyance through the excessive dust and were not disastrous. On the New England coast, as well as over the lakes, the winds were stiffer, and we are yet to hear the full story of the cyclone's journey from gulf to gulf. Meteorologically, it is now a closed record, so far as the United States goes, but, unfortunately for Galveston, the horror of the visitation grows as access to the stricken town reveals the full extent of the devastation.

CHAPTER VI.

Two Survivors Give Harrowing Details of the Awful Disaster—Hundreds Eager to Get Out of Galveston. Clearing up the Wreckage.

ALEXANDER and Stanley G. Spencer, the two sons of Stanley G. Spencer, of Philadelphia, who was killed in Galveston, reached Philadelphia Monday afternoon, the 17th. Mrs. Spencer was to come north later when their affairs in the stricken city are settled, and would bring the body of Mr. Spencer, which was embalmed and placed in a metallic coffin in a vault in Galveston.

The two boys left Galveston at 9 o'clock Friday morning. It took them until 3.30 in the afternoon to reach Houston, which is only about fifty miles distant from Galveston. "All the society ladies of Houston met the train," said Alexander, the older of the two boys. "They brought clothes and food for the people."

The boys told a remarkable story of their experiences during the flood. "Storm warnings were sent out on Friday," said Alexander, "but nobody paid much attention to them; only a little blow was expected. This did not come until Saturday afternoon. It first started with a chilly wind. Things looked rather dark and hazy and black, rapidly moving clouds sped by. Papa had finished work at the office and was getting ready to come home, when he received a telegram from the North telling him to meet Mr. Lord, with whom he was to conduct business relative to the buying of property.

Papa telephoned us that he would not be home for several hours on account of this business. That is why we were not worried about him. He and Mr. Lord met in Ritter's cafe, and it was there that he was killed. He was sitting on a desk, with his hands clasped over his head, a favorite position of his, talking to Mr. Lord and a Greek, named Marcleitis.

"Ritter's cafe was in a strongly-built brick building, which was thought to be very safe, but, unfortunately, it was at the foot

written in her house and the table on which it was written is still there. We had a hard time getting to Mrs. Brown's. We walked part of the way. A colored man with a bony horse hitched to a rickety little delivery wagon—'dago carts,' we call them—hailed us the rest of the way for a dollar a piece. All through the streets we met hysterical women and dazed-looking men.

"The wife of Dr. Longino, an army surgeon, was at a friend's house, with her little baby, when the storm commenced. During the storm, from fright or something else, the baby lost its breath. Everybody thought the child was dead and tried to persuade Mrs. Longino to leave it and try to save herself but she would not do so. She caught hold of the baby's tongue and held it so it could not retard the passage of air in the windpipe.

TRYING TO SAVE THE CHILD'S LIFE.

"She blew her own breath into the baby's body. After working for a long time, during the most terrible part of the storm, the baby was revived and is still living. She kept her invalid aunt alive by pinching her cheeks. The next day she reached a place of safety in the city. She said she could hardly walk along the beach for the bodies of children. There was a Catholic orphanage about five miles down the beach, in which were a hundred children and ten nuns. All of these but three boys were killed.

"One woman who was trying to save a child was pinned down by a piano. She was just about to give herself up for lost when a big wave came and washed the piano off of her. She and the child were both rescued. We kept a little pet lamb alive, which afterwards we thought we would have to kill for food. But Mrs. Brown got a calf somewhere. It was killed and cleaned, but the ladies themselves had to cut it up. This served for food for two days. The two big cisterns in the cellar were full of salt water; there was a small one on the roof which furnished us with water for a little while. After that we had to beg it from the neighbors.

"The only clothes we have are what we have on and one change of underclothes, which we took with us when

CHAPTER VII.

Not a House in Galveston Escaped Damage—Young and Old, Rich and Poor, Hurried to a Watery Grave—Citizens with Guns Guarding the Living and the Dead.

THE all-absorbing story of the great flood is continued in the following pages, with new and thrilling incidents. Best-informed residents of Galveston who have been over all portions of the city estimate that from 1200 to 1300 acres were swept clear of habitation. It can be said that not one Galveston home escaped without some damage.

Galveston's great open-air show-place was the Garten Verein. There were various structures devoted to recreation which stood on about seven acres of ground that had been brought to a degree of perfection in gardening hardly credible when the foundation of sand was remembered. Hundreds of oleander trees and flower-beds adorned the park. The Garten Verein was wiped out of existence. Among the débris have been found many bodies.

SLOWLY RECOVERING FROM THE STUNNING BLOW.

Galveston is now beginning slowly to recover from the stunning blow of last week, and though the city appears to-night to be pitilessly desolated, the authorities and the commercial and industrial interests are setting their forces to work and a start has at least been made toward the resumption of business on a moderate scale. Plans for rebuilding the city are also discussed. The presence of the troops has had a beneficial effect upon the criminal classes, and the apprehension of a brief but desperate reign of anarchy no longer exists.

The liquor saloons have at least temporarily gone out of business, and every strong-limbed man who has not his own humble abode to look after is being pressed into service, so that, first of all, the water-service may be resumed, the gutters flushed and the streets lighted.

The further the ruins are explored the greater becomes the increase in the list of those who perished as their houses fell about their heads. On the lower beach a searching party found a score of corpses within a small area, going to show that the bulwark of debris that lies straight across the island conceals many more bodies than have been accounted for.

Volunteer gangs continue their work of hurried burial of the corpses they find on the shores of Galveston Island at the many neighboring points where fatalities attended the storm. It will probably be many days yet, however, before all the floating bodies have found nameless graves.

MANGLED CORPSES WASHED ASHORE.

Along the beach they are constantly being washed up. Whether these are those who were swept out into the Gulf and drowned or are simply the return of some of those cast into the sea to guard against terrible pestilence, there is no means of knowing. In any event, the correspondent, in a trip across the bay yesterday, counted seven bodies tossing in the waves with a score of horses and cattle.

The city still presents the appearance of widespread wreck and ruin. Little has been done to clear the streets of the terrible tangle of wires and the masses of wreck, mortar, slate, stone and glass that bestrew them. Many of the sidewalks are impassable. Some of them are littered with debris. Others are so thickly covered with slime that walking on them is out of the question.

As a general rule, substantial frame buildings withstood better the blasts of the gale than those of brick. In other instances, however, small wooden structures, cisterns and whole sides of houses are lying in streets or backyards squares away from where they originally stood.

Here and there business men have already put men to work to repair the damage done, but in the main the commercial interests seem to be uncertain about following the lead of those who apparently show faith in the rapid rehabilitation of the island city. The appearance of the newspapers to-day, after a suspension of

The motormen deserted their cars when the fury of the wind and the rush of the water made it no longer possible to operate them. Attempts are being made now to get the cars in shape again. The great destruction of live stock has eliminated the carriages and cabs as a means of transportation.

The work of relief continues energetically. Mayor Jones and his associates are bending every nerve to open a direct line of transportation with Houston by which he may be enabled promptly to receive the great quantity of provisions which are now on the way to the city. The Relief Committee is striving to systematize its work. On Tuesday an ordinance was passed authorizing rescuing and burying parties to set fire to wrecked buildings and burn them. In these funeral pyres hundreds of corpses were cremated.

CARING FOR HOMELESS REFUGEES.

Houston now is the haven of the unfortunate people of Galveston. Trains have already brought in between 500 and 1000 of the survivors, and a motley crowd they are. Men bareheaded, barefooted, hatless and coatless, with swollen feet and bruised and blackened bodies and heads were numerous. Women of wealth and refinement, frequently hatless, shoeless, with gowns in shreds, were among the refugees. Nearly all of those who came in have suffered the loss of one or more of their family. It is remarkable, however, there is no whimpering, no complaining.

The refugees are being housed and fed, and those in need of medical attention are placed in the hospitals. General-Manager Van Vleck, of the Southern Pacific, says the damage to the wharves is fully eighty per cent. The Southern Pacific, he says, expects to begin work on the bridge within two days. It is expected that trains will be run into Galveston within forty days.

John J. Moody, a member of the committee sent from Houston to take charge of the relief station at Texas City, reports as follows:

“On arriving at La Marque this morning I was informed that the largest number of bodies were along the coast of Texas City. Fifty-six were buried yesterday and to-day within less than two miles extending opposite this place and towards Virginia City. It

“Appreciating the situation, Adjutant-General Scurry yesterday succeeded in getting gangs of laboring men organized. The progress made is remarkable and to-day it was much greater. Large piles of refuse were gathered and burned, and the work of cleaning up proceeded in a systematic manner. Heretofore there has been no system, everybody working for the public good in his own way.

PEOPLE HURRYING TO ESCAPE.

“The exodus from the city was heavy to-day, and hundreds more were eager to go who were unable to secure transportation. Along the bay front there were scores of families with dejected faces, pleading to be taken from the stricken city, where, in spite of every effort to restore confidence, there is a universal feeling of depression.

“Shipping men say to-day that the damage to the wharves is by no means as serious as at first supposed. More hopeful reports were received to-day touching the water supply. The company is placing men all along the mains, plugging the broken places and thereby assisting the flow. It was serving some of its customers to-day, and hopes gradually to increase the service. The water continues to run by gravity pressure.

“The only difficulty the people are having is in carrying supplies to their homes or places of business. The ice supply continues bountiful, and at many corners lemonade is being served at five cents for as many glasses as you can drink at one time.

“The work of disposing of the dead continues. Several hundred bodies are still buried beneath the wreckage. Thirty-two sand mounds, marked with small boards, attract attention on the beach, near Twenty-sixth street, and tell the story of where seventy-five bodies have been laid to rest. In the extreme western part of the city sixty bodies were cremated with wreckage of the homes of the unfortunate victims.

“A conflict of authority, due to a misunderstanding, precipitated a temporary disorganization of the policing of the city yesterday. It seems that when General Scurry, Adjutant-General of

the Texas Volunteer Guard, arrived in the city with about 200 militia from Houston, he conferred with the chief of police as to the plans for preserving law and order.

“An order was issued by the chief of police to the effect that the soldiers should arrest all persons found carrying arms unless they showed a written order, signed by the chief of police or Mayor, giving them permission to go armed. The result was that about fifty citizens wearing deputy sheriff badges were arrested by the soldiers and taken to police headquarters.

FREE USE OF DEADLY WEAPONS.

“The soldiers had no way of knowing by what authority the men were acting with these badges, and would listen to no excuses. After a hurried conference between General Scurry and Sheriff Thomas it was decided that all deputy sheriffs and special officers shall be permitted to carry arms and pass in and out of the guard lines. The deputy sheriffs and special and regular police now police the city during the daytime, and the militia take charge of the city at night.

“More than 2000 dead bodies have been identified, and the estimate of Mayor Jones, that 5000 perished in Saturday's great hurricane, does not appear to be magnified. The city is being patrolled by troops and a citizens' committee, and a semblance of order is appearing.

“At a conference held at the office of City Health Officer Wilkinson it was decided to accept the offer of the United States Marine Hospital Service and establish a camp at Houston, where the destitute and sick can be sent and be properly cared for. The physicians agreed that there were many indigent sick in the city who should be removed from Galveston, and Houston was selected because that city had very thoughtfully suggested the idea and tendered a site for the camp. Acting upon the suggestion to establish a camp and care for the sick and needy, a message was sent to the Surgeon-General, at the head of the Marine Hospital Corps, asking for 1000 tents of four-berth capacity each; also several hundred barrels of disinfecting fluid.

CHAPTER VIII.

Fears of Pestilence—Searching Parties Clearing Away the Ruins and Cremating the Dead—Distracted Crowds Waiting to Leave the City—Wonderful Escapes.

“The large force of men used in burying and cremating the exposed dead scattered throughout the city are trying to complete that portion of their work and are searching for the bodies of unfortunates lying crushed beneath the mass of debris and wrecked buildings. Where the debris lies in detached masses, it is fired, and the bodies therein consumed.

“When adjacent property will be endangered by fire, the mass of ruins is removed, the bodies are taken out and conveyed to a safe distance. Around them is piled the debris and the whole is saturated with oil and fired. It is quite impossible to identify the bodies as they are in all stages of putrefaction.

“It is a gruesome and sad task. Some of the men engaged in this work are, perhaps, unknowingly helping to destroy all that is mortal of some loved one, who, a few days before, was the light of his home. The ghastly pile may contain the body of his wife, mother, brother, or some petted child; but in nearly every instance he knows it not.

“One pathetic incident occurred. A squad of men discovered in a wrecked building five bodies, among whom one of the party recognized a brother. All were in an advanced state of decomposition. They were all removed and a funeral pyre was made. The living brother, with a wrench in his heart, assisted, and with Spartan-like firmness stood by and saw his brother’s body reduced to ashes.

“The appalling loss of life by the hurricane has benumbed the people and virtually dried up the fountains of grief. Neighbor meets neighbor and, with a hearty grasp of the hand, says “I hope all is well with you.” The usual reply is, “I am sorry to say I am the only one left.”

antine warehouse and disinfecting barge, just completed, are total wrecks, as is also the quarantine wharf. A part of the quarantine residence is left standing, but so badly damaged that it is not worth repairing.

AN OFFICER'S BRAVERY.

“Quarantine Officer Mayfield showed the greatest bravery and self-sacrifice when the storm came on. He sent all of his employees and his family, except two sons, who refused to leave him, to places of safety. He remained in the quarantine house with his two devoted sons throughout the terrible night. All of one wing of the house was taken away and the floor of the remaining part was forced up and carried away by the waters. Dr. Mayfield and his two sons spent the night on a stairway leading from the upper floor to the attic.

“Despite this destruction of the station, the quarantine has never been relaxed, and all vessels are promptly boarded upon arrival at Galveston. There are now three vessels lying at quarantine. They brought cargoes to be discharged at Galveston and had cargoes consigned to them. The cargoes cannot be taken off except by lighter, and the vessels are awaiting instructions from their owners. The Mallory Line Steamer “Alamo” got in Wednesday, but was sent back to the bay, as she could not discharge her cargo.

“The sanitary condition of the city is very bad. While there has been no outbreak of sickness, every one expects that, and it is inevitable. There is no organized effort being made to improve sanitary conditions. Large quantities of lime have been ordered to the place, but I doubt if anyone will be found to unload it from the vessels and attend to its systematic distribution when it arrives.

“The stench is almost unbearable. It arises from piles of debris containing the carcasses of human beings and animals. These carcasses are being burned where such can be done with safety. But little of the wreckage can be destroyed in this manner, however, owing to the danger of starting a fire that will destroy what is left of the ill-fated city. There is no water pro-

day. There must be hundreds of dead bodies back on the prairies that have not been found. It is impossible to make a search there on account of the debris. There will be many a skeleton of victims of the disaster found on the prairie in the months and years to come.

“Bodies have been found as far back from the present mainland shore of the bay as seven miles. That embraces a big territory which is covered with rank grass, holes filled with water and piles of debris. It would take an army to search this territory on the mainland.

THE GULF FULL OF BODIES.

“The waters of the Gulf and bay are still full of bodies, and they are being constantly cast upon the beach. On my trip to and from the quarantine station I passed a procession of bodies going seaward. I counted fourteen of them on my trip from the station, and this procession is kept up day and night. The captain of a ship who had just reached quarantine informed me that he began to meet floating bodies fifty miles from the port.

“As an illustration of how high the water got in the Gulf, a vessel which was in port tried to get into the open sea when the storm came on. It got out some distance and had to put back. It was dark and all the landmarks had been obliterated. The course of the vessel could not be determined, and she was being furiously driven in toward the island by the wind. Before her course could be established she had actually run over the top of the north jetty. As the vessel draws twenty-five feet of water some idea can be obtained as to the height of the water in the Gulf.”

They marry and are given in marriage. A wedding took place in Galveston. It occurred at the Tremont Hotel. Ernest A. Mayo, a lawyer, and a candidate for Prosecuting Attorney, was the bridegroom. Mrs. Bessie Roberts was the bride. The engagement was of long standing. Both suffered much from the storm. They decided that it was better to cast their fortunes together. Friends approved. The ceremony took place on Thursday, the 13th, five days after the flood.

Governor Sayres was advised on the fourteenth that a gov-

ernment vessel, which was loaded with supplies at Texas City for the Galveston sufferers, went aground shortly after leaving the wharf, and had not yet been gotten off. It was found that vessels could not cross the bay at that point, and thereafter they would be sent to some other point which had a deeper channel connection with Galveston.

The estimates of immediate losses in the aggregate vary widely. It may be said that none of them are below \$20,000,000. The maximum, as given by intelligent residents, including some members of the Citizens' Committee, is \$35,000,000. One of the Galveston business men sent to Austin to confer personally with Governor Sayres on the work of relief, inclined to the belief that the immediate losses might, without exaggeration, be placed at \$35,000,000.

In the indirect class are the losses which must be sustained through the paralysis of business, the reduction of population, the stoppage of industries, and the general disturbance of commercial relations, and Galveston business men hesitate to form any conclusion as to what the moral losses must be.

A REFUGEE'S TALE OF HORROR.

F. B. Campbell, who was in Galveston when the floods swept upon it, was one of the first refugees to reach the North. He passed through Pittsburg, six days after the disaster, on his way to Springfield, Mass., which is his home. Mr. Campbell had his right arm fractured. William E. Frear, a Philadelphia commercial traveller, who was with Campbell in Galveston, accompanied him as far north as Cincinnati, and went home on the express. Frear's right ankle was sprained.

Campbell was a cotton broker and was overwhelmed at his boarding house while at dinner. He reached a heap of wreckage by swimming through an alley. Of the scene when he left, Campbell said :

"The last I saw of Galveston was a row of submerged buildings where a thriving city stood. A waste of water spread in all directions. In the sea were piles of wreckage and the carcasses of

animals and the bodies of hundreds of human beings. The salt marshes presented an indescribable sight. Nude forms of human beings, that had been swept across the bay were scattered everywhere. No man could count them without going insane. It looked like a graveyard, where all the tenants of the tombs had been exhumed and the corpses thrown to the winds."

SOME WONDERFUL ESCAPES.

There were many wonderful incidents of the great storm. In the infirmary at Houston was a boy whose name is Rutter. He was found on Monday morning lying beside a truck on the land near the town of Hitchcock, which is twenty miles to the northward of Galveston. This boy is only 12 years old. His story is that his father, mother and two children remained in the house. There was a crash and the house went to pieces. The boy says that he caught hold of a trunk when he found himself in the water and floated off with it. He thinks the others were drowned. With the trunk the boy floated. He had no idea of where it took him, but when daylight came he was across the bay and out upon the still partially submerged mainland.

When their home went to pieces the Stubbs family, husband, wife and two children, climbed upon the roof of a house floating by. They felt tolerably secure, when, without warning, the roof parted in two places. Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs were separated and each carried a child. The parts of the raft went different ways in the darkness. One of the children fell off and disappeared, and not until some time Sunday was the family reunited. Even the child was saved, having caught a table and clung to it until it reached a place of safety.

One of the most remarkable escapes recorded during the flood was reported to-day when news came that a United States battery man on duty at the forts last week had been picked up on Morgan's Point, injured but alive. He had buffeted the waves for five days and lived through a terrible experience. Morgan's Point is thirty miles from Galveston.

Galveston, Tex., Sept. 14.—The local Board of Health

Probably never before has there been so much telegraphing to the dead. The headquarters of the Western Union and Postal systems located in this city report that in Dallas, Houston and Galveston are thousands of messages addressed to persons who can never call for them or receive them.

“Some of the persons addressed are known to be dead, and there is no doubt that hundreds of others are among the thousands of unknown and unidentified victims of the storm whose bodies have been dumped into the sea, consigned to unmarked graves or cremated in the great heaps that sanitary necessity marked for the torch and the incinerating pyre.

“The insurance questions are beginning to receive serious attention. Life insurance companies are going to be hit very hard. The question that particularly engages the attention of representatives is whether settlement shall be made without litigation. The general southwestern agents for eight big insurance companies were interviewed to-day, and they stated that all Dallas insurance men concur in the opinion that the insurance policies against storm losses carried by Galvestonians will not aggregate \$10,000,000. They say there was absolutely no demand for such insurance at Galveston.”

WHOLE FAMILY KILLED BY STORM.

Among those who were caught in the storm that devastated Galveston on Sunday night were six persons who comprised the family of Peter E. McKenna, a former resident of Philadelphia. According to news received by their relatives in that city, all perished.

When word of the Texas disaster first came it was reported that the entire family had been lost, but it later developed that a married daughter, who lives in Omaha, Neb., was not visiting her parents, as was first supposed, and therefore escaped the death that overtook her relatives.

Peter E. McKenna, the head of the family, was well known in Philadelphia during his youth. His father was one of the pioneers in the religious press. The son followed the profession

CHAPTER IX.

Story of a Brave Hero—A Vast Army of Helpless Victims— Scenes that Shock the Beholders—Our Nation Rises to the Occasion.

WHEN Galveston's chapter of horrors had reached its crisis, when the people were dazed, leaderless and almost helpless, so that they went about bewildered and did little more than gather a few hundred of the bodies which were in their way, a longshoreman became the hero of the hour. It was not until Monday that the brave leaders, who are usually not discovered in a community until some great emergency arises, began to forge in front. They were not men from one rank in point of wealth or intelligence. They came from all classes.

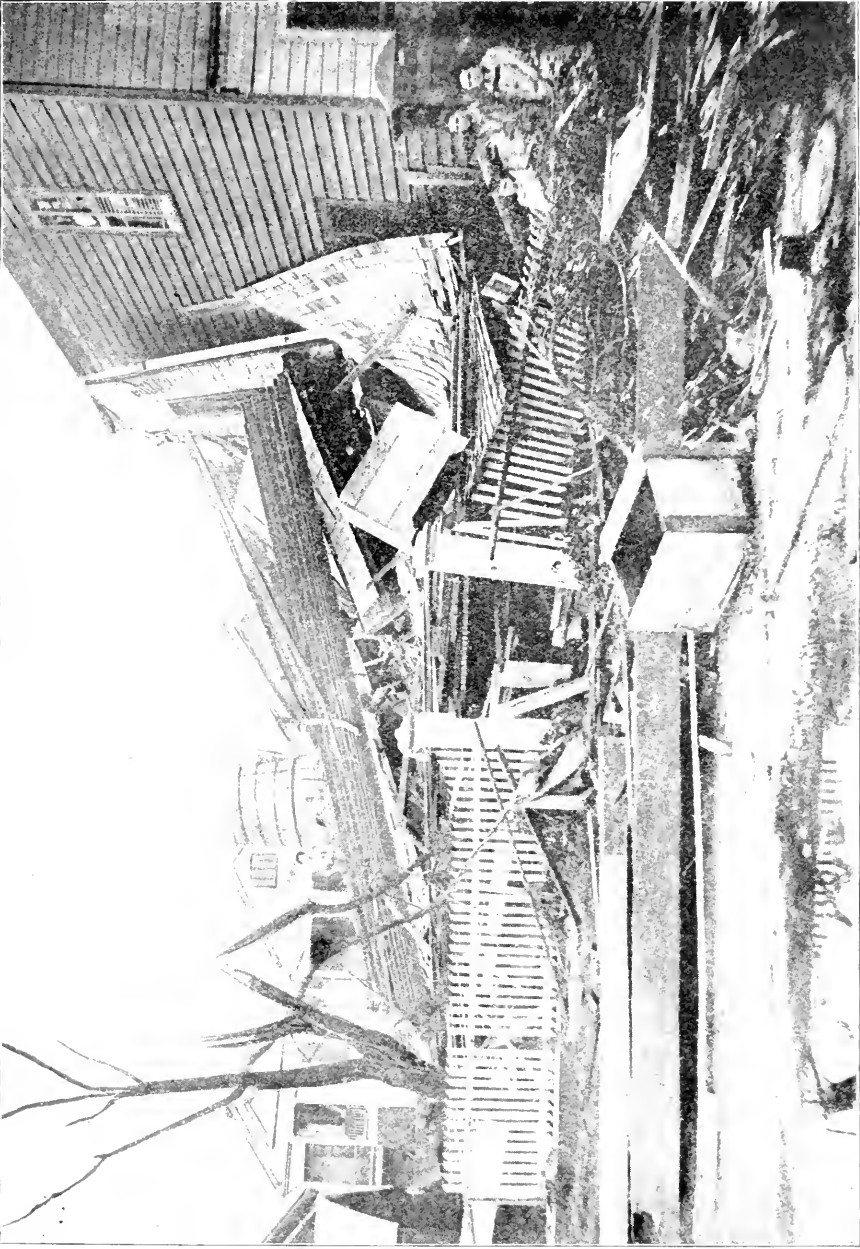
For example, there was Hughes, the longshoreman. Bodies which lay exposed in the streets, and which had to be removed somewhere lest they be stepped on, were carried into a temporary morgue until 500 lay in rows on the floor.

A VERY GRAVE PROBLEM.

Then a problem in mortality such as no other American community ever faced was presented. Pestilence, which stalked forth by Monday, seemed about to take possession of what the storm had left. Immediate disposition of those bodies was absolutely necessary to save the living.

Then it was that Lowe and McVittie and Sealy and the others, who by common impulse had come together to deal with the problem, found Hughes. The longshoreman took up the most gruesome task ever seen, except on a battlefield. He had to have helpers. Some volunteered; others were pressed into the service at the point of the bayonet.

Whisky by the bucketful was carried to these men, and they were drenched with it. The stimulant was kept at hand and applied continuously. Only in this way was it possible for the stoutest-hearted to work in such surroundings.

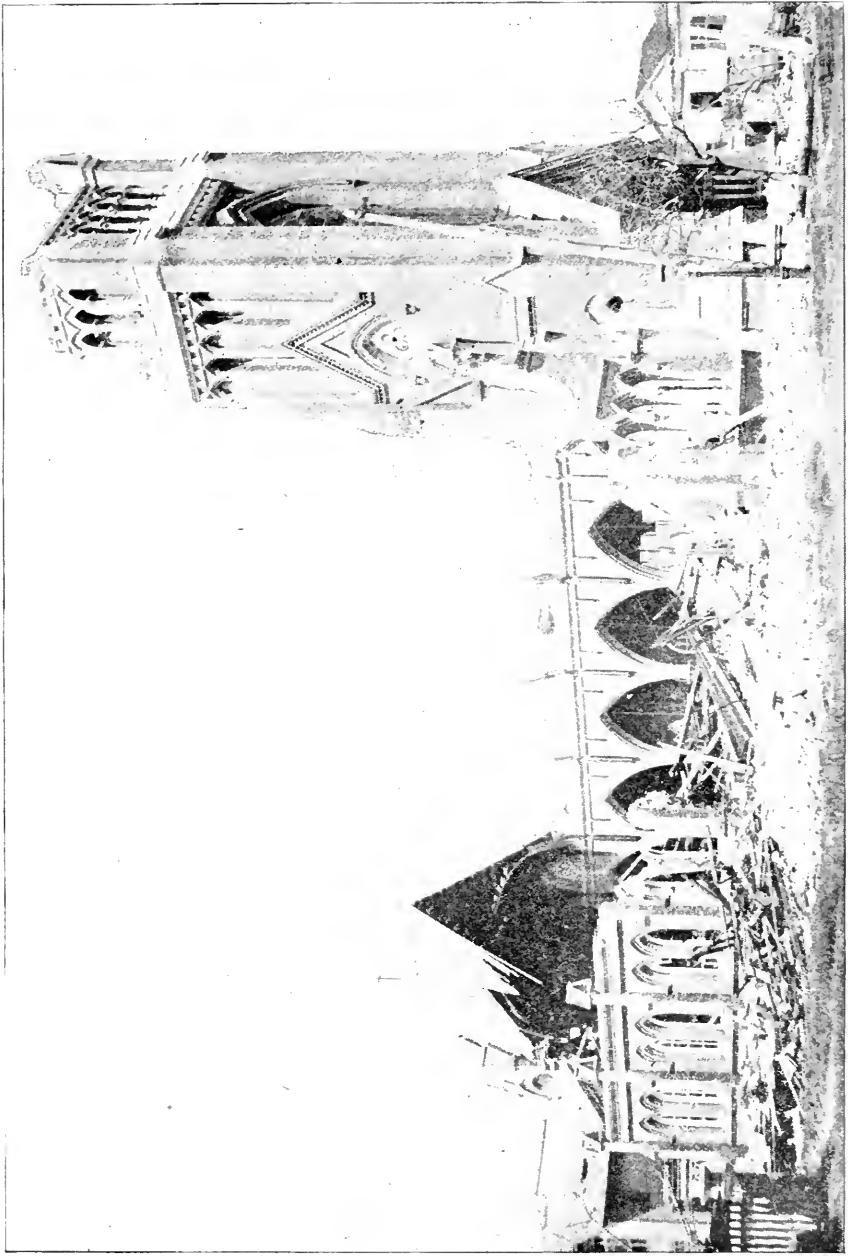


THE WRECK OF A DWELLING WHERE TWELVE MEN AND WOMEN HAD A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE

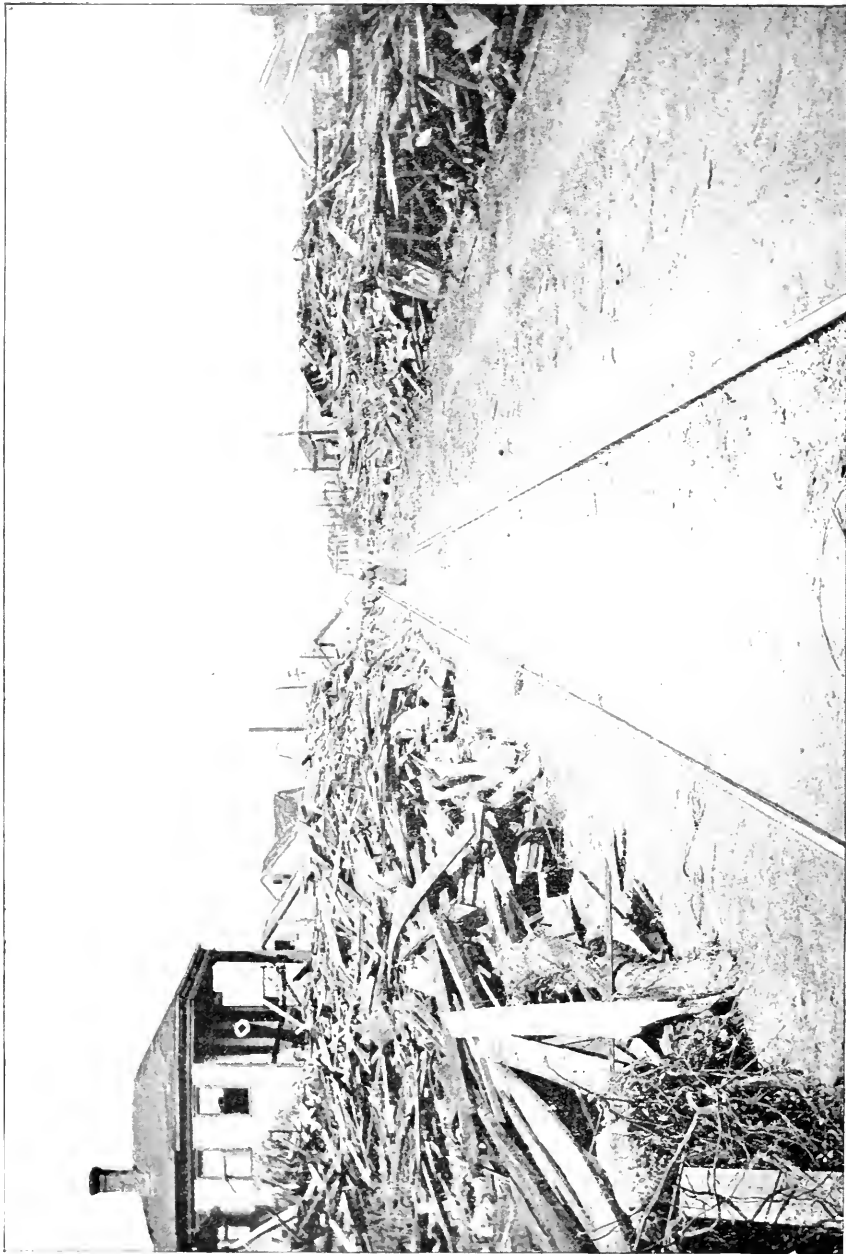


PHOTO BY COURTESY
CHICAGO AMERICAN

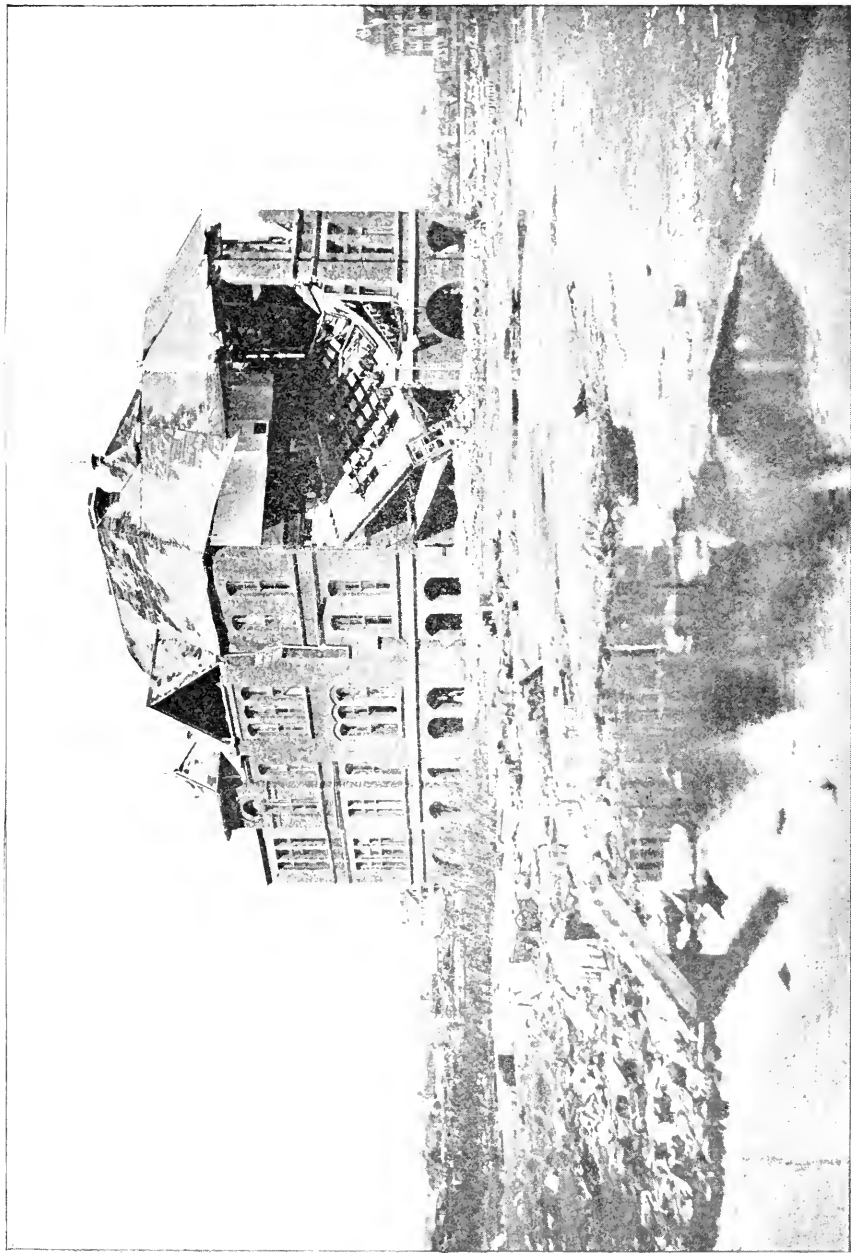
CREMATING DEAD BODIES TAKEN FROM GALVESTON WRECK.



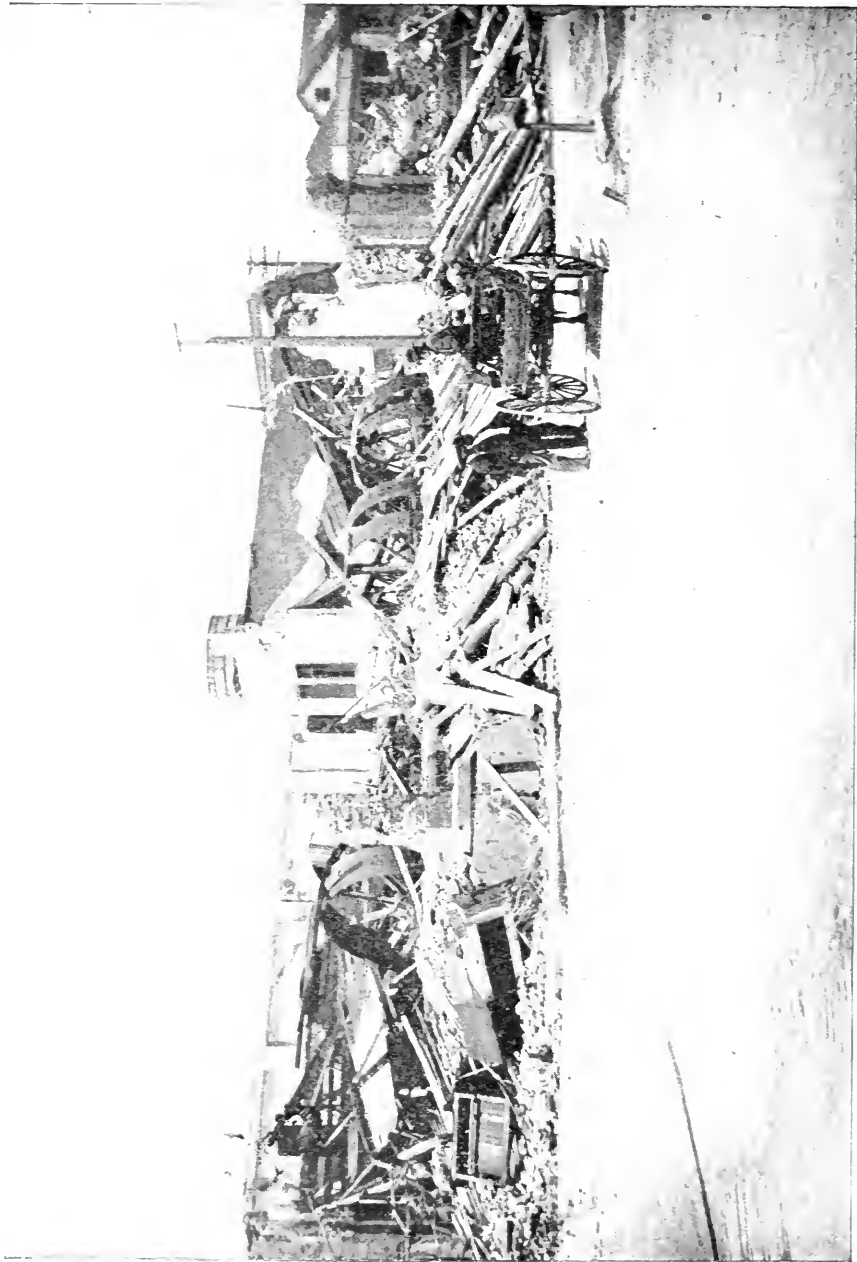
EXTERIOR VIEW OF ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, WHICH WAS DEMOLISHED



WRECKAGE AT CENTRE STREET, LOOKING NORTH FROM AVENUE O '2



RUINS OF PUBLIC SCHOOL, TWENTY-FIFTH STREET AND AVENUE P



REMAINS OF RAILROAD POWER HOUSE, TWENTIETH STREET AND AVENUE I



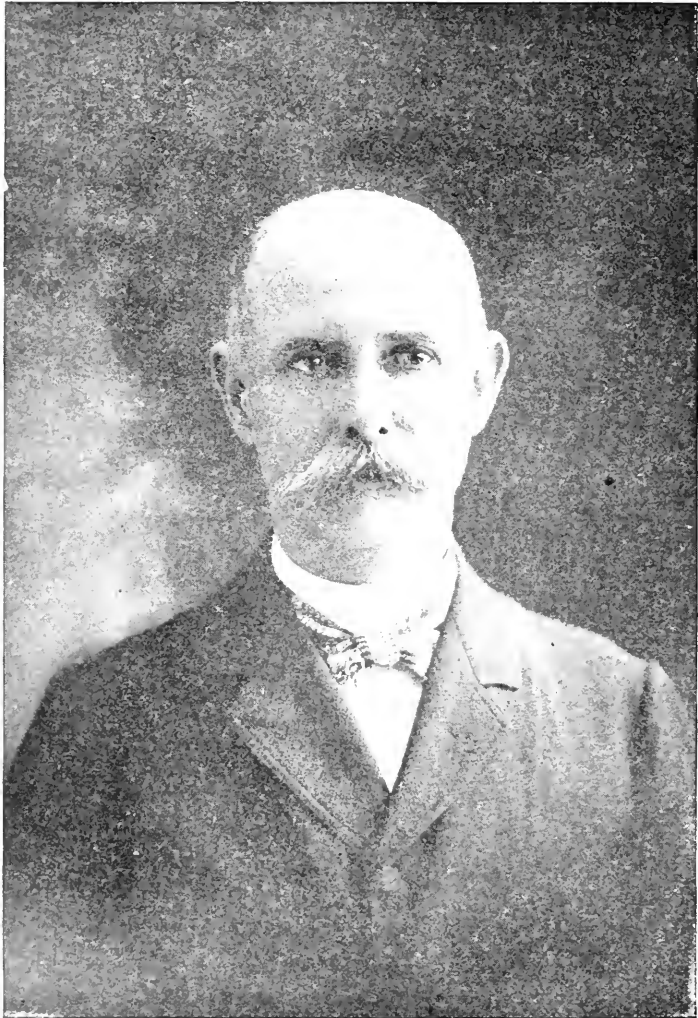
A CLEAR SWEEP OF EIGHTEEN BLOCKS BY SIX, WAS THICKLY POPULATED AND COMPLETELY DESTROYED



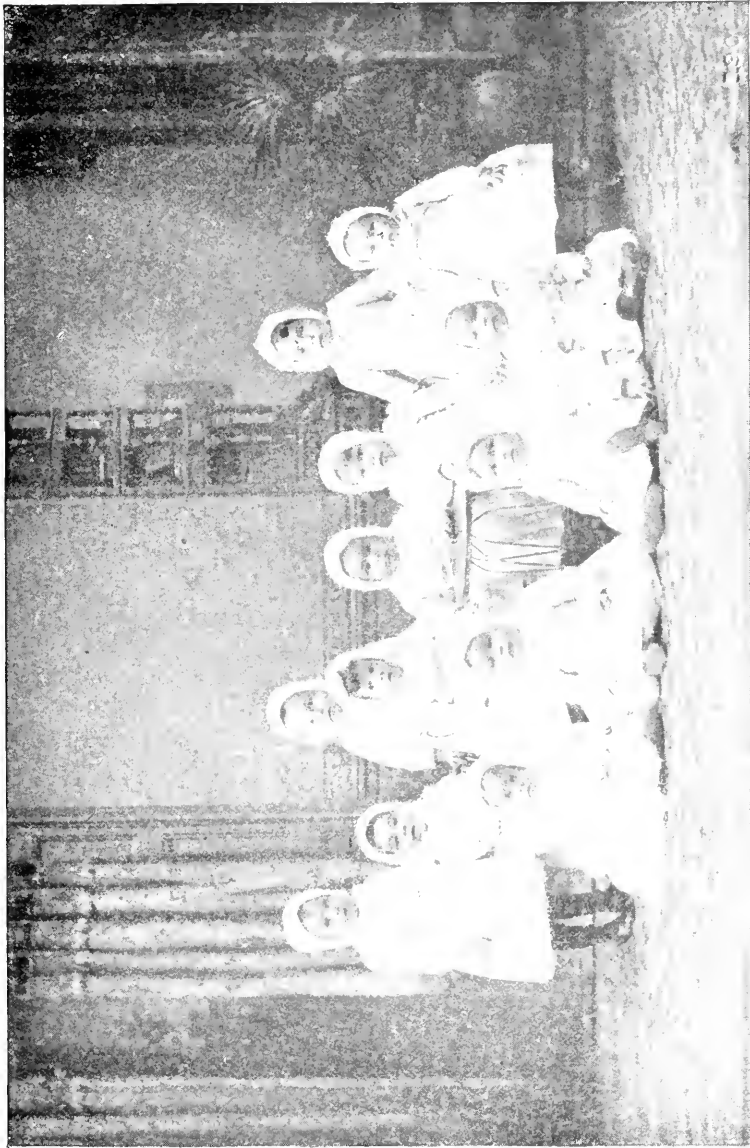
TREMONT STREET, LOOKING NORTH FROM AVENUE 0 1/2



A RUINED HOME

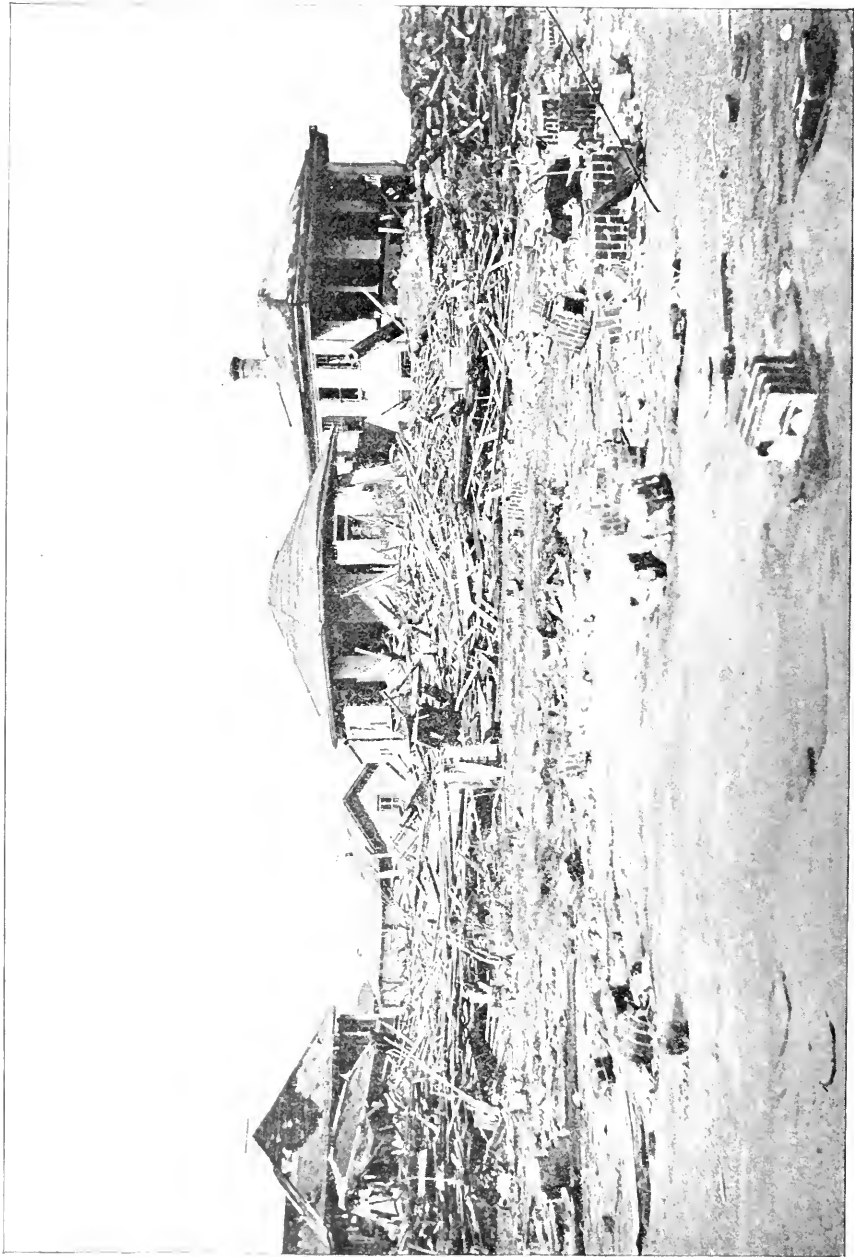


HON. WALTER C. JONES
MAYOR OF GALVESTON



PHOTOGRAPH BY MORRIS, GALVESTON

INMATES OF THE HOME FOR HOMELESS CHILDREN, GALVESTON - ALL OF THESE
LITTLE ONES WERE LOST IN THE FLOOD



RUINS AT TWENTY FIRST STREET AND AVENUE O 13

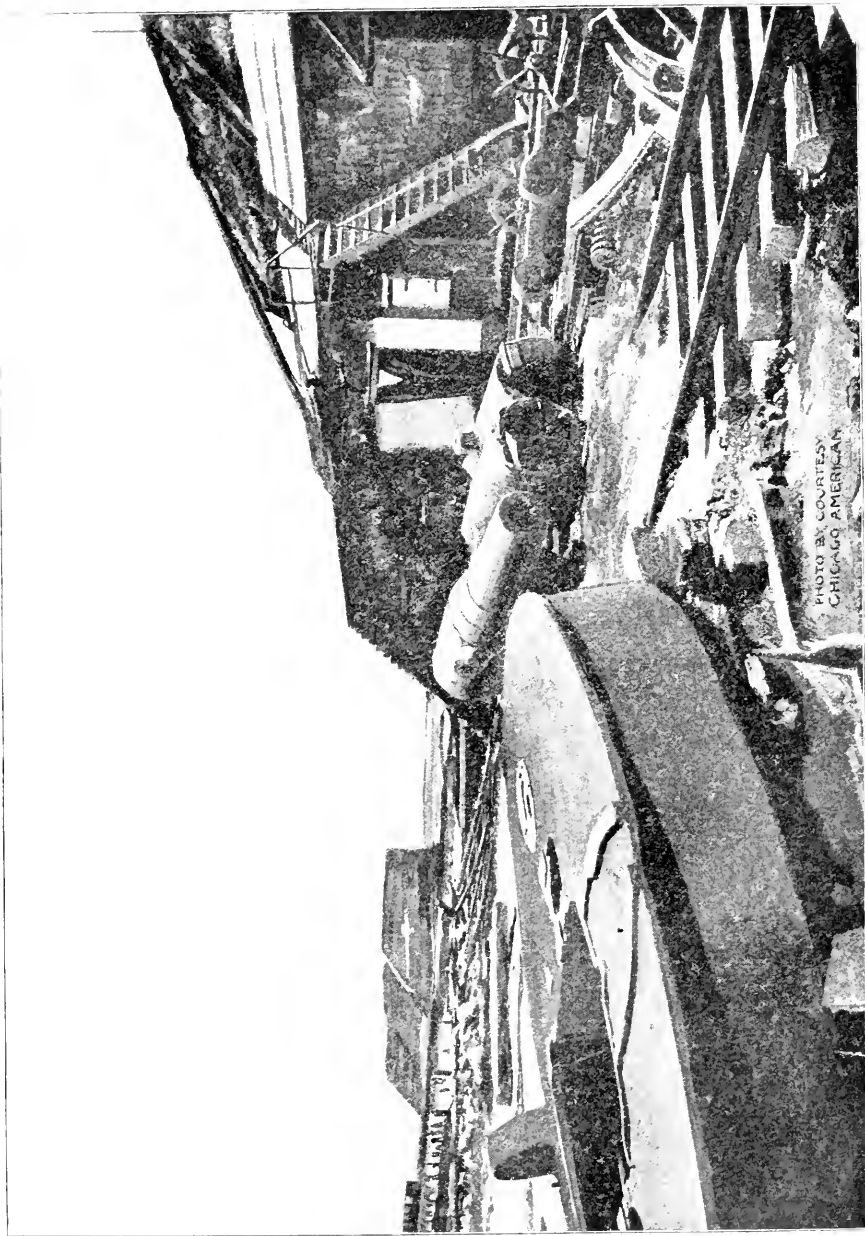


PHOTO BY COURTESY
CHICAGO AMERICAN

WRECK OF FORT CROCKETT



AVENUE A IN "EAST END" OF GALVESTON-COLORADO AND SANTA FE RAILROAD
TRACKS IN FOREGROUND



CLARA BARTON



REMAINS OF A BUILDING THAT WITHSTOOD THE FLOOD

"None of the danger of sickness that was feared has shown itself. We are getting rid of the wreckage, and we are scattering car loads of lime and other disinfectants everywhere. I believe all danger is passed. Talk about Galveston giving up!" continued Mr. Robinson, "This great wharf property is worth \$18,000,000. It sustained a loss of less than \$500,000.

"The company has 1000 men at work on the repairs. It stared eternity in the face Saturday night, and was ready to go. To-day I have got more energy and ambition than I ever had. I don't know where I got it. I guess God gave it to me. Come back in sixty days, and you will not know Galveston, remembering it as you see it to-day."

TERRIBLE EXPERIENCES OF A YOUNG GIRL.

Miss Maud Hall, who was spending her school vacation in Galveston, and who passed through the storm, has written of her experience to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Emory Hall, of Dallas. Miss Hall was in the house where she was boarding at the time the storm came. She says:

"The wind and rain rose to a furious whirlwind, and all the time the water crept higher and higher. We all crowded into the hall, and the house, a big two-story one, rocked like a cradle. About 6 o'clock the roof was gone, all the blinds torn off and all the windows blown in. Glass was flying in all directions and the water had risen to a level with the gallery. Then the men told us we would have to go to a house across the street.

"It took two men to each woman to get her across the street and down to the end of the block. Trees thicker than any in our yard were whirled down the street and the water looked like a whirlpool. I came near drowning with another girl. It was dark by this time, and the men put their arms around us and down into the water we went.

"I spent the night—such a horrible one!—wet from my shoulders to my waist and from my knees down, and barefoot. Nobody had any shoes and stockings. The house was packed with people just like us. The windows were blown out, and it

“Under the firm rule of the military authorities, affairs in Galveston are rapidly assuming a more cheerful aspect. The forces of law and order are crystallizing every hour, and now that the people realize that there is definite authority to which they can appeal they are going to work systematically to renovate the city and prevent any possibility of epidemic. The force engaged in burying the dead and clearing up the city has increased steadily until now twenty-five hundred men are pushing the work.

“Adjutant-General Scurry holds the town fast with a strong grip. He is compelling all men whose services can be spared from public business to join the forces at the work in the streets.

“The burial of the dead goes steadily on. All the corpses in the open, along the shores or near the wreckage, have been sunk in the gulf or burned in the streets. The labor of clearing away the débris in search of bodies began at Thirtieth street and avenue O, one of the worst wrecked parts of the town. Two hundred men were put at work, and in thirty minutes fifty corpses were found within a space thirty yards square. Whole families lay dead piled in indescribable confusion.

OLD AND YOUNG CRUSHED TOGETHER.

“Old and young crushed by the falling timbers, were one by one dragged from débris six to twenty feet deep. Aged fathers were clinging to more robust forms; children clutching to mother’s skirts, young girls with their arms around brothers, mothers clasping babes to their bosoms. These were the melancholy sights seen by those digging among the ruins. In dozens and scores the bodies were turned up by pick and shovel, rake and axe. Away to the left the wreckage stretched two miles to Seventh street; to the right, a mile to Fortieth street down town.

“Popular sentiment insists that the west end be burned, but the military authorities have hesitated to give the order. Father Kerwin and Captain Morrissey urge that the wreckage be fired at once, and it will probably be done.

“Men are making ready to apply the torch. Fire engines are out on the beach. A road runs through the wreckage separating

“All the sheds on the wharves must have been levelled to the ground, or nearly so. I do not think there is a house that has not been more or less damaged or blown to the ground. While the wind was blowing over sixty miles an hour we sent out a boat with a rescuing party to row up one of the streets. The first trip they succeeded in saving thirteen women and children, and brought them back to the vessel in safety.

“It was useless to attempt to row the boat against the terrific wind, and, as the water was at that time not over a man’s head in the streets, a rope would be sent out to the nearest telegraph pole, and by that means the boat could be hauled along from pole to pole. This was accomplished only by the most herculean efforts on the part of the men who led out the rope, but between swimming, walking and floundering along in the teeth of the gale the rope would finally be made fast.

FACING THE FIERCE BLASTS OF THE STORM.

“Then it was all that the crew of one officer and seven men could do to pull the boat against the fierce blasts of the cyclone. By working all Saturday afternoon and evening and up to one o’clock Sunday morning the brave boys succeeded in rescuing thirty-four men, women and children, whom they put in a place of safety and provided with enough provisions for their immediate needs. Finally, on account of the darkness, the increasing violence of the storm and the vast amount of wreckage in the streets, the rescuing party was reluctantly compelled to return to the vessel.

“On board the ship it was a period of intense anxiety for all hands. No one slept, and it was only by the almost superhuman efforts of the officers and crew that we rode out the hurricane in safety. With the exception of the carrying away of the port forward rigging and the smashing of all the windows and skylights, the vessel sustained no serious injury. Not a single person on board was injured in any way.”

Under date of September 11 the same officer writes: “We think there have been 5000 lives lost. I cannot begin to tell the number of houses blown down or damage done. Our new distiller,

CHAPTER X.

Details of the Overwhelming Tragedy—The Whole City Caught in the Death-Trap—Personal Experiences of Those Who Escaped—First Reports More Than Confirmed.

THE centre of the West Indian hurricane, which had been predicted for several days, struck Galveston at 9 o'clock Saturday morning. At that hour the wind was in the north and the waters of the bay were rising rapidly. The Gulf was also turbulent, and the water, forced in by the tropical storm, rolled up the beach and gradually swept inland. About 2 o'clock P. M. the wind was rising rapidly, constantly veering, but settling towards the east and coming in fitful jerks and puffs, which loosened awnings, cornices, slated roofs and sent the fragments flying in the air.

The waters of the bay continued rising and creeping ashore, mingled with the waters from the clouds, and filled the downtown streets and invaded stores. Despite the danger from flying missiles, as the afternoon wore on, men ventured out in the streets in hacks, in wagons, in boats and on foot, some anxious to get home to their families, some bent on errands of mercy, and others animated by no purpose save bravado.

Gaining in velocity, the wind changed to the northeast, then to the east, and the waters rose until they covered the city. The wind howled frightfully around the buildings, tearing off cornices and ripping off roofs. The wooden paving blocks rose from their places in the streets and floated off in great sections, down the streets.

At 6.30 o'clock the wind had shifted to the southeast, still increasing in velocity. At that hour the wind gauge on the roof of the United States Weather Bureau registered eighty-four miles an hour then blew away. Still the wind blew harder and harder and even the most fortunate houses lost all or a part

of their coverings. The storm reached its height at about 8.30 o'clock. At 9 o'clock the wind began subsiding and the waters to recede.

But the fury of the storm had not been spent until well into Sunday morning. At 1 o'clock the water had fallen until the streets were inundated no more than they would be by a big rain. Sunday morning broke clear, and the sun shone brightly on a scene of wreck and ruin, which verily beggars description.

The streets were piled with debris, in many places several feet high. Buildings were shorn of roofs, cornices, chimneys and windows. Stocks of goods were damaged by floods from below and rain from above. But it was the wind which had wrought the greatest havoc in every respect. The damage from waters of the bay was inconsequential when compared with that from wind. The eastern part of the city received the full force of the storm and suffered most, although no section escaped serious injury.

FRANTIC PEOPLE HUNTING RELATIVES.

All along the beach for about four blocks back scarcely a residence was left. The beach district was shorn of habitations. Back of that houses and timbers piled up, crushing other buildings which lay in their path. Men and women walked through the slimy mud that overspread the streets, homeless. Men and women rushed around frantic, hunting their relatives. Dead and wounded men, women and children lay around waiting the coming of the volunteer corps organized to remove the bodies to improvised morgues and hospitals. There was no thought of property damage; those who had escaped with their families, losing all else, felt satisfied and thanked their Maker.

Mr. A. V. Kellogg, a civil engineer in the employ of the Right of Way Department of the Houston and Texas Central Railroad in Houston, went down to Galveston Saturday morning on company business, leaving on the Galveston, Houston and Henderson train which departs from Houston at 9.45. Mr. Kellogg had an interesting tale of his experiences getting into

the storm and to give them shelter. At 5 o'clock the wind was blowing from the northeast at a velocity of about forty five miles an hour, and by 9 o'clock it had reached the climax, the velocity then being fully 100 miles. The vibration of the hotel was not unlike that of a boxcar in motion. I tried to sleep that night, but there was so much noise and confusion from the crashing of buildings that I didn't get much rest.

STREET SIGHTS WERE APPALLING.

"I arose early Sunday morning. The sights in the streets were simply appalling. The water on Tremont street had lowered some eight feet from the high water mark, leaving the pavement clear from two blocks north and six or seven blocks south of the Tremont Hotel. The streets were full of debris, the wires were all down and the buildings were in a very much damaged condition. Every building in the business district was damaged to some extent but with one or two exceptions, and those, the Levy Building, corner of Tremont and Market, and the Union Depot, both of which remained intact and went through the storm without a scratch.

"The refugees came pouring down into the heart of the city, many of them had but little clothing, and scores of them were almost naked.

They were homeless without food or drink, a great many had lost their all and were really in destitute circumstances. Mayor Jones issued a call for a mass meeting, which was held Sunday morning at 9 o'clock and was attended by a large number of prominent citizens. Steps were taken to furnish provisions and relieve the suffering of the refugees and to bury the dead.

"Early in the morning it was learned that the water supply had been cut off for some unknown reason. I presume that it was caused by the English ship which was blown up against the bridges, cutting the pipes. At all events, the city is without water, and something should be done by the citizens of Houston to relieve this situation. People who had depended on cisterns, of course, had their resources swept away, and there are but few

his rescue to help save the family or perish with them. Standing on his brother's front porch Mr. Cline motioned to the neighbors on the opposite side of the street to go north, meaning to get out, for no voice could be heard across the street in the teeth of that terrible northeaster.

This was the last warning that was given, and then the chief of the Weather Bureau, while with his devoted brother and their loved ones disappeared within their own homes to await their doom. It was not many hours coming. Higher and higher the water rose, and they mounted the second floor till the waves mounted higher, and buildings about them crashed and fell, adding to the number of inmates of the houses others who had been driven out and were seeking safety.

Finally, the building gave way beneath the pressure of the wreckage behind it. The Cline family was in the room and had resolved to go by threes. Dr. Cline had with him Mrs. Cline and their little 6-year-old girl, Esther. His brother, Joe, took charge of the two older girls. As the house went over Mr. Joe Cline and his charges were thrown through a window which they were near and they caught on the roof. A dresser pushed Dr. Cline and his wife against the mantle and his little one was knocked from his left arm. They were all pinioned beneath the roof.

FOUND IT WAS THE FOOT OF HIS BABY.

Dr. Cline, holding to his wife, prepared for death, but throwing his left hand above his head, felt something strike his hand. He grabbed the object and it proved to be one foot of his baby that had been knocked from his grasp when the roof fell in. The water had driven her little body to the surface through an opening, which, although in an almost dying condition, he realized. By some means—he doesn't know how—he was released from the timbers that held him down, and he, too, was sent up by the rush of water to the surface. With his feet and arms he reached for his wife, who had been torn from his grasp, but he could not find her, and so she perished. Their experience in drifting on debris was that of hundreds of others. For hours they were tossed

washed out. The agent from Alvin and the section boss met us and stated that Alvin was in ruins and some killed. Not being able to get through, we backed up the road, hoping to reach Eichenberg.

“The sight of seeing men, women and children wading waist deep in water over a country where we were accustomed to seeing orchards and garden patches and to hear the cries for the dear ones missing is enough to unnerve the strongest. Returning to Duke we unloaded again those we had saved at that point from the storm.

“While our train of five passenger coaches was standing on the track at this point the house in which the agent was living was literally blown to pieces. His wife and three children were with him, and soon the furious wind was tossing and rolling women and children like footballs over the earth. Men from the train faced the terrible gale and succeeded in getting all on the train in safety. This house stood within seventy-five yards of our train. About this time the depot, which was just opposite the car I was in, was unroofed and split apart in the middle.

WHOLE FAMILY SAVED BY TRAINMEN.

“Soon after a third house, 200 feet away, was blown to pieces and a man, wife and three children saved from the wreckage by those on the train. We reached the timbered section and were soon blocked by the wreckage of fallen trees across the track. Everyone who could wield an axe got one, set to work diligently to cut our way through. At the same time a large crew was working from Rosenberg down toward us. From Thompson to Duke large pecan, elm, oak and pine trees were encountered on an average every 100 feet.

“Arriving at Thompson, we found Slavin's store a perfect mass of ruin, the gin a partial wreck and many houses blown down. Here the first victim of the storm and train was placed on board. He had been knocked off the track the night before and had his leg broken. At Booth, Booth's store was badly wrecked, trees blown all over the land, several houses blown

CHAPTER XI.

Galveston Calamity One of the Greatest Known to History—Many Thousands Maimed and Wounded— Few Heeded the Threatening Hurricane.—The Doomed City Turned to Chaos.

GALVESTON has been the scene of one of the greatest catastrophies in the world's history. The story of the great storm of Saturday, Sept. 8, 1900, will never be told. Words are too weak to express the horror, the awfulness of the storm itself, to even faintly picture the scene of devastation, wreck and ruin, misery, suffering and grief. Even those who were miraculously saved after terrible experiences, who were spared to learn that their families and property had been swept away, and spared to witness scenes as horrible as the eye of man ever looked upon—even these can not tell the story.

There are stories of wonderful rescues and escapes, each of which at another time would be a marvel to the rest of the world, but in a time like this when a storm so intense in its fury, so prolonged in its work of destruction, so wide in its scope, and so infinitely terrible in its consequences has swept an entire city and neighboring towns for miles on either side, the mind can not comprehend all of the horror, can not learn or know all of the dreadful particulars.

One stands speechless and powerless to relate even that which he has felt and knows. Gifted writers have told of storms at sea wrecking of vessels where hundreds were at stake and lost. That task pales to insignificance when compared with the task of telling of a storm which threatened the lives of perhaps sixty thousand people, sent to their death perhaps six thousand people, and left others wounded, homeless, and destitute, and still others to cope with grave responsibility, to relieve the stricken, to grapple with and prevent the anarchist's reign, to clear the water-sodden land

building could withstand them and none wholly escaped injury.

Others were picked up at sea. And all during the terrible storm acts of the greatest heroism were performed. Hundreds and hundreds of brave men, as brave as the world ever knew, buffeted with the waves and rescued hundreds of their fellow men. Hundreds of them went to their death, the death that they knew they must inevitably meet in their efforts. Hundreds of them perished after saving others. Men were exemplifying that supreme degree of love of which the Master spoke, "Greater love hath no man than this, that he give his life for his friend." Many of them who lost their lives in this storm in efforts to save their families, many to save friends, many more to help people of whom they had never heard. They simply knew that human beings were in danger and they counted their own lives

TREMENDOUS FURY OF THE GALE.

The maximum velocity of the wind will never be known. The gauge at the Weather Bureau registered 100 miles an hour and blew away at 5.10 o'clock, but the storm at that hour was as nothing when compared with what followed, and the maximum velocity must have been as great as 120 miles an hour. The most intense and anxious time was between 8.30 and 9 o'clock, with raging seas rolling around them, with a wind so terrific that none could hope to escape its fury, with roofs beginning to roll away and buildings crashing all around them, men, women and children were huddled in buildings, caught like rats, expecting to be crushed to death or drowned in the sea, yet cut off from escape.

Buildings were torn down, burying their hundreds, and were swept inland, piling up great heaps of wreckage. Hundreds of people were thrown into the water in the height of the storm, some to meet instant death, others to struggle for a time in vain, and thousands of others to escape death in most miraculous and marvelous ways.

Hundreds of the dead were washed across the island and the bay many miles inland. Hundreds of bodies were buried in the wreckage. Many who escaped were in the water for hours, cling-

with all the energy of which he is capable. But, despite their utmost endeavors, they cannot keep up with the increase in the miserable conditions which surround them. Water can be obtained by able-bodied men, but with great difficulty.

Dr. Wallace Shaw, of Houston, who is busily engaged in the relief work, said that there were 200 people at St. Mary's Infirmary without fresh water. They had been making coffee of salt water and using that as their only beverage. Very little stealing was reported and there were no killings. The number of men shot down for robbing the dead proved a salutary lesson, and it is not expected that there will be any more occurrences of this sort. The soldiers of the regular army and of the national guard are guarding the property, and it is impossible for thieves to escape detection.

SOLDIERS HAVE MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

The loss of life among the soldiers of the regular army stationed in the barracks on the beach proves to have been largely overestimated. The original report was that but fifteen out of the total number in the barracks on the beach had been saved. Last night and to-day they turned up singly and in squads, and at present there are but twenty-seven missing, whereas the first estimate of casualties in this direction alone was nearly two hundred. It is probable that some of the twenty-seven will answer roll call later in the week.

One soldier reached the city this afternoon who had been blown around in the Gulf of Mexico and had floated nearly fifty miles going and coming, on a door. Another one who showed up to-day declared that he owed his life to a cow. It swam with him nearly three miles. The cow then sunk and the soldier swam the balance of the way to the mainland himself.

Efforts were made this afternoon to pick up the dead bodies that have floated in with the tide, after having been once cast into the sea. This is awful work, and few men are found with sufficiently strong nerves to last it more than thirty minutes at a time. All of the bodies are badly decomposed, swollen to enormous pro-

more, and it is expected that fully 2,000 of the women and children will be out of the place by to-morrow night. Mayor Jones estimates that there are at least 10,000 of these helpless ones who should be taken from Galveston at the earliest possible moment. They are all apparently anxious to get away and will be handled as rapidly as possible.

Another trainload of provisions and clothing, making the third within the last twenty-four hours, came here from Houston to-night.

The steamer Charlotte Allen arrived at noon to-day from Houston with 1000 loaves of bread and other provisions. The amount of food which has been sent so far has been large, but there are still in the neighborhood of 30,000 people to be cared for on the island.

BOYS RESCUE FORTY PEOPLE.

During the storm Saturday night, the Boddinker boys, with the aid of a hunting skiff, rescued over forty people and took them to the University building, where they found shelter from the wind and waves. The little skiff was pushed by hand, the boys not being able to use oars or sticks in propelling it, and is to be set aside in the University as a relic of the flood.

Many stories of heroism are coming out. People tell of getting out of their houses just before the roof fell in on them. They tell of seeing people struck by flying timbers and crushed to death before their eyes. One man was cut off from his family just as he had them rescued, and saw them sink beneath the water, just on the other side of the barrier. He turned in and helped to rescue others who were about gone. One woman carried her five month's old baby in her arms from her house only to have a beam strike the child on the head, killing it instantly. She suffered a broken leg and bruised body.

The lightship, which was moored between the jetties at the point where the harbor bar was located before it was removed, was carried to Half Moon Shoal and grounded. There was nobody aboard except Mate Emil C. Lundwall, the cook and two men.

urday morning. The "News" also reported high winds at Pass Christian. The Port Eads storm was a distinct storm from that of Florida and was confined to the Gulf. The proof of this is that the steamer "Comal" came in from Florida in beautiful weather and apparently followed in the wake of the storm.

Eighteen people were caught in the Grothger grocery store, Sixteenth and N streets, and it is presumed all were lost, as many have been reported dead who were known to have been in the building which was swept away entirely. The firemen buried twenty-six people south of Avenue O, between Thirty-Third and and Forty-Second streets, on Tuesday. The graves were marked with pieces of the garments worn by the persons.

Will Love, a printer of the "Houston Post," who formerly lived in Galveston, swam the bay Monday to reach his family, whom he found to be alive in Galveston. He swam from pier to pier on the railroad bridges and at each he rested.

AWFUL NIGHT IN THE LIGHTHOUSE.

In the Bolivar lighthouse, which stands 130 feet high on Bolivar Point, across the bay from Galveston, some one hundred and twenty-five people sought refuge from the storm on Saturday evening. Many of the unfortunates had deserted their homes, which were swept by the hurricane, and other residents of Galveston, who had come to the bay shore in their frantic endeavors to reach Galveston and their families. Among the latter was County Road and Bridge Superintendent Kelso. Mr. Kelso stated to a "News" reporter, when he reached Galveston on Monday afternoon, after having been carried across the bay in a small skiff by Mr. T. C. Moore, that the hundred and more refugees spent an awful night in the lighthouse Saturday night during the life of the hurricane.

The supply of fresh water was soon exhausted and an effort was made to secure drinking water by catching rain water in buckets suspended from the top of the lighthouse. The experiment was a success in a way, but it demonstrated a remarkable incident to show the force of the wind. The bucket was soon

“Along the pebbled beach, once the most beautiful in the world, and a scene of wonted gayety, now all is desolation and awe. Human bodies, swollen and unrecognizable, were mingled with those of dead animals and reptiles, and the whole formed a scene so gruesome and so misshapen that the thought of it even sends a sickening thrill coursing through one’s veins.

“To add to the horror of the situation, human hyenas moved stealthily among the dead, robbing those who were powerless to resist, but these ghouls in human guise are meeting with just retribution, for armed sentinels are now on guard and have orders to shoot them down as they would mad dogs.

“If the situation along the East Side was more horrible than that along the West, it was only because more people dwelt there and there were more houses to be destroyed. Along either beach gaunt destruction held full sway, and each wave seemed more cruel than that which it succeeded. Nor were the waves alone in their cruelty, for the winds reveled in maddened fury and seemed to vie with them in spreading ruin and desolation.

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE CARRIED OUT TO SEA.

“The loss of life at Galveston will never be known. The storm came first from the northwest and hundreds, perhaps thousands, were carried far out to sea never more to return. At 10 o’clock at night the wind suddenly veered to the southeast and hundreds more were swept into the bay and caught by the current and also carried out to the sea before daylight Sunday morning. That is the opinion of old seamen with whom I conversed, and if they do not know the actions of the ocean, then no one does.

“Monday evening and Tuesday morning I myself saw more than a hundred bodies floating out to sea and these were scarcely one per cent of those who perished. Responsible men with whom I talked and who had been from one end of the island to the other, estimated the loss at from 5,000 to 10,000, and all thought it would come nearer the last named figures than the first. Day by day as the debris is cleared away bodies will be found and many are buried beneath the ruins that will never be removed.

during the day. The houses are sometimes to be found quite intact, but turned bottom up like an upturned dry goods box. Others are but so much kindling wood.

The greatest wreck is possibly the Sacred Heart Catholic Church, at Fourteenth and Broadway. The front wall is nearly all standing, with the steeples on either side, and the curved wall that surrounds the chancel seemed in pretty good shape, but the two side walls are gone beyond repair. The east side is standing about half way up, and the west side was thrown to the ground. Sand covers the campus in that neighborhood.

The University building suffered a good deal from the blow, but it was the haven of rest for all the people in that neighborhood, as it is now the hospital for the injured and the place of succor for the women and children.

GREAT WRECK OF ST. MARY'S INFIRMARY.

The next greatest wreck is the St. Mary's Infirmary on Market and Eighth streets. Practically everything there is gone but the new part, which was completed about two years ago. This is badly damaged, but is being used. It does not cover more than a quarter of the floor space of the entire building when intact. This is used to support injured and is the place of refuge. Sealy Hospital, between Ninth and Tenth streets, escaped serious injury, beyond damage to the roof.

The colored school, on the corner of Broadway and Tenth streets, is a mass of wreckage, piled up with the debris along the mountain chain previously described. This was a large two-story frame building of eight rooms, and stood high in the air. A little Episcopal mission, located on the corner of Fifteenth and Avenue L, was carried northwest along Fifteenth street and broke up a block away. The gentleman who was in charge of the mission, Henry Hirsinger, was lost.

This great line of wreckage forms the division point between a mass of houses unroofed and partly damaged and a great prairie, which up to Saturday was the location of the homes of thousands of Galveston's people. This was generally known as the

colored section of the city, but the colored people as a rule lived close to the beach. As a consequence they got seared early in the day and moved into town.

The result is that the death list is not as great proportionately among the colored people as it is among the whites, although a great many of them are missing. Prominent among the colored people missing are S. C. Cuney, a nephew of Wright Cuney, formerly collector of customs at this port. The rector of the colored Episcopal church, Rev. Thomas Cain, and his wife are lost.

The poles of the East Broadway street railway line are standing erect to Fourteenth street, beyond which there is but one pole. The wires are all down, as a matter of course, and the track is filled with wreckage. The line of wreckage crosses Broadway, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets, and in it at that point are several bodies which cannot be reached on account of the high pile of lumber.

HOUSES PLACED BACK TO BACK.

The great bulk of this debris is unbroken and sides and roofs of houses still intact, and the vast amount of loose boards can be used for rebuilding, so that there will be lessened cost in that direction. In some places whole houses have been moved from their foundations and carried around back of others, thus forming a barrier which caught the floating debris and prevented the whole north side of town being swept from Gulf to bay and carried into the bay.

The roof of the elevator is gone and the wheat there is exposed, but if fresh water can be obtained soon it is expected the wheat can be saved by drying. The sheds on the wharves are practically all gone, but the wharves are supposed to be in such shape that they can be repaired at a nominal expense and can be resumed.

The following letter was received at Fort Worth from C. H. Fewell, who is night yardmaster of the Santa Fe Railway Company, at Galveston :

“ The only means of sending mail or anything is by water

CHAPTER XII.

Thrilling Narratives by Eye-witnesses—Path of the Storm's Fury Through Galveston—Massive Heaps of Rubbish— Huge Buildings Swept into the Gulf.

AT GALVESTON on that fatal Saturday night there were deaths far more horrible than any of which even a Sienkiewicz could conceive. Mothers and babes, fathers and husbands, were hurled headlong into the world beyond without a chance to make peace with their Maker, with a farewell kiss or a last fond embrace. Upon every hand the dead were piled up like drift-wood cast up by the sea, even as they were at Waterloo and Gettysburg and behind Kitchener in the Soudan. The bodies of men that the day before were perfect specimens of physical development were swollen and discolored by the fierce rays of the autumn sun, and were food for flies and maggots which buzzed or crawled hither and thither unceasingly. In the bay the sharks were overfed, and on the prairies the buzzards could no longer be tempted.

If those who live far from the awful scene of woe, believe that this is over-drawn, let them ask the pale-faced nerve-racked refugees, from that terrible place, and they will be told that it is impossible for either pen or brush to give the picture as it is. The photographer, with all his art, stands baffled. The artist, with all his talent, is incompetent. The newspaper man, accustomed to the dark side of life, shudders and turns from description to the work of reciting details, horrible enough in themselves, but far more pleasant.

There arrived in Dallas a score or more of men who told of decomposed bodies, and maggots and flies and starvation and distress until their hearers rushed away in horror. Some of these heart-breaking tales are given herewith.

Ed. A. Gebhard of The Dallas News came in from Texas City. He said:

“Among the many stories of the Galveston disaster I have

made the scene particularly horrible to witness, but extremely nauseating on account of the smell from the bodies. Particularly toward the close of Monday the bodies were found so rapidly that any effort to carry them to any special point for burial had about ceased and they were covered up in the sand, laid down on the wharf or left where they were found. Even after I was fortunate enough to get a schooner to carry me to Texas City it seemed that there were almost as many floating in the bay and being carried off or lying around on the mainland as I had seen in Galveston itself.

“It was a horrible experience which I passed through, which I hope will never occur again in my lifetime, and I feel that I cannot too strongly call attention to the urgent needs, both in food and clothing, not only of the poor classes, but of the best people in Galveston, who up to the time of this terrible calamity had not known what want was, and who even now seem ill at ease in knowing how to make their wants known.”

STORM OF INDESCRIBABLE FURY.

Rudolph Daniels, Assistant General Passenger Agent of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway, was in Galveston during the storm, and returned to Dallas on the 12th. Mr. Daniels said: “I can only give you my experience and what I saw. The storm was indescribable in its fury, and it was hard to realize the extent of the devastation and destruction even when on the scene. It does not seem real or possible.

“I was in a restaurant near the Tremont Hotel when the storm broke. It began blowing a gale about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, but the wind did not reach an alarming height until about 4 o'clock. Myself and friends saw that it was going to be a storm of more than ordinary fury and started for the Tremont. The street was three feet deep in water and we got a carriage. We had to draw our feet up on the seats to keep out of the water.

“At 5 o'clock the wind was blowing a hurricane, and the water came over the sidewalk in front of the Tremont.

“The water in the street was full of telegraph poles, beer kegs,

experience. He came to the hotel and offered a hackman any price to go to his house after his family, but could not induce him to go. Failing in that, he started back home to his wife. That was 7 o'clock, and he did not manage to reach home, one-half mile away, until 2.30 in the morning. We found them all safe. We saw several bodies on Tremont street on the way there.

"The organization of relief work began at once. It was soon seen that there was no time for the identification of bodies, and the work of taking them to sea for burial began. Along the Gulf front for three blocks back there is not a house standing, and I could see only one or two on the Denver resurvey.

"There was a meeting of all the railroad men in Galveston at 9 o'clock Tuesday morning, at which it was arranged that freight would be handled through Houston and the Clinton tap to Clinton and by barge to Galveston. The Galveston, Houston and Henderson to handle passengers to Texas City and then to Galveston by the steamer Lawrence."

W. H. McGrath, general manager of the Dallas Electric Company, returned from Galveston yesterday. He said:

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE STREWN FOR MILES.

"No words can express the scenes of death and desolation. Nothing can be said that will convey the full meaning. I went over to Galveston in a schooner and came away as soon as possible. What they need there is not people, but ice, water and supplies. All along the shore of the bay for twelve miles inland are strewn pianos, sofas, chairs, tables paving blocks and all sorts of broken lumber and debris from Galveston.

"General Scurry detailed my party to bury the dead on a stretch of beach about two-and-one-half miles long. In that space we found fourteen bodies, all women and children but two. The hot sun beating down and the action of the water had caused decomposition to set in at once. They were horribly bloated, and the eyes and tongues protruding and the bosoms of the women bursting open.

"None of the corpses had any clothing upon them. One man

George Hall, a traveling man who lives at 133 Thomas avenue, this city, returned from Galveston yesterday morning, having passed through the terrible scenes enacted there during and after the storm. To a News representative he said last night :

"I arrived at Galveston Friday afternoon, and my wife and little girl were to come down Saturday. At noon Saturday I noticed that the storm, which had been blowing all the morning, was getting worse. At that time I went to the tower of the Tremont Hotel and saw the waves rolling in toward the land. I took just one look over the city and came down. The wind increased in violence from that on and the rain fell in sheets, and I sent a telegram to my wife and advised her to stop in Houston. I think that was the last telegram that was sent from the island, as a few moments afterwards the girl told me the wires had snapped. The storm was accompanied by no thunder or lightning.

CHILDREN CRYING AND WOMEN PRAYING.

"About 4 o'clock the people who were able to get conveyances began to come in from the residence districts. The hotel did not serve any supper. From 6 to 10 o'clock was the worst of the storm, and during that time there was about 1200 people in the house. We were just as nearly like rats in a wire cage as anything could be. At 10 o'clock the water was four feet deep in the office, and it was certain death to go out doors. We were in pitch darkness all the time, although some one had secured one candle and set it up in the dining-room. Children were crying and women praying and throwing their arms around the mens' knees and asking them to save them. It was certainly as horrible a night as any one ever put on earth. I have been on the road thirty years, have been in all parts of the world, have had many hairbreadth escapes, but they did not amount to a snap of the fingers besides this.

"We had one particularly hard gust that lasted about five minutes, and on looking at my watch I saw that was a little after 10 o'clock. At 12 o'clock it had died down considerably, and the water fell two feet in about twenty minutes.

"In the early morning we ventured out, although it rained

not knowing where relatives or children were scattered about the corridors in deepest distress. It was remarkable that so few of them gave any outward sign or cry. Sunday morning the water was gone out of the rotunda and it was ankle deep in mud. I went out Tremont street to Avenue N½, where I came to water. People were coming in toward the higher ground sick, wounded and homeless. One hundred men were sworn in by the Mayor Sunday morning as a guard and relief work began at once. I came out Monday morning on the Charlotte M. Allen. From her I saw a barge loaded with corpses going to sea for burial and another at the dock was being loaded. A passenger on the Allen counted fifty floating bodies in the bay on the way up to Virginia Point. We had to walk to Texas City Junction and I saw Galveston paving blocks on the prairie north of Texas City."

CAST UP BY THE HEAVY WAVES.

Officers Williams and Curly Smith stated that the body of a woman that had been buried at sea on the east end was washed ashore on the beach near the foot of Tremont street. Attached to the body was a large rock weighing about 200 pounds. The body was carried to a place back from the water's edge and placed in a grave.

While working with a gang of men clearing the wreckage of a large number of houses on Avenue O and Centre street to-day Mr. John Vincent found a live prairie dog locked in a drawer of a bureau. It was impossible to identify the house or the name of its former occupants, as several houses were piled together in a mass of brick and timber. The bureau was pulled out of the wreckage a few feet from the ground, where it had been buried beneath about ten feet of débris. The little animal seemed not to be worse for his experience of four days locked up in a drawer beneath a mountain of wreckage. It was taken home and fed by Mr. Vincent, who will hold the pet for its owner if the owner survived the storm.

Some idea of the extent of the destructive path of the hurricane can be got from a view of the beach front east of Tremont street. Standing on the high ridge of débris that marks the line

of devastation extending from the extreme west end to Tremont street an unobstructed view of the awful wreckage is presented.

Drawing a line on the map of the city from the centre of Tremont street and Avenue P straight to Broadway and Thirteenth street where stands the partly demolished Sacred Heart Church, all the territory south and east of this line is leveled to the ground. The ridge of wreckage of the several hundred buildings that graced this section before the storm marks this line as accurately as if staked out by a surveying instrument. Every building within the large area was razed by the wind or force of the raging waters, or both.

This territory embraces sixty-seven blocks and was a thickly populated district. Not a house withstood the storm and those that might have held together if dependent upon their own construction and foundations were buried beneath the stream of buildings and wreckage that swept like a wild sea from the east to the west, demolishing hundreds of homes and carrying the unfortunate inmates to their death either by drowning or from blows of the flying timbers and wreckage that filled the air.

WIND A HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR.

The strongest wind blew later in the evening, when it shifted to the southeast and attained a velocity of from 110 to 120 miles an hour. The exact velocity was not recorded, owing to the destruction of the wind gauge of the United States Weather Bureau after it had registered a 100-miles-an-hour blow for two minutes. This terrific southeast wind blew the sea of débris inland and piled it up in a hill ranging from ten to twenty feet high and marking the line of the storm's path along the southeastern edge of the island.

In one place near Tremont street and Avenue P four roofs and remnants of four houses are jammed within a space of about twenty-five feet square. Beneath this long ridge many hundred men, women and children were buried, and cattle, horses and dogs and other animals were piled together in one confused mass. While every house in the city or suburbs suffered more or less from the

Steele were killed. There are six houses standing. All the groceries at both places were damaged by water and these people are in great need of provisions, medicines and food for stock.

One old man was found this morning who stated that he had one hundred kinfolks in Galveston and he is the only survivor.

Galveston was a place where there were large families by intermarriage, many of which had been established when the city was but a village, fifty or more years ago. These had lived here and increased until a family of 100 was not improbable in the least. The case of this old man is probably an extreme one in the line of annihilation, but others have lost almost as heavily.

STEAMERS TORN FROM THEIR MOORINGS.

General Agent Denison was unable to give any definite information about the movements of steamers out of Galveston. There are now three here. The Alamo is aground on the north side of the channel, having been torn from her moorings at the wharf during the storm and swept to her present position.

Mr. Denison expressed the opinion that it might be possible that dredging would be necessary to relieve the steamer. The Comal arrived in port Monday and berthed at pier 26, but was unable to discharge much cargo. She moved down into the roads Wednesday afternoon, driven there because of the stench at the wharves and the impossibility of doing any business. The Sabine arrived this morning and also anchored in the roads to await an opportunity to discharge. The wharf is in bad shape for the handling of cargo, being wet and muddy and torn up in a good many places.

There was talk of urging Governor Sayers to call a special session of the Legislature to take action to relieve the situation at Galveston. This was done by Governor Culberson in 1897 in the case of El Paso, and is said to be sanctioned by the State Constitution. Representative Dudley G. Wooten, of Dallas, said:

“In regard to the necessity for a specially called session of the Legislature, it is difficult to speak intelligently unless we know all the conditions. So far as the immediate physical wants of the

There has never been in this country any other disaster to be compared with this. Where others have had to battle against wind or water, here the man and the woman and the child have found a dual foe—both wind and wave. Considering all the conditions and forces and dangers and dreadful results, it may be asserted without any word to modify the statement that this is the most grievous calamity of modern times.

TOO AWFUL FOR WORDS.

“It is a stunning blow to every Texan whose heart is in the right place. It is a calamity so dread that no one can afford to stop to consider himself or his own wounds. The duty which one owes to others comes first. Many are too far away from the scene of desolation and death to do anything; but they are not too far away to give something, and thus to help along the heartrending work which is now going on in Galveston and in other places along the coast. The work of uncovering bodies, of burying the dead, of supplying the needs of those who require assistance, is going on, and a beginning has been made in cleaning and clearing the city to prevent a general spread of sickness, which is sure to come unless this work is thoroughly done. This task will require a week more, possibly many weeks more.

“The removal of huge masses of bricks, stones, timber and decaying stock in large houses which have gone down is necessarily a slow business, yet this difficult task must be performed before even the work of burying the dead can be completed. From the ruins of some houses of this kind scores of bodies are yet to be taken. Unless ample help is procurable this task is almost a hopeless undertaking. It is in order to repeat that it is a duty which must be performed without delay. So far Texans have responded nobly. The same may be said of people the country over. The main purpose is to keep before all the fact that the service of sympathy and mercy must be continued for a little while if the victims of the storm are to be saved and succored.

“As an exchange says, the elements seem to have been wreaking vengeance on Texas this year. In April the Colorado and

CHAPTER XIII.

Refugees Continue the Terrible Story—Rigid Military Patrol —The City in Darkness at Night—Hungry and Ragged Throngs.

PERSONS who arrived in Dallas from Galveston not only confirmed all that had been said before or written about the disaster there, but gave more details of the horror. Each interview was more distressing than the one preceding it, and it seemed that even an approximate idea of the truth was yet to be given. Some accounts told of the deadly flood. Others told of the work of vandals and their speedy death at the hands of Uncle Sam's fighters, and of hunger and sickness, woe and misery.

Newt M. Smith, of Dallas, who was sent to Galveston by the local insurance men to assist in the relief of the needy brethren in that city, was one of those to return with important information.

"When we arrived in Houston we were informed that no one would be permitted on the train without a pass from Mayor Brash-ear, of Houston," he said. "We hunted the Mayor up and were told that 2000 passes had already been issued and that the train would carry only 800 people. We finally succeeded in getting on board without passes, some of the men climbing through the windows. Nearly all the dwellings and business houses of the small stations on the International and Great Northern between Houston and Galveston are either blown down or seriously damaged.

"At certain places along the railroad every telegraph pole was down for a distance of one-half or three-quarters of a mile, poles and wires being across the track. Some twelve or fifteen miles this side of the bay at one place I counted the carcasses of fourteen large cattle and horses that had drowned. Just before reaching Texas City Junction it was necessary for the passengers to abandon the train for the purpose of repairing and rebuilding a bridge across trestle which had washed away. Volunteers were called for

yell and shriek until it resembled the cry of an enraged animal. All sorts of missiles were flying through the air and clattering against the walls. Cornices, sections of tin and thousands of slates from the roofs were flying every way. The instinct to escape was strong among all in that depot, and it was suggested that we join hands and try to make our way up town. I told those who wanted to go that they would be killed with flying slate, and it was decided to stay.

“It is hard for men to sit still and do nothing when in mortal fear of their lives, and I saw men sit, clench their hands and set their teeth, and sweat breaking out all over them. It was an awful strain on the nerves. We reasoned that we were in as good a place as we could get, though no one expected to live through it.

OLD GENTLEMAN WITH BAROMETER.

“There was an old gentleman in the depot who seemed to be a scientist. He had a barometer with him, and every few minutes he would examine it by the solitary lantern that lit the room, and tell us it was still falling and the worst was yet to come. It was a dreadful thing to say, and some of the crowd did not like it, but the instrument seemed to be reliable. About 9 o'clock the old man examined it and announced that it stood at 27.90. I give the figures for the benefit of any one who wants to know the reading at the height of the storm. He announced to the crowd that we were gone and that nothing could exist in such a storm.

“At that time the hurricane was awful. Once in a while I could hear a muffled detonation, a sort of rumbling boom. I knew that it was a house falling, and it did not add to my comfort. There was no lightning or thunder, and at times the moon gave some light. The clouds did not appear to be up any distance, but to drag the ground.

“About 10 o'clock the old man looked at his instrument and gave a whoop of joy: ‘The worst has passed,’ he shouted. ‘We are all safe. The storm will soon be over.’ Few took in the full meaning of his words for the wind was still a hurricane. Within almost as many minutes it had risen ten points and we felt safe.

mittees are doing noble work on the island. The people of Galveston are rising to the occasion and I never saw braver, stronger-hearted or more intelligent men. It is wonderful the way they face the fearful disaster. They have made no mistakes.

“Some negroes were killed for looting, but since that time it has stopped. The work of cleaning up is being pushed as rapidly as possible. Every Galvestonian is confident that the city will rise from the disaster and sustain its commercial and industrial position.”

HON. MORRIS SHEPPARD'S ACCOUNT.

Hon. Morris Sheppard, son of Congressman John L. Sheppard, returned to Texarkana from Galveston, sound and well, though a little broken up from the shock. When seen he said concerning his experience in the Galveston storm:

“I had gone there to address the Woodmen Saturday night, but the weather got so bad I concluded to leave. I went to the Union Depot about 5 o'clock to catch a train that was to leave for Houston a little later. When the storm broke we all ran up stairs. There were about 100 men and three ladies, and all remained in one room for thirteen hours. While the storm was at its height and the waters were wildest a number of men in one corner of the room struck up the familiar hymn, ‘Jesus Lover of My Soul,’ and sang with great effect, especially the lines ‘While the nearer waters roll, while the tempest still is high,’ etc.

“We all expected death momentarily, yet nearly all seemed resigned; several actually slept. The wind ripped up the iron roof of the depot building as though it were paper. A wooden plank was driven through the iron hull of the Whitehall, a large English merchantman, whose captain said that in his experience of twenty-five years he had never before known such a fearful hurricane. One lady clung to her pet pug dog through it all, and landed him safely at Houston Monday morning. When daylight finally came, an old, gray-bearded man was seen near the building wading in water to his armpits. We hailed him and requested him to get us a boat. He turned upon us and cursed us with a perfect flood

the best building at his disposal. Relief is coming as rapidly as the crippled transportation facilities will admit. No one need fear, after seeing the brave and manly way in which these people are helping themselves, that too much outside aid will be given."

Reported dead several times, their obituaries printed in Galveston and Houston, Peter Boss, wife and son, formerly of Chicago, were found, after having passed through a most thrilling experience.

TRIED TO ESCAPE WITH HER MONEY.

Mrs. Boss' story of her experience in the disaster was a thrilling one. With her husband and son she was seated at supper in her home on Twelfth street when the storm broke. She seized a handkerchief containing \$2000 from a bureau, and, placing it in her bosom, went with her husband and the son to the second story.

There they remained until the water reached them and they leaped into the darkness and the storm. They lit on a wooden cistern upon which they rode the entire night, clinging with one hand to the top of the cistern. Several times Mrs. Boss lost her hold and fell back into the water, only to be drawn up again by her son. Timbers crashed against their queer boat, people on all sides of them were crushed to death or drawn into the whirling waters, but with grim perseverance the Boss family held on and rode the night out.

Mrs. Boss was pushed off the cistern several times by her excited husband, but young Boss' presence of mind always saved her. With her feet crushed and bleeding, her clothing torn from her body and nearly exhausted, the woman was finally taken from her perilous position several hours after the hurricane started.

Her companions were without clothing and were delirious. They were the only persons saved from the entire block in which they lived. They were taken to emergency hospitals, where they all tossed in delirium until Sunday. Mrs. Boss lost her money, and the family, wealthy a week before, was penniless. They had to appeal to the city authorities for aid, and got but little.

A Chicago journal established a Relief Bureau at Galveston, and sent thither a special commissioner who, under date of September 15, gave the following account :

“ I spent part of last night with the Chicago American Relief Bureau. I had no business there. The nurses and doctors had done all there was to do. They have worked like great big-spirited Trojans. The babies were all abed and asleep. The women were fed and the homeless and destitute men who had wandered in for shelter had been tucked away in the gallery and made as comfortable as possible.

A HEROIC LAD.

“ The gas was out in the great theatre, and a few candles shed a flickering light. A lad told this story: He lost every one on earth he loved and who loved him in the flood. He swam two miles and over with his little brother on his back, and then saw his brother killed by a piece of falling timber after they had reached dry land and what he supposed was safety.

“ He is sixteen years old, this boy of mine ; tall and strong in every way, and when he had dug a shallow grave in the sand for his little brother he went up and down the prairies and buried those he found. Alone in the declining sun, without food or water, impelled by some vague instinct to do something for some one, this boy did this, and yesterday they found him fainting in a field and brought him to us. We put him to bed, made him take a bowl of soup and gave him a bath.

“ He seemed perfectly amazed at the idea that any one should want to do anything for him. We only got his story out of him by persistent and earnest questioning. He said there was none to tell. Last night he was talking in his sleep.

“ ‘ That’s all right, Charley,’ he said over and over again. ‘ Brother won’t let you get hurt. Don’t you be scared, Charley, and I will save you!’ and he threw his arms out and about as if he was swimming.

“ Hour after hour he swam and hour after hour he comforted his little brother, and when I laid my hand on his forehead and he

“Mentally unbalanced by the suddenness and horror of their losses, men and women meet on the streets and compare their losses and then laugh the laugh of insanity as a newcomer joins the group and tells possibly of a loss greater than that of the others. Their laughter is something to chill the blood in the veins of the strongest men. They are maddened with sorrow, and do not realize their losses as they will when reason returns, if it ever returns.

“Some of them are absolute raving maniacs. One man, Charles Thompson, a gardener, as soon as he was out of personal danger that awful night, commenced rescuing women and children, and saved seventy people. He then lost his mind. Two policemen were detailed to capture him, but he heard them approaching and leaped from the third-story window of an adjoining building and escaped.

THE YOUNGEST NURSE.

“The Chicago Relief Corps has the youngest, and, considering her years, most efficient nurse among the hundreds engaged in relief work. She is Rosalea Glenn, eleven years old, a refugee from Morgan Point. Together with her mother, Mrs. Minnie F. Glenn, and two smaller children, she was received at the hospital last night.

“To-day Rosalea asked to be assigned to part of one of the wards. She astonished trained nurses by her cleverness, and her services proved as valuable as those of any one on the force. She is now the hospital pet. Her father is Albert W. Glenn, a boatman. The home of the Glenns was washed away, but the family were saved by a flight of seven miles into the country.

“Some of the advertisements in the Galveston News are very striking. Garbadee, Iban & Co. make this announcement: ‘Our help has generously volunteered to work to-day to assist the necessities of the flood sufferers. Our store will open from 9 A. M. until 5 P. M. Orders from the Relief Committee will be filled.’

CHAPTER XIV.

Dead Babes Floating in the Waters—Sharp Crack of Soldiers' Rifles—Tears Mingle With the Flood— Doctors and Nurses for the Sick and Dying.

ONE of the most harrowing experiences during the scene of destruction and death at Galveston was that of a young lady belonging to Elgin, Illinois. Stamped upon her mind until she shuddered and cried aloud, that she might forget all its horrors and terrible memories, Miss Pixley stood in the Dearborn Street Station and told of the Galveston flood. Surrounded by her relatives and friends who had given her up as dead, Miss Pixley, who was the first arrival from the storm swept district, told her story between outbursts of bitter tears.

“Oh, those eyes,” she cried, “that I might put them from my mind. I can see those little children, mere babies, go floating by my place of refuge, dead, dead! God alone knows the suffering I went through. Thousands, yes, thousands, of poor souls were carried over the brink of death in the twinkling of an eye, and I saw it all.”

MISS PIXLEY'S GRAPHIC STORY.

This is her story, as she told it: “I had been in Galveston for about six weeks, visiting Miss Lulu George, who lives on Thirty-fifth street. It was not until after the noon hour of Saturday that we were frightened. Buildings had gone down as mere egg shells before that death-dealing wind.

“About 1.30 o'clock I told Miss George that we must make our way to another building about half a block away. The water had risen over five feet in two hours, and as I hurried to the front door the wind tore down my hair and I was blinded for a time.

“I turned my eyes to the west and for three long miles there was not a building standing, everything had been swept away.

Reports show that three-fourths of the Velasco people lost their homes and four persons were drowned. Eight bodies were washed ashore at Surfside, supposed to be from Galveston. At Quintana 75 per cent. of the buildings are destroyed. No lives were lost there, though a number were injured. Velasco has hardly a house that will bear inspection. People are suffering for the necessities of life and many who are sick need medicines.

At Seabrooke, Texas, thirty-three out of thirty-four houses floated away and twenty-one people were drowned. At Hitchcock a large pile-driver of the Southern Pacific works at Galveston, and also a large barge partly laden with coal, are lying in the pear orchards several miles from the coast. Box cars, railway iron, drawbridges, houses, schooners and all conceivable things are lying over the prairie, some fifteen miles from their former location.

A TRAGIC WEDDING CEREMONY.

At the Tremont Hotel in Galveston a wedding occurred Thursday night, which was not attended with music and flowers and a gathering of merrymaking friends and relatives. Mrs. Brice Roberts had expected some day to marry Earnest Mayo. The storm which desolated so many homes deprived her of almost everything on earth—father, mother, sister and brother. She was left destitute. Her sweetheart, too, was a sufferer. He lost much of his possessions in Dickinson, but he stepped bravely forward and took his sweetheart to his home.

A pathetic story of the Galveston flood is that of Mrs. Mary Quayle, of Liverpool, England, who is now on her journey home. She had only been two days in the city with her husband when the storm came. She goes home, her husband dead, and herself a nervous wreck. Mr. and Mrs. Quayle had taken apartments in Lucas terrace, Galveston. During the storm Mr. Quayle went to a window, when a sudden burst of wind tore out the panes and sucked him, as it were, out of the house. Mrs. Quayle, in the rear of the room, was thrown against a wall and stunned. No trace of her husband's body has been found.

It will be a long time before many of the survivors of the Gal-

means of getting to the mainland, owing to the trouble with the owner of the boat.

“The sanitary conditions do not improve. Dr. Trueheart, chairman of the committee in charge of caring for the sick and injured, is going on with dispatch. More physicians are needed, and he requests that about thirty outside physicians come to Galveston and work for at least a month, and, if needed, longer. The city’s electric light service is completely destroyed, and the city electrician says it may be sixty days before the business portion can be lighted.

“A glorious and modern Galveston to be rebuilt in place of the old one, is the cry raised by the citizens, but it would seem a task beyond human power to ever remove the wreckage of the old city.

“The total number of people fed in the ten wards Saturday, the 15th, was 16,144. Sunday the number increased slightly. No accurate statement of the amount of supplies can be obtained as they are being put in the general stock as soon as received.”

“SEEMS LIKE AN AWFUL DREAM.”

Destitute save for a few personal effects carried in a small valise, and with nerves shattered by a week of horror, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Prutsman, with their two daughters, twelve and six years old, reached Chicago from the flood-swept district of Texas. They came direct from Galveston, via. Houston and St. Louis.

During all of one afternoon the little family sat at the Rock Island station waiting for a train to take them to Putnam, Ill., where Mrs. Prutsman has relatives. When it was learned that they were from Galveston, they were besieged with questions concerning the details of the terrible storm. Crowds of waiting passengers flocked about them, and they told the gruesome story over and over.

“Yes, we were fortunate,” said Mrs. Prutsman, as she leaned wearily back in a rocking chair, and tenderly contemplated the two children at her side. “It seems to me just like an awful dream, and when I think of the hundreds and hundreds of children who

were killed right before our very eyes, I feel as though I always ought to be satisfied no matter what comes."

Mr. Prutsman said: "The reports from Galveston are not half as appalling as the situation really is. We left the fated city Wednesday afternoon, going by boat to Texas City, and by rail to Houston. The condition of Galveston at that time, while showing an improvement, was awful, and never shall I forget the terrible scenes that met our eyes as the boat on which we left steamed out of the harbor. There were bodies on all sides of us. In some places they were piled six and seven deep, and the stench horrible.

"I resided with my family fourteen blocks away from the beach, yet my house was swept away at 5 P.M. Saturday, and with it went everything we had in the world. Fifteen minutes before I took my wife and children to the courthouse and we were saved, along with about 1,000 others who sought refuge there. When we went through the streets the water was up to our arms and we carried the children on our heads.

WOMAN SHOT TO END HER SUFFERING.

"I assisted for several days in the work of rescue. In one pile of debris we found a woman who seemed to have escaped the flood, but who was injured and pinned down so she could not escape. A guard came along, and, after failing to rescue her, deliberately shot her to end her misery.

"The streets present a gruesome appearance. Every available wagon and vehicle in the city is being used to transport the dead, and it is no uncommon thing to see a load of bodies ten deep. The stench in the city is nauseating. Since the flood the only water that could be used for drinking purposes was in cisterns, and it has become tainted with the slime and filth that covers the city until it is little better than no water at all.

"Since the city was placed under martial law conditions have been much better and there is little lawlessness. The soldiers have shown no quarter and have orders to shoot on sight. This has had a wonderful effect on the disreputable characters who have flocked into the city.

tion and furniture was an experience so horrible that a small proportion of those who started are here this morning.

“A caboose and engine are standing just above this place. In it are four train men all crippled and sick, only one of them being able to get about. With them are a father and son, the remainder of a party of eight who tried to cross the bay Saturday. A half mile farther down, or a hundred yards from the bay, is another engine and caboose, in it a family of six, four of them small children, are congregated. They lived at this place and had a hard fight for their lives. They are caring for a switchman, who will live only a few hours. They are in a destitute condition.

REFUGEES CRAZED BY THEIR SUFFERINGS.

“Refugees from Galveston tell awful tales of suffering and death, and in every case that came to my notice are in such mental state that there can be no reliable facts obtained from them. The only newspaper man who has got into Galveston came out last night deathly sick, and would not stop when hailed.

“Thieves have been robbing the bodies as they came ashore. One man was caught last night and will be taken to Galveston to-day. When searched, a baby's finger was found with a ring on it. He afterwards gave the hiding place of articles and money and much jewelry was found. A cry of “lynch him” met with little favor; enough death is here.

“Frantic refugees from Galveston gave vent to all sorts of invectives against the world in general and Houston (fifty miles north) in particular, for what they believe to be dilatoriness in relief work. It does not seem that more could have been done in one day. Almost nothing has been done.

“Some in their frenzy blaspheme their God for not preventing such a catastrophe. Two relief boats are to leave shortly but only enough men to man them will be allowed to accompany them. There is no shelter here except the two cars mentioned. Box cars were strewn along the west side of the railroad grade for two miles from this point.”

CHAPTER XV.

Family in a Tree-Top All Night—Rescue of the Perishing— Railroad Trains Hurrying Forward with Relief— Pathetic Scenes in the Desolate City.

AFTER suffering untold privations for over a week on Bolivar peninsula, an isolated neck of land extending into Galveston bay a few miles from the east end of Galveston island, the Rev. L. P. Davis, wife and five young children reached Houston, famished, penniless and nearly naked, but overcome with amazement and joy at their miraculous delivery from what seemed to them certain death.

Wind and water wrecked their home, annihilated their neighbors and destroyed every particle of food for miles around, yet they passed through the terrible days and nights raising their voices above the shriek of the wind in singing hymns and in prayer. And through it all not one member of the family was injured to the extent of even a scratch.

When the hurricane struck the Rev. Mr. Davis' home at Patton Beach the water rose so fast that it was pouring into the windows before the members of the family realized their danger. Rushing out Mr. Davis hitched his team and placing his wife and children into a wagon started for a place of safety. Before they had left his yard another family of refugees drove up to ask assistance, only to be upset by the waves before his very eyes. With difficulty the party was saved from drowning, and when safe in the Davis wagon were half floated, half drawn by the team to a grove.

With clotheslines Mr. Davis lashed his 12 and 14 year old boys in a tree. One younger child he secured with the chain of his wagon, and lifting his wife into another tree he climbed beside her.

While the hurricane raged above and a sea of water dashed wildly below, Mrs. Davis clung to her 6-month-old babe with one

the starlight. A little farther on we saw a group of strange driftwood. We looked closer and found it to be a mass of wooden slabs, with names and dates cut upon them, and floating on top of them were marble stones, two of them.

DEAD WASHED FROM THEIR GRAVES.

“The graveyard, which has held the sleeping citizens of Galveston for many, many years, was giving up its dead. We pulled up at a little wharf in the hush of the starlight; there were no lights anywhere in the city except a few scattered lamps shining from a few desolate, half-destroyed houses. We picked our way up the street. The ground was slimy with the debris of the sea.

“We climbed over wreckage and picked our way through heaps of rubbish. The terrible, sickening odor almost overcame us, and it was all that I could do to shut my teeth and get through the streets somehow. The soldiers were camping on the wharf front, lying stretched out on the wet sand, the hideous, hideous sand, stained and streaked in the starlight with dark and cruel blotches. They challenged us, but the marshal took us through under his protection. At every street corner there was a guard, and every guard wore a six-shooter strapped around his waist.

“We got to the hotel after some terrible nightmare fashion, plodding through dim streets like a line of forlorn ghosts in a half-forgotten dream. General McKibben, commander in charge of the Texas Division, was in the hotel parlor reading dispatches. He was horrified to see me.

“How in the world did you get here?” he said. “I would not let any woman belonging to me come into this place of horror for all the money in America.

OLD SOLDIER SHUDDERED AT THE SIGHTS.

“I am an old soldier, madame. I have seen many battlefields, but let me tell you that since I rode across the bay the other night and helped the man at the boat steer to keep away from the floating bodies of dead women and little children I have not slept

the most part with astonishing calmness. A woman told me that she and her husband went into the kitchen and climbed upon the kitchen table to get away from the waves, and that she knelt there and prayed.

“As she prayed, the storm came in and carried the whole house away, and her husband with it, and yesterday she went out to the place where her husband had been, and there was nothing there but a little hole in the ground.

“Her husband’s body was found twisted in the branches of a tree, half a mile from the place where she last saw him. She recognized him by a locket he had around his neck—the locket she gave him before they were married. It had her picture and a lock of the baby’s hair in it. The woman told me all this without a tear or trace of emotion. No one cries here.

“They will stand and tell the most hideous stories, stories that would turn the blood in the veins of a human machine cold with horror, without the quiver of an eye lid. A man sat in the telegraph office and told me how he had lost two Jersey cows and some chickens.

“THEY WERE ALL DROWNED.”

“He went into minute particulars, told how his house was built and what it cost, and how it was strengthened and made firm against the weather. He told me how the storm had come and swept it all away, and how he had climbed over a mass of wabbling roofs and found a friend lying in the curve of a big roof, in the stoutest part of the tide, and how they two had grasped each other and what they said.

“He told me just how much his cows cost, and why he was so fond of them, and how hard he had tried to save them, but I said: “You have saved yourself and your family; you ought not to complain.”

“The man stared at me with blank, unseeing eyes. “Why, I did not save my family.” He said. “They were all drowned. I thought you knew that; I don’t talk very much about it.”

“The hideous horror of the whole thing has benumbed every

scenes following the storm which up to now have been untold. Accounts of personal experiences are just becoming available, and the narration of the different stories is like a long, hideous dream.

“Quartered in the Chicago hospital in the Auditorium Theatre are persons whose minds were a blank all the week until the ministering of the “Chicago American’s” nurses and physicians restored, at least partly, the shattered nerves and senses. During this morning’s early hours these unfortunates related their awful experiences.

“The story of Thomas Klee was possibly the most pitiful. Klee lived near Eleventh and N streets. When the storm burst he was alone in his house with his two infant children. He seized one under each arm and rushed from the frail structure in time to cheat death among the falling timbers of his home.

LODGED HIS CHILD IN A TREE.

“Once in the open, with his babies under his arms, he was swept into the bay among hundreds of others. He held to his precious burden and by skillful manœuvring managed to get close to a tree which was sweeping along with the tide. He saw a haven in the branches of the tree and raised his two-year-old daughter to place her in the branches. As he did so the little one was torn from his arm and carried away to her death.

“The awful blow stunned, but did not render senseless. Klee retained his hold on the other child, aged four years, and was whirled along among the dying and dead victims of the storm’s fury, hoping to effect a landing somewhere. An hour in the water brought the desired end. He was thrown ashore, with wreckage and corpses, and, stumbling to a footing, lifted his son to a level with his face. The boy was dead.

“Klee remembered nothing until last night, when he was put ashore in Texas City. He had a slight recollection of helping to bury dead, clear away debris and obey the command of soldiers. His brain, however, did not execute its functions until early to-day in the hospital.

much inferior that Paul's inclosed it, left it out of sight. There is no sorrow or affliction or pain or death but it worketh out in God's hands a greater good.

“The disaster at Galveston fills me with terror. It was a lovely city; its people kind-hearted and enterprising. The destruction of that city so suddenly was God's doing, and consequently it must be for good. It was His doing and what He does is right. The hurricane was the necessary outcome of all the working laws of God. He sent it and it must be for good. We can not understand that; we sit back in our heart's darkness and say, ‘God is wrong; He is not governing the universe.’

BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

“The people who now live in Galveston will be better all their lives. This experience has deepened their natures, enriched their sympathies, enlarged the boundaries of their feelings, and the people of that city will be blessed by that awful experience. They are going to be better inspired, more loving toward others, more affectionate toward each other, and they are going to be different men even without their riches, for riches do not make good men. The people of Galveston have been taught that there is something more than dollars in this world. The rich will now feel what it is to be poor. It does man good to feel the depths of life. Many of the survivors will thank God they have to begin life over again.

“This great calamity is good also in that it arouses the sympathies of the whole country. When it arouses the sympathies of many tens of thousands it must be a gigantic force to work out an ultimate good. Just think when they begin to build the city again! How many will be benefited? They will order lumber from the North, where the suffering people are waiting for the order. They will order millions of dollars worth of goods from Philadelphia, and there are poor people here waiting for that work. When you consider how that disaster locally is going to bless so many people outwardly, then the measure of its good may be far greater than the measure of its evil.”

The admirable courage and determination with which the survivors faced the terrible situation are well expressed in the following editorial of a leading journal :

“While the catastrophe at Galveston is calling forth proofs of sympathy and a spirit of practical helpfulness on every hand, the people of Galveston themselves are giving the world an equally notable proof of courage and sturdy resolution. The situation as it has developed from day to day has afforded a striking evidence of their ability to pull themselves together and prepare to face the future. The conditions which they had to confront on the days immediately following the catastrophe, when they were cut off even from communication of the outer world and were alone in their knowledge of the extent of the calamity, must have been appalling beyond conception.

NO WEAK FIBRE IN GALVESTON PEOPLE.

“Stunned by a disaster in which individual griefs were lost in a common horror and the presence of death on all sides made the finding of the dead an incident of commonplace, they could scarcely have been expected to act with energy, organization or promptitude. The blow sustained by the city must have seemed irreparable.

“Irreparable it would have been if the Galveston men and women had been of weaker fiber. It stands to their credit that as soon as the clear comprehension of their misfortune came to them they faced it resolutely, and pushing aside individual griefs, set themselves to protect those who were still living. They recognized the futility of lamentation, and the necessity of foregoing the rites and formalities which men hold to be sacred obligations to the dead. Now that the worst part of their terrible task is over, the reports indicate that they are setting themselves in the same spirit to the work of rebuilding Galveston and making of it such a city as it had never before been expected to be.

“There is no more talk about abandoning the site or allowing the city to pass into a stage of decadence. The town is to be rebuilt, from its ruins, and it is not merely to be rebuilt but

CHAPTER XVI.

Startling Havoc Made by the Angry Storm—Vessels Far Out on the Prairie—Urgent Call for Millions of Dollars—Tangled Wires and Mountains of Wreckage.

COLONEL "BILL" STERRETT, a well-known publisher of Austin, went to Galveston after the storm and the sights he saw during his stay there are thus described by him :

"How to commence the story bothers. Whether to start out with the absolute truth and wind the sheet about the whole thing with the simple expression 'unspeakable' or to go on and hint the details inexpressibly sad, intimate the horrors, is the question.

"It would be better for the heart if a veil could fall from heaven and conceal what it has done. It would be better if a fog, thick, like a wall, should come up between the sea and the land that the latter might never see the crime of the former. For if calm humanity shrieked against the awfulness of the one element, it has done it now.

"The broad pampa between Houston and Galveston had been flooded. The towns which in the last ten years had grown were scared and torn by this fiend. Its anger was shown in pastures as well as in towns, and yet none knew the fury of it. There were reports of destruction further on, and the truth of them impressed each man in the cars as the cars counted off its rattleteteck in toll-off the miles.

"Against a barbed wire fence the bloated carcasses of cattle had floated, their swollen limbs stiff toward the sky, and yet others browsed around in the meadow now which was a roaring sea but four days ago. The sight was the first he saw of death, and every man in the car, as to avoid the fear that arose in the mind of each, began to express wonder how this could be, that is, that some of these poor brutes were dead and others living. There were vessels of all tonnage, kinds and degrees on the prairie.

"Out there was a tramp steamship, the other way was the

“There were no burial services. The men who did work were simply doing what they could to relieve the air of them. They were not gentle, but how could they be gentle, when the bodies lay there with their black faces, with their terribly swollen tongues and the odor of decomposition threatening those who lived?

“In the debris from Galveston was everything. I was struck with the idea that this must have impressed the people that the world had come to an end. For twenty-five miles on the land into the interior this disorderly element raged. It destroyed and it mangled, and when it ceased really the sea had given up its dead and the secrets of life were revealed, for walking among the debris I found a trunk. It had been broken open by the waves.

“Letters were blurred by the waves. I picked up one, and it began, ‘My darling little wife,’ and I closed it and threw it among its fellows on the drift. She was dead. She had kept this letter. Their sacred relations were exposed by this terror to those who would read them. There were dozens of men who picked up those letters. No one read them, for man is not so bad after all.

WRINGING THEIR HANDS IN AGONY.

“Two women—I talked to them—had left two children each in Galveston in the destroyed district, and they sat through that whole five hours’ trip wringing their hands and trying to curb the volcano of lamentation which lies in the mother’s heart when those of her flesh are imperiled or dead.

“We passed corpses. We passed the corpses of men and women and children. The moon was out, floating real brilliantly, and the boat cut past, barely missing a woman with her face turned toward God and the sky. I fervently prayed I might never see the like again. And when we reached the wharf, torn and skinned so that we had to creep to land, I saw beneath me, white and naked seven bodies.

“My very soul turned cold at the grewsome sight. Horrible! The contemplation of it yet makes me sick, though I have seen things since then that make me and would make the world sick, if I were able to describe them, unto death.”

in which was stored during the season cotton seed oil, at the foot of Fifteenth street, was blown to Twenty-first street, a distance of six blocks. It landed on its bottom and rests now in an upright position. It is a large tank and heavy, but the elements got the better of it.

RESCUED TWO BABES FROM DEATH.

Ray Ayers, an eight year old boy, unwittingly rescued his sister's two babies during the flood. He was floating on a raft in Galveston when he passed a box with the two children in it. He siezed them, but the weight was too heavy for his raft, and so he placed them on two bales of hay on top of a floating shed. When he found his sister he learned that her children were lost, and when a searching party discovered them, they were still sleeping, unconscious of their danger.

James Battersole, of Galveston, was one of the men who were carried far out to sea during the storm, whirled back again in the rush of waters, and lived to tell of it. The roof of his house, on which he had sought refuge, served as his raft, and the spot on which he landed was very close to the location his house had formerly occupied.

Margaret Lee's life was saved at the expense of her brother's. The woman was in he Twelfth street home, in Galveston, when the hurricane struck. Her brother seized her and guided her to St. Mary's University, a short distance away. He returned to search for his son, and was killed by a falling house.

While George Boyer, of Galveston, was being carried with frightful velocity down the bay he saw the dead face of his wife in the branches of a tree. The woman had been wedged firmly between two branches.

Mrs. P. Watkins is a raving maniac as the result of her experience. With her two children and her mother she was drifting on a roof, when her mother and one child were swept away. Mrs. Watkins mistakes attendants in the hospital for her lost relatives, and clutches wildly for them.

Harry Steele, a cotton man, and his wife sought safety in

three successive houses, which were demolished. They eventually climbed on a floating door and were saved.

Though separated by the storm and washed in different directions all the members of the Stubbs family, of Galveston, were rescued. Father, mother and two children were on a floating roof that broke in pieces. The father, with one child, went one way. The mother went another, and the remaining children went in still a third direction. Sunday evening all four were reunited.

L. F. Menage, of Austin, who returned from Galveston Friday night, reached the Tremont Hotel, Galveston, the Friday evening before the terrible storm began. He says it has been the most terrible week in his experience, the most awful two days a man could imagine were the Sunday and Monday succeeding the hurricane.

“ALL GONE!—ALL GONE!”

“One man would ask another how his family had come out,” said Mr. Menage last night, “and the answer would be indifferent and hard—almost offish: ‘Oh, all gone.’ ‘All gone’ was the phrase on all sides.

“The night before the disaster, when I reached the hotel, it was blowing rather hard, and the clerk said we were in for a storm, and I asked him if his roof was firmly fixed, and he said, ‘Well, it won’t be quite as bad as that,’ but by the next night at the same time there was three feet of water in the rotunda and the skylight had fallen in and the servants’ annex been blown to pieces, and the place was crowded with refugees who arrived from all points of the city in boats. Saturday night there was little sleep, yet no one realized the extent of the disaster.

“On Sunday morning one could walk on the higher streets, so quickly had the water gone down. I took a walk along the beach, and the place was one great litter of overturned houses, debris of all kinds and corpses. I met one woman who burst into tears at sight of a small rocker, her property, mixed in among the wreckage. She had lost all her family in the flood. People were for the most part bereft of their senses from the horror, and a single

in accordance with plans adopted prior to the storm. He received assurances that the storm would in no way affect the construction of the sewerage system, and as soon as possible work would commence.

W. B. Groseclose, assistant general freight agent of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, reached Galveston this evening. He says the road will commence to receive grain for shipment to Galveston on September 22. A large force of men is engaged repairing one of the railroad bridges across Galveston Bay.

A force of Deputy United States Marshals under Marshal Grant is guarding the entrance to Galveston, at Texas City, and keeping away all persons who can show no good cause for coming here. Crowds are daily leaving the city, a majority being women and children. The city is still under martial law, and will remain so indefinitely. Idlers and sightseers who elude the guards on the mainland are upon their arrival here pressed into the street service.

SOME ACCOUNT OF CLARA BARTON.

Galveston, Tex., September 18.—Clara Barton, President of the Red Cross Society, who came here to distribute relief supplies, was stricken down at her work to-day while ministering to the victims of the Galveston storm. She succumbed, like a soldier, at her post. To-night she lies seriously ill at the Tremont Hotel.

She was stricken at a conference in her rooms at the Tremont, with her staff of nine gathered about her. She had just finished an outline of her work, assigning each member of her staff to the particular part of the work that one was to do. Suddenly she ceased speaking. Turning to Mrs. Ellen Spencer Mussey, Vice-President of the Red Cross, who sat at her side, she whispered:

“Begin talking. I am going to faint. Don't let them see.”

Miss Barton leaned back in her chair and Mrs. Mussey arose, and, standing before her, began speaking. Without a sign to the others Mrs. Mussey finished what she had to say and then dismissed the conference.

Galveston people arose with heavy hearts this morning. Thou-

At that time no one had gone from the outside to Galveston, not even newspaper men. Galveston was practically cut off from the outside world. The scores of people hurrying to Houston with the desire of getting to Galveston by the railroad and boats plying between there and that city could not make the trip.

The representative endeavored to charter a tug to send a photographer and some newspaper men through, but the captain refused to go.

CAPTAIN WOULD NOT RISK THE TRIP.

"I will sell you my boat," he said, "but neither myself nor my men will risk the trip."

By putting several thousand men at work all day Monday and Monday night one railroad line was put in condition for a train to go from Houston to Texas City, six miles from Galveston, the island being across the bay.

This, the first train out of Houston, was to leave early Tuesday morning. The news of its intended departure spread to all parts of the country. Hundreds of grief-stricken, bewildered people, nearly crazed with anxiety for relatives in the storm-swept country, stayed up all night, with the hope of getting into Galveston. The railroad men let all that they could possibly stow away in the coaches get on board, telling them in advance, however, that no one would be able to get from Texas City to Galveston.

Arriving there with the train was the special photographer of the newspaper with his camera. When this crowd of men and women reached Texas City they found no means of riding further.

The only possible way to make the perilous trip was to walk to Virginia Point, two miles away, and this was across the marsh filled with débris and bodies from the Galveston wreck. The photographer and the ten other men attempted the task. They were nearly exhausted when the two miles were finished. They had taken off their shoes and walked up to their waists in water. Their feet were bruised. The photographer carefully kept his camera from coming in contact with the water, however, and got several graphic views when he reached the place.

here. Mayor Jones, for instance, said to-day: "Chicago people are the best kind of friends to have when one is in trouble. We cannot express our thanks to them. We will show by our future what their help has meant to us. Like Chicago we will rise above all disaster and rebuild our city better than it has ever been before."

Eleven hundred tents were received to-day by the Board of Health. All except 300, which were retained for the marine hospital on the beach, have been distributed to the homeless in the different wards.

Miss Clara Barton is giving her time and attention to assisting in the work of relief and ascertaining what supplies are necessary to meet the exigencies of the situation.

NUMEROUS CASES OF INSANITY.

The city takes on more of the appearance of a business place each day. To-day horse cars are running downtown, while there is both water and electric service in limited portions of the city. Telephone communication has been opened with Houston, and both of the telegraph companies have greatly improved their service. All the railroad companies announce they will have trains into the city inside of three days, although at first only trains with construction material may risk the trip across the repaired bridge. The Santa Fé Road expects its first train on Thursday.

A systematic effort was begun this morning to obtain the names of the dead, so that the information can be used for legal purposes and for life insurance settlements. Sworn statements from witnesses of death are being recorded, and communication with people with information who have left the city is being opened.

There are numerous cases of insanity in Galveston as a result of the terrible bereavements sustained by the survivors. Judge John J. Reagan, a prominent lawyer, is at the Masonic relief station in a pitiable condition. Judge Reagan lost every relative he had in Galveston. He sits hour by hour in pathetic silence. Then he bursts out laughing, and his laughter is followed by tears.

There are now about 200 soldiers in Galveston doing police

CHAPTER XVII.

Governor Sayres Revises His Estimate of Those Lost and Makes it 12,000—A Multitude of the Destitute—Abundant Supplies and Vast Work of Distribution.

GOVERNOR SAYRES issued a statement September 19th, in which he said in part: "The loss of life occasioned by the storm in Galveston and elsewhere on the southern coast cannot be less than 12,000 lives, while the loss of property will probably aggregate \$20,000,000. Notwithstanding this severe affliction, I have every confidence that the stricken districts will rapidly revive, and that Galveston will, from her present desolation and sorrow, arise with renewed strength and vigor."

Speaking further of the situation at Galveston, the Governor said: "I look for the rebuilding of Galveston to be well under way by the latter part of this week. The work of cleaning the city of unhealthful refuse and burying the dead will have been completed by that time, and all the available labor in the city can be applied to the rebuilding.

"If the laboring people of Galveston will only get to work in earnest, prosperity will soon again smile on the city. Arrangements have been made to pay all the laborers working under the direction of the military authorities \$1.50 and rations for every day they have worked or will work. An account has been kept of all work done, and no laborer will lose one day's pay.

"The money and food contributions coming from a generous people have been a great help to the people of Galveston, as it has relieved them of the necessity of spending their money to support the needy, and it can now be applied to the improvement of their own property and putting again on foot their business enterprises.

"Five dollars a day is being offered to the mechanics who will come to Galveston, and with the assurance from reputable

"I'm not afraid of another storm," said a clerk in one of the principal stores. "But I'm sick and tired of the whole business."

The Southwestern Telephone and Telegraph Company, which is a branch of the Erie system, will rebuild its telephone system here. "This will take us three months, and in the meantime we will give no service save long-distance," said D. McReynolds, superintendent of construction. "We will install a central emergency system the same as that in Chicago and put all wires underground. We will employ five hundred men if necessary to do the work in ninety days. The company's losses in Texas are \$300,000—\$200,000 here, \$60,000 at Houston and the rest at other points."

Residents here are greatly pleased at this announcement, as it shows the confidence of a foreign company in the future of Galveston.

ONLY ONE WHO ESCAPED.

Cooped up in a house that collapsed after being carried along by a deluge of water, John Elford, brother of A. B. Elford, Chicago, his wife and little grandson, met death in the flood during the Galveston storm. Milton, son of John Elford, was in the building with the family at the time, and is the only one of the many occupants, including fifteen women, that is known to have escaped.

A. B. Elford was dumbfounded when he received the first information of the disaster, for he had no idea of his brother being in Texas. John Elford was a retired farmer and merchant of Langdon, N. D. He recently had taken his family on a trip to old and New Mexico. Mr. Elford yesterday received the following letter from Langdon, N. D. :

"We have just received a letter from Milton. Father, mother, Dwight and Milton went to Galveston from Mineral Springs, Texas, where they had previously been stopping. They were so delighted with Galveston on reaching there that they sold their return tickets and decided to remain about two months. They were at first in a house near the beach, but moved farther away and to a larger and stronger house when the water began to rise.

"All at once the water came down the street, bringing houses

city must be rebuilt. It is the only outlet worthy the name on the Gulf west of New Orleans. The government spent \$6,000,000 to make a thirty-foot harbor there, and the shipping is so extensive that rebuilding the wrecked portions of the city is imperative."

A tale of self sacrifice comes from the western part of the city. A young man by the name of Wash Masterson heard the cries of some people outside. They were calling for a rope. He had no rope, but improvised one from bed sheets, and started out to find the people who were calling. The wind and water soon tore his rope to shreds and he had to return to the house, where he made another and stronger rope.

THE CRIES OF THE PEOPLE.

The cries of the people still filled his ears. He went out a second time and after being gone for what seemed an hour or more to those who were waiting he returned with the people. They had clung to the branches of a salt cedar tree. Mr. Masterson was not satisfied with that, but went out for other people immediately, the water having begun to fall about that time, and worked all night.

A little black dog stood barking over a sand hill in the west end beyond Woollam's lake. Those who endeavored to stop his barking by driving him away did not succeed for he returned as soon as they ceased their attempts. It was suggested that he was guarding a body, but others scouted the idea.

Finally they dug beneath the spot where the dog stood, and there they found the remains of a young girl whom they identified by the rings she wore as Miss Lena Everhart, a popular little lady, well known both in Galveston and Dallas. This whole family, with the exception of one son, Elmer Everhart, and a daughter, Mrs. Robert Brown, who lives near Dickinson and was there at the time, was lost. The father ran a dairy just southwest of Woollam's lake.

At Twelfth and Sealy avenue there lived a colored man and his wife. There was a grocery on the corner and those who

weathered the storm report that he stood near the beer keg in the bar room of the grocery drinking steadily until he was swept away, his idea evidently being to destroy consciousness before the storm did it for him. His body was picked out of a pile of debris between Twelfth and Thirteenth on Sealy avenue.

The Catholic Orphans' Home on the beach at the west end of the city went some time after 5:30 o'clock Saturday evening. Mr. Harry Gray, who lived in Kinkead subdivision, just beyond the city limits, was compelled to leave his house at that hour and says the home was standing then. Now not a vestige of it remains. Eight nuns and all but one of ninety-five children were lost. This child, a little tot, was found on the north side of the island in a tree. "I'se been 'seep," he lisped. "My head was in de water."

MR. GRAY'S STORY.

Mr. Gray's story is interesting. His house fell and he fought his way out with a wife who was just out of a sick bed. He managed to get to the next house with her. This was the home of Ed. Hunter. That house went between 6.30 and 7, and the Hunter family was lost. Mr. Gray caught a transom, put the arm of his wife through it, and soon found that the transom belonged to the side of the house, about 20x20 feet in size. It was nothing but the side of the house made of ordinary siding and studding. He swung onto this and even now does not understand how it stood up under them.

All the time he kept telling his wife to hold onto him, and this she did. Along in the night the raft struck a tree and was swept from under them. Gray caught a limb with his wife still clinging to him. By this time he was almost completely exhausted but he managed by a hundred successive efforts to get his wife into the tree.

A little later a colored man was seen coming through the water. Gray called to him to take to the lower limbs and not come higher, for he was afraid the tree with three people on it would be made top-heavy. When daylight came he took his wife in his arms and told the negro to go ahead for a house they saw

anything to eat because the woman in the house had nothing herself.

So they came on toward the city, but it was a long, hard pull through wet sand, and hungry and faint for the want of fresh water and food. They brought up at a house that had gone through the storm, was partly demolished and at the back of which was another house supporting it. There they remained during Sunday night, and were afraid every minute that the force of the little blow that came up during the night would demolish the place of refuge. But it stood, and in the morning they started on, reaching the home of young Murney during the day. There they got food and dry clothes. The other two boys were taken to the infirmary, where they are being cared for.

NEW FEATURES OF THE CALAMITY.

Another account is as follows and contains new pictures of the scene :

The elements, which had been cutting up didoes and blowing every which way during the preceding twenty-four hours, got down to it in earnest fashion Saturday morning, when a strong wind, accompanied by rain, which first came in great splashing drops which one could almost dodge, but afterwards became a hard, driving rain, began to get in its work.

Along the bay front the waves rose higher and higher and tossed about the small craft anchored in the slips like cockle shells. Striking the bulkheading of the wharves with mighty force the waves broke into clouds of spray, which leaped over the wharves and drenched the men whom duty or curiosity caused to be in that neighborhood.

Although the wind was in the north, a heavy sea was running and the breakers rolled up the beach with angry roars. The little bath houses on wheels scattered along the beach were picked up by the great waves and dashed against the row of little, flimsy structures along the Midway and piled up against them in uneven stacks. Early in the forenoon the Midway presented a picture almost of desolation, filled as it was with debris from the small

platforms, stairways and landings along the beach front, which had been carried away and washed up by the sea. At times the waves would recede, leaving the beach almost bare of water, and then, as if gathering force anew they would sweep in, rolling several feet high, passing over the shelving beach, lapping over tracks of the street railway and gushing the water into avenue R.

Early in the forenoon the waves were leaping at times over the trestle work of the street railway along the beach front, making it impossible to operate the cars around the belt, as the water would have burned out the motors. The cars were therefore operated between town and the Gulf on the double tracks of either side of the belt line. A little later in the forenoon the waves undermined the track at Twenty-fourth street and avenue R. They washed under the little Midway houses on the south side of avenue R, which were built on piling, and in places carried away the sidewalks in front of the buildings, which were not thus supported.

THE ANGER OF THE SEA.

The platform which supported the photograph gallery at the Pagoda bath house was washed away. This was not a part of the original structure, and was not as strongly built as the remainder of the bath house. The bath house proper and its pier, extending out to sea, were not at that time (Saturday noon) disturbed by the waves, although the high rollers at times dashed so near the flooring of this and the other bath houses that it looked like a rise of a few inches would punch up the flooring.

The scene at the beach was grand. The sea in its anger was a sight beautiful, though awe-inspiring, to behold. Notwithstanding the wind and the driving rain, thousands of people went to the beach to behold the maddened sea, and the street cars were kept quite busy. Down town, during the early morning, when the rain was not so heavy, there seemed no apparent necessity for getting into rainy day garb to make this trip to the beach, and many people went out in their best bibs and tuckers, to their sorrow. Well dressed men and women disembarked from the cars at the beach and picked their way amid swirling pools of

CHAPTER XVIII.

An Island of Desolation—Crumbling Walls—Faces White With Agony—Tales of Dismay and Death—Curious Sights.

ONE of the most graphic and thrilling accounts of the overwhelming calamity is contained in the following pages. It is from the brilliant pen of a visitor to the city and eye-witness of the awful ruin :

The story of Galveston's tragedy can never be written as it is. Since the cataclysm of Saturday night, a force of faithful men have been struggling to convey to humanity from time to time some of the particulars of the tragedy. They have told much, but it was impossible for them to tell all, and the world, at best, can never know all, for the thousands of tragedies written by the storm must forever remain mysteries until eternity shall reveal all. Perhaps it were best that it should be so, for the horror and anguish of those fatal and fateful hours were mercifully lost in the screaming tempest and buried forever beneath the raging billows. Only God knows, and for the rest let it remain forever in the boundlessness of His omniscience. But in the realm of finity, the weak and staggered senses of mankind may gather fragments of the disaster, and may strive with inevitable incompleteness to convey the merest impression of the saddest story which ever engaged the efforts of a reporter.

Galveston ! The mournful dirges of the breakers which lash the beach can not in the remaining centuries of the world give expression to the sorrow and woe which throbs here to-day ; and if the sobbing waves and sighing winds, God's great funeral choir, fail, how can the weak pen and appalled imaginations of men perform the task ? The human heart can merely feel what language will never be able to express. And in the case of Galveston, the heart must break before it can begin to feel.

I struggled all day Tuesday to reach this isle of desolation.

The stores were ruined and deserted, and the blight of destruction was visible as far as the eye could reach. As horrible as all this was, it was as nothing to the hopeless faces of the miserable men, women and children in the streets.

I will not undertake to describe them, but as long as I live I will never forget them. Many I knew personally, and these gave greeting, but God, it was nothing but a handshake and tears. It seems that everybody I had ever known here had lost somebody. The tears in their eyes, the quiver of their voices, the trembling of lips! The brand of agony was upon their faces and despair was written across their hearts. I would plunge a dagger through my heart before I would endure this experience again.

The readers of this must pardon the personal nature of this narrative. It is impossible to write without becoming a part of the story this time. I met Elma Everhart, formerly a Dallas boy. I had known him from childhood, and all his people. Indeed, I had once been an inmate of their home in Oakcliff. I hardly knew him when he stopped me, he had grown so much. He said: "Katy and her baby are at Dickinson. That town was destroyed, but they are alive. I am going there and leave Galveston forever."

A TERRIBLE FATE.

I knew he had woe in his heart, and I queried.

"I am the only one left," he answered. "Papa, mamma, Lena and Guy—they are all gone."

I remember the last time I saw this family before they left Dallas. I remember Lena, one of the most beautiful children I ever saw. I recall her beautiful eyes and long, dark curls, and I remember when she kissed me good-bye and joyously told me she was coming to Galveston to live! And this was her fate.

With all my old fondness for the ocean, recalling how I have lain upon the sand hour after hour, looking at its distant sails and listening to its mysterious voices, recalling happy moments too sacred for expression, when I think of that sweet child as one of its victims, I shall hate the sea forever.

And yet, what can this grief of mine amount to in the pres-

ence of the agony of the thousands who loved the 5000 souls who took leave of life amid the wild surging waters and pitiless tempest of last Saturday night ?

After surveying the dismantled business section of the city, a cabman made his tortuous way through the residence sections. It was a slow journey, for the streets were jammed with houses, furniture, cooking utensils, bedding, clothing, carpets, window frames, and everything imaginable, to say nothing of the numerous carcasses of the poor horses, cows and other domestic animals.

HOUSES COMPLETELY CAPSIZED.

Some of the houses were completely capsized, some were flat upon the ground with not one timber remaining upon another, others were unroofed, some were twisted into the most fantastic shapes, and there were still others with walls intact, but which had been stripped of everything in the way of furniture. It is not an uncommon thing for the wind at high velocity to perform miraculous things, but this blast, which came at the rate of 120 miles an hour, repeated all the tricks the wind has ever enacted, and gave countless new manifestations of its mysterious power. It were idle to undertake to tell the curious things to be seen in the desolate residence streets ; how the trees were uprooted and driven through houses ; how telegraph poles were driven under car tracks ; how pianos were transferred from one house to another.

More ominous than all this were the vast piles of debris, from which emanated odors which told of dead victims beneath, men, women and children, whose silent lips will never reveal the agony from which death alone released them.

More sorrowful still the tear-stained faces of the women, half-clad, who looked listlessly from the windows, haunted by memories from which they can never escape—the loss of babies torn from their breasts and hurled into a maelstrom of destruction, to be seen no more forever.

What were those dismantled homes to the dismantled hearts within ? How can it be described ? Will the world ever know

CHAPTER XIX.

Thousands Died in their Efforts to Save Others—Houses and Human Beings Floating on the Tide—An Army of Orphans—Greatest Catastrophe in Our History.

“WHEN did you first realize that you were in danger?” That, ordinarily, would seem to be a foolish question to put to a man who had escaped death as it rode on the storm, and yet it was not a foolish question, but the natural one. For the Galveston people had for years argued out the question of the danger attending the living on the island. True, Indianola, awful even now in memory, stood out as an alarm to those who live down by the sea. True, there had been storms and storms in Galveston. True, there were people on the great mainland who contended that wind and water would bring disaster to Galveston whenever the two acted in concert and from the right direction.

But the answer to the Indianola alarm was that the situation of that unfortunate town exposed it to a storm fury ; that it was a fair mark ; that it was almost level with the water and all that. The fact that there had been storms and storms at Galveston only confirmed the people in their security. For as each had passed away without carrying any great number of lives with them, why should not this do the same ?

As to the people on the mainland who had prophesied disaster, why, they were merely timid and ignorant people. Therefore the question “when did you realize that you were in danger” was a reasonable one. And the answer was the same in nearly every case. There might have been a difference as to the moment when these people, penned like rats in a cage, first felt the terror of impending death, but invariably the answer was that the storm was almost at its height before the realization came. In many cases only the falling houses brought the realization.

One little girl at a grocery store out on avenue P, from which street to the Gulf, the storm swept the island like a broom,

CHAPTER XX.

The Storm's Murderous Fury—People Stunned by the Staggering Blow—Heroic Measures to Avert Pestilence—Thrilling Story of the Ursuline Convent.

WHILE the story of Galveston's woe can never be told, yet the demand naturally should be that as much shall be told as the human mind is capable of telling. The man does not live now, and the man never lived who could draw the picture in all its horrible details. The greatest of poets sang of the destruction of Troy. Tacitus, and later other historians, have told of the deeds of the madman Nero. The contests between Marius and Sulla have filled pages through all time. The destruction of Pompeii has been vividly described by novelists and historians.

The French revolution, with its September and August massacres, its ravages, and its other fiendish details, have been in the hands of Carlyle and a score of French writers; the Gordon riots have been described by Dickens—but never a poet or historian or novelist has drawn anything near as shocking a picture of any event in the past as this stern and frightful reality.

Nearly every event of the past which has shocked humanity came about through contests between men. But men tire and men, however bitter, at last will abate their anger. In this case it was helpless humanity on the one side. In this case it was terrible nature in all its fury and strength on the other. There could be no appeal for mercy, because the winds have no ears. There was no resistance, because the arms of the waters were those of a giant demon. There were appeals, but they were directed above the storm. There were struggles, but they were simply those of the drowning. Those who survived were incoherent to a great degree.

The wind shrieked; it did not whistle as winds do. They all agree on that. The air was filled with spray, a blinding spray which affected the nostrils and throat and begat an inordinate thirst. It was dark. Yet it was light. They all agree on that.

Was there a moon? No one saw it. Yet even late at night they could see the clouds in the sky. The light, they say was a silvery one—a sort of sheen—a strange, and yet to all a fearful kind of light. Only one person ventured an explanation. She said the air was filled with the finest spray, and that this was phosphorescent. There is something in this idea.

HOUSE ROCKED LIKE A CRADLE.

Did the wind blow straight away or come in gusts? Here they differ again. One man told me that his house rocked as a cradle rocked by a mother getting her half-sleeping child to sleep. Dr. Fly described how it blew in a way to be understood. He was in the Tremont Hotel, a brick structure. He said that while it blew hard all the time gusts would come every few seconds and the wind took the strong building in its teeth then and shook it like a terrier would shake a rat.

There is sitting out on the mainland, not far from Texas City, a dredger which was employed about the wharves at Galveston. This vessel is a mile and a half or two miles from the water now. One of the men aboard told me that the boat was anchored with a steel rope. The Kendall Castle, a large iron steamer, dragged her anchor across this steel rope and cut it as a thread.

“On my word,” said the man who told me this, “the moment the steel rope was cut the dredger seemed lifted in the air, and it appeared scarcely a minute till she was where she is now.”

The vessel had been carried for miles in that short period. And there is nothing unreasonable in the story. The wind gauge at the office of the Weather Bureau showed eighty-seven miles an hour when it went out of business. They believe it blew 100 miles an hour after that. The people, before their houses fell about their ears, nailed up their window shutters and doors because no door latch and no windowpane ever made could stand the strength of the wind. Every one knew that once the wind entered the house, that moment the walls would be blown in every direction. No one fought against the water. It was the wind they put their feeble efforts against.

But how get the bodies to the sea? Then it was that the law was laid aside.

Martial law was declared in fact, whether according to law or not. Men armed themselves and went on the streets in posses. They captured negro men and forced them to take hold of the bodies. Whisky was poured into them—argument was made to them. They were nauseated with the work, but more whisky was poured into them. They piled the bodies on floats and drays and every kind of vehicle and thus took them to the wharf.

A GHASTLY SPECTACLE.

Here they were placed on barges. The poor living creatures, wild with liquor, bestialized by it, because they could not have done it, embarked with the putrifying cargo. The white men retched and vomited. The negroes did the same. Yet more work had to be done and now they pleaded for whisky to dull them more for their horrible work. It was given them. No man in all the world can tell of the horrors of this trip. Those who were not wild shrunk in agony from it. Those who were mad stumbled over the corpses and laid with them in drunken stupor—but beyond the jetties the cargo was tossed into the sea.

It is claimed that they were sunk with weights. This may be partly true. This disposition of the corpses was found impracticable. The work was too slow. The sea would give up its dead. As time passed the difficulty of transporting the bodies became greater. Then the burning began. The corpses wherever found were burned on the spot. If the fire might be dangerous they were pulled to an open space.

Where several were found in close proximity they were placed together for the final act. Kerosene was poured over them. Planks, lumber, anything combustible were placed upon them and the torch applied. The incineration was never complete enough to completely destroy the bones. But the flesh, breeding a pestilence, was gone. Many were buried. But the graves were only deep enough to receive the bloated bodies. The sand was full of water. Graves could be dug no deeper than as mentioned.

about seventy years of age. Around Hero's neck is a stout black collar; to this the old gentleman clung. Hero did the rest, he swam pulling along his old master from Seventh to Fourteenth streets, where they found a house standing with veranda piled with debris but intact, and into a sheltered corner of this the dog dragged the man for safety. Both were alive, the old gentleman was much bruised, but his mind was active, and his only grief was for the loss of his wife and daughter, for save the dog he had no one.

A DOG'S DEVOTION.

Kind hands did for him all that could be done, and while feeble and heart-broken he appeared to suffer no pain. The dog never left him there, the two throughout that fateful Sunday clung together. Toward 3 o'clock in the afternoon the old man, still sitting in a rocking-chair, covered in blankets, no dry bed being available, appeared drowsy. This was only natural from fatigue and age, but when the head gently bent forward it was the sleep of death. However, such a gentle passing away of the soul could not be termed by such a harsh name; it was more a caress, in which the transition of the soul was wafted from the body.

The dog all these hours had nestled close to the old man's feet under the blanket, never sleeping, but guarding carefully the master. When the feet became cold, then the four-footed hero scented trouble. He tried to lie on them with his body. This not answering, he licked the cold feet; still no warmth. Then he sprang into the rocking-chair in which the corpse sat, carefully covered in sheets, tried to warm the body by covering it as much as possible with his own shaggy hair. By force the dog had to be taken away and locked up, for in his instinct he scented something wrong with the old man and strove to make things right by supplying the warmth of his own body. Such scenes as this old man's beautiful death and the dog's deep devotion are among the sublime lessons.

Photographers are hourly taking views of the ruins. However, there is a picture about the debris which demands a sketch to

“ Men strive for the art of remembering—lo, now we beg that some great magician may teach us how to forget. To forget the horror of it all ; and the sobbing and the prayers. To forget the wail of the mother bereft of her young, and women’s prayers that came echoing back from the flinty sky. To forget the death struggles of the legion of the dead, and the cries of ‘ Mamma ! Mamma ! ’ as the screaming little ones were sucked into the throat of the tide. To forget that the sweet-voiced nuns bound the charity orphans together in lots and committed them to the care of God—to forget that the reaper came with the storm in his heart and the salt spray in his beard and gathered them by sheaves. Do not talk of consolation—there is none. Try to forget. Muffle your clamoring church bells—their noisy songs blend illy with the screams of despairing mothers beating their breasts and calling to their dead. To-day your prayers are useless, and the solemn organ’s mellow tide can be freighted only with a requiem for the lost. O, for the sadness of it all ; and the sobbing and the tears ; for the cries of women and the thunder of the tide ; for the shouting of men and the burials in the sea.

LABORERS’ HEROIC WORK.

Under date of the 18th the condition of the city was stated to be as follows :

Slowly but surely the streets are assuming a decent appearance, and in a few days all evidence of the storm on the streets of the business district will have been removed. A large force of men are working systematically, and the beneficial result is shown in every quarter. The greatest amount of wreckage is piled high along the beach and for several blocks inland, where hundreds of homes fell victims to the rush of waters and devastating hurricane that swept that portion of the city bare. The amount of débris in the district extending from the extreme eastern end of the island to the western city limits, and even beyond that point, is incalculable, and the manner in which the storm packed this long ridge of wreckage challenges the heroic efforts of the army of laborers engaged in its removal.

CHAPTER XXI.

Unparalleled Bombardment of Waves—Wonderful Courage Shown by the Survivors—Letter From Clara Barton.

A VISITOR to Galveston thus gives his impressions on the 12th day after the great flood :

“For two days after the great catastrophe, the people of the city of Galveston were stunned. They seem to be dazed. It is a remarkable thing that there were no signs of outward grief in the way of tears and groans to mark the misery that raged in the breasts of the people. Only when some person who was thought to have been dead, appeared to a relative living who had mourned for him or her, were there any tears. There was a callousness about all this that attracted the attention of those who had just come to the unfortunate place. There was a stoicism in it. But it was unexplainable. It indicated no lack of appreciation of what had occurred.

“It demonstrated no lack of affection for those who had gone. Nature, generous in this instance, came to their relief in a way and made them dull to the seriousness of what had occurred, to an extent which prevented them from becoming maniacs. For, if the grief which comes to a mortal when he loses a dear one, had come to this whole community, the island would have been filled with raving maniacs. In case of individual losses, there is always some one near to give consolation. Had the grief come to the whole island, there could have been no consolation, for every soul on it had lost in some way that which was dear to it.

“‘The case is just like the afterthoughts of those who have participated in a great battle,’ said an old soldier to me. ‘If a popular man was lost on the picket line, there were tears for him, but when the time came for all to be mowed down, the horror of it dulled the sensibilities of those who survived.’

“I was talking to an estimable and bright woman on the

in Galveston now is capable of upbuilding the town, and building it better in every way than it ever was. Millions of dollars are invested in enterprises in the town. The men who have lost thousands, not to say millions, will not permit the rest to go without a struggle.

“The railroads running into the place and depending on the thirty feet of deep water, which is said now to exist in the channel, for export of the freight, will not agree to abandon the port, the only one of such depth for thousands of miles. Cotton factors in all the world, who look to this port for their supplies, will not abandon it. The monetary interest in the city of itself would save it even if the people were not so full of heart as they are. But above this, the poor people and the working classes have no where else to go. With many of them, it is too late in life to begin it anew. It is too late for them to build up acquaintances again. They have lost their houses, but the lots on which the houses were located are there.

EXTRAORDINARY PUBLIC CHARITY.

“Subscriptions to the amount of perhaps \$2,000,000 have poured in for their relief. The well-to-do Galvestonian is determined that this relief shall go to those who are poor, that they may to some extent repair their fortunes. The rich themselves will build. In a month from now every man in the place will have all the labor he can perform. Every person will be busy. The work of up-building will in some measure rub out the recollection of the horrors of the storm. The Huntington estate will continue its work. Bridges of the very first class will span the waters between the island and the mainland. If great corporations can risk their money, as they are determined to do, why shall not a poor man risk his labor to build another house on the lot he owned?

“Why, even behind the business and necessitous phases of the matter, there rises a sentiment among the people. That sentiment is that we will show the world the stuff that Galveston people are made of. Galveston is all right. The storm could not kill her,

Convent. When the storm rose to its height, and their humble home succumbed to the destructive elements, mother and daughter were thrown out into the surging waters.

“With one hand firmly grasping her mother, the young lady bravely struggled against the wind and sea. At last the branches of a large tree were sighted above the raging torrent, and mother and daughter exerted their fast failing energies to reach the luring tree top. As the two weary creatures neared the haven, the daughter reached with one hand to grab a swaying branch. She missed it and was carried backward by the wind. Another attempt and she secured a hold, but her mother had been torn from her embrace by the sea, and was swept to her death beneath the waters.

LODGED IN A LARGE OAK.

“In the early hours of the morning a rescuing party found the almost lifeless form of the young lady resting in the tangled branches of the large oak. She was carried to the home of friends and recovered from the shock. But the thoughts of her mother’s tragic death, and the strange feeling that she was responsible for it, weighed heavily on her heart and mind. The haunted thoughts racked her brain and slowly undermined her failing health until the end came, when the broken-hearted and weary spirit responded to death’s sweet sleep. ‘Mother’s in heaven and I’ll soon be with her,’ were the last words whispered by the girl.”

The work of clearing the streets and the city in general progresses with surprising rapidity and systematic thoroughness. Street after street is being cleared up and the wreckage being stacked away. In accordance with an order from military headquarters, a new plan has been inaugurated in removing debris. Instead of removing the debris and throwing it to one side to remove the dead, it is ordered that the ridge of wreckage along the beach be separated into two piles. The first pile removed is to be stacked out near the beach, where it can be fired and consumed. The bodies found are to be disposed of on pyres placed

Then when the water kept rising and the wind increasing in velocity, until it seemed that nothing could stand before it, it was, indeed, a time to be afraid. This condition continued for several hours, which seemed days to those whose hope was in its abatement, until about midnight the waters began to subside and the wind to decrease in velocity.

It was not until between 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning, however, that the water had gone down enough to allow any one to venture out. When the water had receded enough for one to go outside, it was found that the Santa Fe wing of the hospital, which was a frame building, was a mass of wreckage and had washed over against the rear of the Infirmary building proper. Knowing that there were refugees in the building when it went down, there was fear for their safety.

IMPRISONED IN THE WRECKAGE.

At once men began a search and found the frightened and maimed refugees imprisoned down among the wreckage. The work of getting them out was begun. All were found to be alive except two, a child and a crippled woman named Mary Sweeny. Although the survivors were alive, they were horribly cut up and wounded, which was proof of the terrible night they had spent and of their awful experience.

Then daylight came to present a picture such as none had ever seen and none ever cares again to cast his eyes upon. The clean sweep of the waters and their horrible destruction was in full view, and to add to the awfulness of the picture, the water had left several bodies of its victims at the door of the Infirmary. The people then left, not to go to their homes, but to go to where their homes had been. Many returned on account of having no place to go, and for days stopped at the Infirmary, their wants being administered to by the good Sisters. Since then, that institution has been, as well as a hospital where the injured have been attended to, a house of refuge where those made destitute and homeless by the storm have stayed.

Martial law, which had been declared, was suspended at the

handed the baby to its mother and told her I must go, and ordered my clothes prepared for the trip. In two hours I was on the way."

"Did you have any idea what you were summoned to Galveston for?"

"No; only I knew there was some disaster threatening my children. I did not know what it was, but I could not refrain from going."

Asked further about the trip to Galveston, he said the passengers got into the depot, but he never saw or heard of any of the train crew, and he thought they all must have perished. "I got a negro to show me the way to where my daughter, Mrs. Chilton, lived. The water was then all over the city and rising rapidly. When we got to Eighth street, my son-in-law here, Stufflebram, called out to me across the street. He had seen and recognized me. I went over and we started on. There was a lot of timber and driftwood floating, and some people along the way were pulling all of it in the houses they could get.

HOUSE WASHED TO FRAGMENTS.

"We had to push it apart to get through in places, and some of them laughed and said push it to them, and I did so, and they began hauling it in. Nobody thought how serious it was, but looked on it as merely high water. A little later all those buildings along there were destroyed and all the people there drowned. Stufflebram had taken his wife up to Chilton's and Clarkson also, because it was a little higher ground there. We finally reached it, on Twenty-second street, just opposite Harmony Hall. We were all in the house together when Prof. Smith sent word over from Harmony Hall that we had better get out at once.

"We went to the hall, and the last of the party had hardly cleared the sidewalk when a large brick building gave way and mashed Chilton's house to fragments. We staid in Harmony Hall until the cyclone ceased, though it looked once as if the hall would go when the roof blew off. It was the awfulest time I ever saw. My daughters and their families were saved, and I am truly thankful for it. They said at Galveston that we were the

CHAPTER XXII.

Galveston Storm Stories—Fierce Battles With Surging Waves—Vivid Accounts from Fortunate Survivors—A City of Sorrow.

A RESIDENT of the stricken city gave the following graphic narrative of his experiences, which help to make up the dark picture of Galveston's agony and desolation :

"Some people asked, 'How did you feel when your house went down in the storm?' It is a question easier asked than answered. I was among the few who lost their houses early in the storm and before darkness set in. Up to fifteen minutes or less before the house went down I had hopes that it might survive the storm. For three hours before it went I watched the waters patiently, mostly from the south windows, but of course had the restlessness natural to people who are waiting for a great crisis in the lives of themselves or those dear to them. To sit perfectly still under the circumstances was impossible.

"A few moment's rest by a south window was followed by an uncontrollable desire to go to some other part of the house to see how matters were looking. Wandering from one point to another, the round of the house was made, and once more I found myself back of the south windows to watch the waters from the main danger point. I do not think that I or any of my family could have been called excited. There was a restless, uneasy feeling among us all, but actually no fear. When my wife left the house she fully expected to return to it when the storm was over. My boys were with her and my little girl, and for probably half an hour I was alone.

"During that time I was partly engaged in keeping the north and east doors closed. The wind blew them open several times, but did not break the hinges. When one was blown open torrents of rain poured in, and I remember thinking of the task the women would have in drying the floors and disposing of articles

"Did you ever feel the thrilling experience of being on a ship as she was just in the act of sinking?" said a sunburnt sailor to a citizen. He was one of the survivors of the ill-fated dredge boat which sank near Texas City.

"The night of the terrible hurricane at Galveston," he continued, "it was predicted by several of us on board the dredge boat that a destructive storm was approaching, and it was deemed best to put out all anchors. We had no more than done so when the wind veered to the southeast. We had not put out all of the anchors any too soon, for of all the high winds and waves, those that lashed our boat were the worst I have ever seen.

"I have been in many a shipwreck, and realized that it was only a short time before I would be in another world, for I felt the boat dragging her anchors and drifting inland at a terrific speed. We were then some eight or ten miles from shore.

BOAT PASSING OVER TREE TOPS.

"It seemed to me only fifteen or twenty minutes before the fury of the storm struck us. I saw our boat passing over tree tops. I knew we were then approaching the bay shore, and possessing that knowledge as to when to leave a sinking ship, I procured some fifteen life preservers and gave one each to the crew, and told each man how to put them on and to follow me to the upper deck, and be ready to dive off when I gave the word.

"They were all frightened nearly to death, and only two succeeded in getting their life preservers on and reaching the top deck with me. When the fearful moment came for man to battle with the winds and water, I gave command to jump. In an instant three of us made a plunge into an immense breaker, which carried us high into the air.

"I looked back and could see nothing of the boat that I had just abandoned. I have been informed that she went ashore about a mile and a half west of Texas City. If the other ten poor souls were saved, I have not heard of them.

"Do you know there is something thrilling and exciting about being shipwrecked when you are near the shores. I pre-

convicts out on the prairie and the next morning all of them voluntarily reported for duty except six, and they worked like trojans assisting in the work of cleaning up. 'The cane crop suffered considerably, but is by no means a loss. It is recuperating nicely. Very little corn was lost, because most of it was gathered.'

Mr. Fred. Erickson, who returned from Galveston, says he saw a lady, who was drowned among the many others on a burial barge, who had on a fine watch, diamond earrings, several diamond finger rings; besides, he noticed that she wore gold clasp garters with her name upon them.

He asked the party in charge why these valuables were not removed and the garters removed as a means of identification, and he was told that they were not allowed to remove anything from the bodies, no matter how valuable and how it might aid in future identification.

JEWELS ON THE DEAD.

He noticed a woman floating in the water, and he and a policeman turned her over, and attached to her bosom was a very fine gold watch with her name upon it. He called the policeman's attention to the importance of securing the watch for future identification, and was given the same information.

Mrs. John P. Smart returned from Galveston on board the steamer "Lawrence," along with about 400 women and children. Mrs. Smart had been in Galveston for some three weeks, and came away on the first trip made by the "Lawrence." She said of her experience during the storm:

"At 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon, in spite of the efforts of the lady of the house to persuade us all to remain at home, we set out for a place of safety, the Atlanta Hotel. The water was then three feet deep on avenue P. On the way to the hotel I saw three women drowned. They were making their way down the street and were blown down by the wind and lost. We left the house none too soon. After the storm not a trace of it could be found.

"The wind was then blowing at the rate of about sixty miles

A correspondent furnishes the following account of a well-known family :

“One of the saddest cases which has come to light is that of the Jalonick brothers of Dallas. No man is better known than Isaac Jalonick, of Dallas, who was so long the secretary of the Texas rating bureau, and he and his brothers have hosts of friends all over the State. There were three of them, George, Ed and Isaac. The family of Ed Jalonick, consisting of his wife, son and daughter, the children being young, came to Galveston several weeks ago to spend the latter part of the summer on the Gulf coast. They had taken a house on the southern part of the island, west of the Denver resurvey.

ONE OF THE SADDEST CASES.

“It was far removed from the city, and was in a section which was so badly storm swept that not a house remains. Mr. Jalonick came last week to take his family home, but the bad weather interfered and the trip home was postponed. Saturday the storm came, and when the two brothers, George and Ike, in Dallas, heard of the disaster they came here at once, to ascertain the condition of their brother and his family. They went to the former home and but a vacant spot met their anxious search for the house which had sheltered their loved ones. They decided to make a search among the dead on the island, in the hope that they could find the bodies and give them decent burial.

“For three days they were on the hunt. Mounted and accompanied by a team, with burial boxes, they moved across the island in every direction, examining every body they found. During their journey they viewed not less than 150 corpses. Now and again they had found him or her whom they sought. Here it would be a piece of clothing, there a feature, and again the form, but each time only disappointment repaid them for the task of love, devotion and duty they had undertaken. It was an anxious search with hope deferred.

“They had no idea that they would be successful, but so anxious were they to have their relatives given decent burial, so

station. The sails blew away and the boat capsized with all on board, but the mast broke in the water and she righted herself. She drifted all night and landed in the bayou near the Nichols place Sunday morning with all safe.

The son of Mrs. Nichols got a horse in Galveston at 2 o'clock and managed to get to them, saving their lives. Their home was wrecked, but the young man built a rude shanty of the wreckage on the shore and they secured enough food in the ruins of their home to give the people on the "Wasp" a Sunday dinner. Mr. Nichols was in town. His home was completely wrecked and the clothes were torn from his back by the wind and wreckage. He is a little disfigured, but still able to be about.

MAN CARRIED THIRTY MILES.

Mr. A. A. Van Alstyne had a large quantity of provisions, such as rice, canned goods, etc., stored with him. He and his family escaped unhurt, and every since have been using their house as a basis of supplies for the needy in their immediate neighborhood.

Mr. Henry R. Decie, who lives eight and one-half miles down Galveston island, was in Houston, and reports that he was at his home when the storm began, but took his wife and children to the house of Mr. Willie Raine, a close neighbor. After reaching there he says the water, with one bound, raised four or five feet which took the house off the blocks.

"My wife and I were sitting on the foot of one of the beds at that time, which was 6 o'clock. We felt the house quiver, and my wife threw her arms around my neck and kissed me and said, 'Good-bye, we are gone.'

"Just then the house crushed in and we struggled hard to get out. My baby boy was in my arms a corpse, having been killed by a falling timber. Another wave came and swept the overhanging house off my head. I looked around and discovered that my wife was gone and the remaining part of the house was drifting apart. Catching a piece of scantling I was carried thirty miles across the bay, landing near the mouth of Cow bayou."

CHAPTER XXIII

Heroic Incidents—Arrival of Relief Trains—Hospitals for the Injured—Loud Call for Skilled Labor.

A LADY correspondent who went from Houston to view the wreck of Galveston reported as follows :

“We are only just beginning to find out what this awful calamity has been to the people in this vicinity. The first shock is wearing off, the long lists of dead and missing are getting to be an old story now, and the sick and suffering are crawling into our places of refuge. Some of them have been sleeping on the open prairies ever since the storm, most of them, in fact, men with broken arms and legs, sick women and ailing children.

“They crawl out of the wreck of their homes and lie down on the bare ground to die. Our relief corps are finding them and bringing them in as fast as they can. Dr. Johnson and his party came in from the Galveston district and reported that they found over 5,000 people and attended medically about 200 patients.

“While we were standing at the door of the hospital talking things over a man rode up on horseback. He threw his arms up to attract our attention.

“‘Is this the relief hospital?’ he said.

“Dr. Johnson told him that it was.”

“‘I’ve come in from the Brazos bottoms,’” he said. ‘The folks there are starving. There is not a pound of flour left and the children are crying for milk. There are so many sick people there that we don’t know what to do. Can you send some one down?’

“Dr. Johnson had not slept for twenty-four hours. He had not had time to get a full meal for thirty-six hours. He was worn out and travel stained, but he heard what the man told him.

“‘All right,’ he said. He picked up his coat, put on his hat and turned to his assistants. ‘Come on, boys,’ he said. ‘Let us

Houston on the 18th. Mrs. R. Qualtrough and Mrs. Will Glass were at the International and Great Northern depot Monday intent on the relief of any who needed, when they saw a little woman with a baby of about eight months in her arms. The mother was weeping bitterly, so the two kindhearted friends went up to see what was the matter. The stranger said she had just arrived from New Orleans to find Galveston shut off from the world, and her husband, mother and sister were there, and she feared they were all lost. Mrs. Glass finally prevailed over the little woman to go home with her, where she could care for her.

Tuesday Mrs. Qualtrough was busy at the market house helping to distribute the clothing and food to the sufferers, when her son came to her and told her there was a man from Galveston in the room, and he wished she would go to him. The man, who was bruised and beaten in his fight with waves, was in great distress. He wanted to get to New Orleans, but had no money, his wife and child were there, and he had to tell her that her mother and sisters were drowned.

WOMAN DRIFTED NEARLY THREE DAYS.

An instinct told Mrs. Qualtrough the truth. She asked what was the size and complexion of his wife, and how old was the baby. Looking at her strangely, the man described exactly the woman and child found at the International and Great Northern station. "I believe your wife is here," was the extraordinary comment on his story. Calling to Mrs. Ward, the fish merchant, Mrs. Qualtrough asked her to take the man to Mrs. Glass' home, and the husband and wife met. It was a pitiful scene, for while she had got her husband back, the poor woman learned of the loss of mother and sisters.

A woman was brought into Houston who was two days and a night drifting about in Galveston bay, bringing with her a parrot which she had held above the waters all that time. The parrot and a bag of money was all she had left.

Mr. A. C. Fonda, a patient at the Houston infirmary, was a clerk in the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe freight office at Galves-

CHAPTER XXIV.

One Hero Rescues Over Two Hundred—Traveler Caught in the Rush of Water—Report of a Government Official—How the Great Storm Started.

THERE are many people who are composed of the material that constitutes a hero, but the majority pass through the time allotted to them on earth without having the opportunity of demonstrating the fact to the world. On the night that the awful catastrophe visited the city of Galveston few were those who had not this opportunity presented to them.

Of course there were some who failed to develop this quality. The every effort of these was directed with the one supreme purpose of self preservation. Others there were who devoted their services unreservedly to the helpless and in consequence their names will never be forgotten by those whom they preserved from a watery grave.

Some of the deeds of this nobler class will never be known—not even after the relentless sea gives up all its dead. There is one name, however, which will be recorded and preserved in the memory of some as long as that never to be forgotten night of the hurricane at Galveston is remembered by the sons of men. That name will be taught by mothers to their children in the age to come as the name of one possessed of undying courage and heroism.

The name is that of Zachery Scott, a young medical student who was at St. Mary's Infirmary at Galveston on the fateful night. Alone and single-handed Mr. Scott rescued over 200 souls from the very jaws of death. St. Mary's Infirmary is composed of a large brick building and several wooden structures, and the latter were entirely destroyed by the fury of the wind and the water. In the wooden buildings were nearly 200 patients who were too sick and weak to battle against the elements and the raging storm,

CHAPTER XXV

Storms of Great Violence Around Galveston—Wrecked Cities and Vast Destruction of Property— Appalling Sacrifice of Life.

A CLOSE observer and correspondent who is familiar with every part of Texas and is capable of sizing up the situation, writes as follows concerning the disaster which has left Galveston a scene of death and ruin :

“At first glance it would seem that the population of Galveston had been endowed by a thoughtlessness which invites the calamities it has suffered. Three times in twenty-five years storms of great violence have swept over the island on which it occupies a position exposed to every energy of the elements, and on the two occasions whose history is complete the survivors rebuilt their city, as they probably will do again, and the storm broke upon it, as most likely it will once more, with death and destruction in its blast.

“Apart from the deep sympathy which one feels for the people the situation may awaken a philosophic inquiry whose consideration is of less importance than the interest the subject awakens and which is reinforced by parallel cases in the history of disaster since the world began, and I propose to show in a few great cases how the citizens of Galveston are only repeating history when, even as they gather their dead, they plan a new city whose foundation shall be enduring and which shall stand defiant and permanent, a triumph of man over antagonistic nature and a civic crown of glory to their efforts. It is no ignoble purpose.

THE DYKES OF HOLLAND.

“The sturdy Dutchmen who threw their dykes across the sea, the Sicilians who terraced Aetna’s lava sides with vineyards, the people of San Francisco who rebuilt their city when it was cast down by earthquakes until at last they found a structural design that would resist the seismic influence that hold the Pacific coast

prevail, and when the southerly winds bank up the waters of the northern gulf, the streets of the city are flooded, the sewers deliver themselves the wrong way and the uncertain foundations of the city are weakened and prepared for the fall which follows close upon the weather conditions when they are intensified.

THE CITY A PREY TO THE STORM.

“We have now the situation of Galveston fairly before us, and can understand how it easily succumbed to the violence of the late storm. It is true that the cyclone was of a potentiality which might have razed a more firmly built city, but probably in no other city in this country could it have caused such complete devastation.

“In twenty-five years the city of Galveston and the coast line of Texas have had three visitations of tropical hurricanes, bearing death and destruction in their blasts. Every year about the equinoctial season storms of greater or less fury occur and never, on account of the fragile materials and loose methods of building, have they failed of doing damage, but these three occupy thrones of mark above all others. In September, 1875, the coast of Texas, from the mouth of the Rio Grande to the Sabine Pass, was swept by a cyclone that followed with its central zone the curve of the the coast, the wind varying at different times in its journey to southeast to southwest.

“The town of Indianola was blotted out of the world in an hour. Not half a dozen of its 1,200 inhabitants escaped, and the sea swept away the island on which it stood, and its site has no other mark than that which the waves rolling over it can offer. There were not enough of people to ask for help. And as there was no longer a place to rebuild, the little remnant moved elsewhere. The storm swept over Galveston, raising a tidal wave that changed in its impetuous flow the whole shape of the island. From the western end nearly two miles of land was cut off and carried around to the north side. The city was unroofed, houses toppled and fell, the water flowed in resistless currents along the levees, floating off to sea thousands of bales of cotton and destroying in

AROSE LIKE A PHOENIX.

“But the city, although cast down, was not discouraged. It began to rebuild itself, and by Christmas of that year almost every trace of the awful calamity had disappeared. The question naturally arises why a population which had received such an awful warning of its exposed condition should not abandon what in a military term would be called an untenable position. The answer is obvious. They had something left there. Even the island, although distorted and out of shape, was still there and theirs, and they had nothing elsewhere, nor means to go to another place.

“So, with hopeful philosophy they rebuilt their city, restored its commerce and, encouraged with such empty precepts as ‘Better luck next time,’ ‘Lightning never strikes twice in the same place,’ went forward to meet their next blow, in 1893, when another hurricane visited them. It was not so terrible in its effect, but differed only in degree. The late severe storm gives further emphatic warning, more terrible and heart-breaking in its losses of life and vaster in its destruction of property. But they will, of course, rebuild their city and seek to establish protective barriers of breakwaters and seawalls to maintain it in existence. In all likelihood they will succeed, for the history of these efforts is of final security after trial and loss, and the firm resolution of man rises over every obstacle.

ASLEEP OVER A VOLCANO.

“Perhaps the persistency of the people who dwell on the slopes at the foot of Mount Vesuvius offers the most striking illustration of disregard of danger against which no human provision can be made. With a volcano boiling on the verge of eruptions that are forever imminent they pasture their flocks and press their grapes, careless of the menace which familiarity has taught them to despise. The whole kingdom of Naples is marked by the same disregard of natural and uncontrollable danger. The statement is accepted by the encyclopedias that in seventy-five years—from 1783 to 1857—the kingdom lost 111,000 inhabitants by the effects

such a rythmical obedience as it would seem to appear at given places and times. In this case the weather bureau was accurately alert to the approaching disturbance. Four days before its arrival on the coast its formation in the Caribbean Sea was noted and its probable course northward chartered and proclaimed as a danger to the Atlantic States. The meteorological phenomenon was correctly defined and watched in its development until on Thursday night it reached the Florida coast and struck a rude blow at Tampa. Up to this moment the weather office had made no mistake and its predictions lifted its utterance to the domain of verified prophecy.

FREAKS OF THE HURRICANE.

“Then the behavior of the storm with reference to its movements becomes almost fantastic. It was as if its controlling spirit had received a notice of the warning that had preceded it and the preparations of commerce to defend itself from its attacks. Therefore it made a feint demonstration upon the Atlantic Ocean, and suddenly turning fairly about in its course flew westward out of barometric supervision to seek a more vulnerable spot. Galveston was open to it, and sweeping across the gulf, from which no herald of warning could hasten in advance, it struck the Texas coast on Saturday and went howling with demoniac fury over the Mississippi plateau, across the lakes and down the St. Lawrence Valley out to sea again, to be chilled to death in the frigid air currents of the polar seas.

“When the West India Islands and the ports of Mexico are equipped with weather observing stations from which prompt and frequent reports shall be made, no storm can draw nigh on shores to effect a surprise. Commerce can in a measure protect itself, but ill-built cities and crops must at intervals suffer. The lesson of the last one is of warning, but how to profit by it outruns prevision that seeks absolute security. There can be no such thing, ‘for as the pestilence walketh in darkness and destruction wasteth at noon still a thousand shall fall and ten thousand at thy right hand, for the hand of man cannot stay the tempest.’ This is according to all human experience.”

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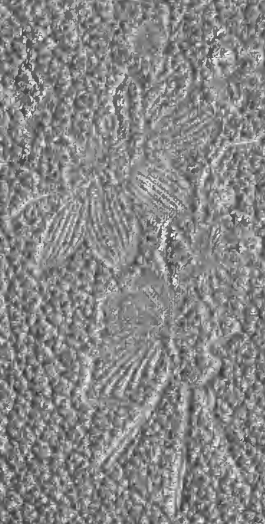


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